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October, 1921

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MOTION-PICTURES IN CHURCHES

WHY NOT?

How Hundreds of Churches Have Solved the Problem of Dwindling Congregations

BY PERCY WAXMAN

NOT very long ago on a Sunday evening in New York City there were exactly 1,817 people (by actual count) attending service in a district possessing nineteen churches with a seating capacity of 16,000! In the same district and on the same evening ten motion-picture houses and several theaters were crowded to the doors. And this is by no means an isolated instance. Everywhere you go you find similar conditions. It is the same in rural districts and small towns as it is in thickly populated cities. Clergymen everywhere are complaining of the shockingly poor attendance on Sunday evenings. In fact, the Sunday evening service has become one of the most perplexing problems the church has to face to-day. Many churches have felt compelled to discontinue evening services altogether because dwindling congregations have so discouraged their ministers that their ability to preach the Divine Message has utterly failed them.



Photo Courtesy of The International Church Film Corporation

A MOTION-PICTURE SCENE ILLUSTRATING THE MODERN APPLICATION OF "THE GOOD SAMARITAN"

What is the cause of this condition of things? What is the reason for this falling off in church attendance? During the War evidence multiplied on all sides to prove that religion had received a world-wide impetus. We were told that in their extremity men had turned anew to God. We were promised a great religious revival after the War. To-day men are asking what has become of it. Has the genuine rebirth of faith created by the War passed into thin air? Surely not. And yet, judging by the vast numbers who stay away, the church as a whole does not seem successfully to be meeting the spiritual needs of the majority of people.

We frequently hear it stated that the people themselves are to blame, and we are told solemnly that the men and women of to-day have utterly lost all responsiveness to the church's appeal. The automobile, the movies, dancing, increasing love of pleasure, indifference, and a hundred other things have been set forth as reasons why the pews gape emptily on Sunday evenings.

On the other hand, many enlightened pastors say that these are not the *reasons* for non-attendance, but merely the *results*. They frankly confess that the reason for present-day lack of interest in the church is not in the people, but in the church itself. These men put it squarely up to the church, and one of the most widely known clergymen in this country recently declared that people are not flocking to the churches to-day because there is little to interest them when they get there. This man stated that the church can not be properly fulfilling its functions when the people are not keen to attend, and that just as children have the right to demand being interested in what they are taught at school, so grown men and women have the right to demand being interested when they are being given religious instruction in church. He said that if the churches would only rouse themselves to study the needs of modern men and women they would understand how to meet them better.

"Supplying" the Pulpit

THIS recalls the story told by a noted preacher who in his early days was in the habit of spending his vacations in North Dakota. While there one Summer he paid a visit to a town some miles away from the one where he happened to be staying. One morning he went to the local barber to be shaved. The barber, like all his fellows, was a loquacious soul with a justifiable curiosity regarding visitors. After showing a friendly interest in the stranger, who was not in clerical garb, the barber began to question him.

"Stranger here, ain't you?" he asked. The minister admitted it.

"Traveling man?" said the other.

"No," said the clergyman.

"Where are you staying?" asked his inquisitor.

"Over at X——" answered his victim.

"What are you doing over there?" asked the knight of the razor.

"I am supplying the pulpit in that place," said the pastor.

"Supplying the pul- echoed the bar- ...o had never ... phrase be- ...at with?"



Photo Courtesy of The International Church Film Corporation

A SCENE OF ANCIENT BIBLICAL TIMES FROM THE SAME PICTURE

That question set the clergyman thinking. He began to ask himself what he actually was supplying that pulpit. It made him examine the quality of the service he was giving. It made him resolve to improve it. The chance remark of that barber made a changed man of him. It knocked the self-satisfaction out of him, for one thing. It made him realize that he had been taking things too much for granted and that what he was getting had perhaps been of more importance to him than what he was giving.

This story has a particular application to those who blame the people for not attending church services without taking into consideration what the church fails to supply *when they do come*.

However, no matter what the reasons may be for the decline in attendance, it is an undeniable fact that Sunday evening congregations are waning and that thousands of ministers have resolved that something must be done to draw the people to the gospel of Jesus Christ. On this subject the Rev. George E. Bevans of Greystone Presbyterian Church, Elizabeth, N. J., says, "The evening service should become a Christian propaganda meeting for delinquent church-members, indifferent Christians, and people who have forgotten the church, forgotten prayer, and forgotten God. If people will not come to church, then the church must go after the people. For this reason motion-pictures become one excellent way of popularizing the Sunday evening meeting and winning people to Christ."

Many pastors like Dr. Bevans have come to realize that whatever leads to an increased study of God and His universe has its legitimate place in the church. Therefore, following the example set by the Master Himself, many churches are beginning to preach the message, as He did, by means of pictures. The use of pictures in churches is merely the modern adaptation of Jesus's idea.

Jesus used parables whenever He wished to drive home a particular lesson, and what are parables but pictures—pictures in words? Motion-pictures are merely parables visualized. Pictures always imply action, and the attention is much more easily arrested by movement than by anything else. All of the Master's beautiful parables were told in terms of incident. Somebody was always going somewhere or doing something. His stories were full of action and interest. This is what helped to vitalize such word-pictures as the parables of The Prodigal Son, The Ten Talents, The Grain of Mustard-seed, and so on. The motion-picture can be made to present its lesson in the same simple manner. In a vital way it can visualize a story that appeals to the heart and mind, stirs the aspiration, and leaves its ennobling impression.

Christ never indulged in rhetorical flights, overlong sermons, stressing of ritual or theological theories. He knew that such things touched no responsive chord in human hearts. He presented things so simply that the most ignorant of His hearers could grasp His meaning. He made truth interesting in the first instance, and then in the second proved what He had said was true by performing His works. Each sermon He preached was set forth in a series of mental pictures in which He explained His teachings to the eager multitudes who were probably very much bored by the long-winded, empty ceremonies of the orthodox churches of the day.

Through the motion-picture the same lessons can be brought home to the people of to-day. Because motion-pictures speak a universal language and have a universal appeal, churches in ever-increasing numbers are using this ready method of introducing religious instruction to the minds and hearts of thousands who might not otherwise come within a mile of a church door. To-day nearly 3,000 churches in the United States are using pictures—the majority with decided success. It is interesting to note that over twelve months ago the Pope gave his sanction to the use of motion-pictures for imparting religious instruction, and to-day there is in New York a Roman Catholic corporation, at 80 Fifth Avenue, producing films acceptable for use in Roman Catholic churches.

Some Don'ts for Those Who Use Motion-Pictures in Churches

Don't fail to consult your insurance company.

Don't charge for admission.

Don't expect everybody to agree with anything new.

Don't expect films to supply something that you yourself should supply.

Don't let people refer to pictures in the church as "the movies" or "the show."

Don't forget to arrange for your films as far ahead as possible.

Don't show any pictures that can possibly cause criticism.

Don't preach while the picture is being shown.

Don't let all the children sit together.

Don't encourage lingering or gossiping after the picture service.

Here it may be well to state that the use of films in the church does not mean that the spoken word will ever be given up. The motion-picture is no more a substitute for preaching than is choir-singing. The spoken word will always be the indispensable means of reaching the hearts of men and inspiring their activities. But just as choir-singing and the organ help to cultivate religious fervor, so can pictures achieve; in all reverence, the same result. They merely supplement preaching and aid in presenting the Divine Message to human consciousness through the eye as well as through the ear.

Opposition to Pictures in Churches

IN CHRIST'S day many of the orthodox church officials denounced His methods because they were new. For the same reason there are to-day numbers of honest, well-meaning church-members who consider that motion-pictures have no place in the house of God. Many devout souls will object to using pictures in a church because it savors of entertainment. Pictures are linked with "the show business" and "the show business" is linked with the theater, and even in these enlightened days the old idea of the theater as the house of the devil still lingers in the minds of many earnest church-members. Prejudice indeed dies hard.

Those who may oppose the use of pictures in a church would do well to remember that there was a time when dancing was considered an appropriate accompaniment to a church service. And in the early days of the Christian church, preachers openly encouraged their congregations to applaud their discourses. Both of these customs would be considered most unorthodox to-day: they are mentioned

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P AND G—THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP



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WHAT VOICE *Now Breathes* O'ER EDEN?

A Change in Tempo but Not in Theme

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

Decoration by Thelma Cudlipp Grosvenor

MY FRIEND, pretty twenty-year-old Natalie, sat at the piano picking out a tune with one finger and singing the words half under her breath. I found myself in a mood of sentiment and wistfulness, even of reverence, the poetical mood of emotion recollected in tranquillity. Presently I realized why. Natalie was playing and singing McCulloch's beautiful marriage hymn, "The Voice That Breathes O'er Eden."

> The voice that breathed o'er Eden
> That earliest wedding-day,
> That primal marriage blessing—
> It has not passed away.

Natalie looked at me with a mocking smile.

"Don't be prehistoric, dear," she said. "It's 1921 verging toward 1922. It is the day of short skirts and no waists, the shimmy-dance, and the hip-pocket flask, or anything else extreme that the brisk bunch calls for. Amy was in this morning to tell me she is going to get a divorce from Jack—you remember, I sang this hymn at Amy's wedding two years ago? She says she and Jack are parting perfectly good friends; they just simply couldn't make a go of it. Neither of them is hurt. Amy told me once during her engagement, when she had qualms about marrying Jack, that she thought she wouldn't break it off; that it isn't as if marriage is necessarily a permanent thing as in her mother's days; she could make sure of her final feelings after she was married. Well, you see, she has.

"She talked this morning about losing Jack without half the fuss she'd make if she were losing a good dressmaker or a faithful cook. Maybe second husbands are more easily found than cooks or dressmakers. She isn't a bit sorry for anything that has happened; doesn't seem to think she has rubbed the bloom off, or anything like that. She says that if there had been ruthlessness or scandal on either side, her world might blink a bit and refuse quite to swallow what she and Jack are going to do. But as it is, the fact that the two are remaining friends will put a different face on the matter. There will be very little gossip, and the two of them will make a fresh start, deal over again the cards in the pack of life, assisted by their friends.

"When I asked her if she thought I ought to break off my engagement, because I have moments of knowing that I really could live without Tom, she said,

"'My dear, the point is, can you live with him? If so, try it. In these days of keen competition with other girls, and with males reluctant to give up the joys of bachelordom, the sooner a girl gets married after she reaches the age of twenty, the better. You can always part if it doesn't work out.'

"That's what Amy said, my dear. And now I find you looking reverent when I play that old marriage hymn. That's why I call you prehistoric. A new procession has formed since Armistice Day; join it. What voice now breathes o'er Eden? I ask you!"

I wish I could answer her question in a way that would satisfy my own heart. I had known Natalie well, when she was a long-legged, short-haired child of fourteen, full of curiosity about life, as all adolescent girls are, but full of reticences, of shyness. She had been brought up in a household where the ideals were as high as the manners were polished. Never in the world would I have expected her to talk as she had just been talking. There were "brisk" sets in the world, of course; but a girl of Natalie's traditions and character could never belong to them.

As I looked at her I wondered if I ought to have been surprized; if what she had just said was not symptomatic of the general feminine unrest which I had found seething over half the world—only I had not expected to meet it at home. During the past year and a half I have wandered through twenty different countries, Northern European, Southern European, and Oriental. Everywhere there is upheaval. All the women want something they do not have. In some countries, what they want does not seem to have much connection with their emotional life; they want the vote, or else some share in the civic and national life of their nations. But in nearly all the countries, girls and women are having a new feeling about sex matters, franker discussions.

What the European woman seems to want is to range freely among men, not to marry at all unless she feels like it, choose her man, have him to herself, and then change him if he doesn't suit. What the Eastern woman wants is her man to herself, unshared by any other woman. Even the Turkish women ask no more than that; tho the progressive ones among them, those who have been educated in the American girls' school, now go on the streets unveiled. They don't ask for friendship with other men, or the vote; just to have a real home, untorn by jealous suffering. These same progressive ones, or rather their parents for them, choose as husbands men who will be influenced, by family pressure, to keep from adding other wives to their households. But it is difficult to get a Moslem woman to discuss freely the question of plural marriages, the prophet Mohammed having decreed that a man may have four wives if he wishes, and having certified that women have no souls. They tell you that Mohammed's daughter, Fatima, said that if ever she came to the gates of Paradise and were granted one wish, she would beg that women be allowed souls. Occasionally I met Moslem women who showed me their real feelings.

THERE was a woman I met in Cairo—dark, lovely, of the old Egyptian type, only twenty, and heart-broken.

"My life is over," she said, "and so soon: for fifteen years yet I could be pretty. But to what end? My husband has taken another wife. For seven years we have been married, and I have four sons. I thought that he would not want another wife, perhaps, because he was educated in one of the American schools; he knows what your Western ideas are. But he was only waiting till the armistice was signed, and then he got a wife from Turkey. I have not seen her, but she has the white skin of the Turkish women, and blue eyes, for she is Circassian. My husband scarcely ever comes to see me now. Perhaps when he has been married to her a year or two he will come back. Or he may take a third wife: I dare not show him my grief. If he became angry, at me he might divorce me. Then I would lose my little sons. I should be sent back to my father and he would marry me to some other man. I shall never love any one but my husband. If our Egyptian women take lovers they may be severely punished, sometimes murdered.

"Your men honor you by making companions of you; ours honor us by heaping gifts on us while their first love lasts. It is fierce, beautiful, but it vanishes quickly, like water running into the sands. Then a woman has left to her the love of her children. What can we do? It is our fate."

That is what the Oriental woman always says when she sees no hope of redress.

Very different is the attitude of the Bolshevik women. During two months of my journeyings, when I was interned by the Bolsheviks, I found a woman with whom I was able to discuss the woman question. She talked freely of the equality of the sexes in matters of love.

"A WOMAN as well as a man should choose her mate," she said; "and when either party tires of the connection it should sever. As the children belong to the state, the severing of relations can not affect their welfare."

"But," I said to her, "would there not be the temptation for a woman not to have children so that she could continue to charm her man? If she had children and were worn out taking care of them, she could not keep herself so alluring for him."

"The state would take care of that—somehow," said the Bolshevik woman enigmatically. "Besides, a big-hearted, big-minded woman would not entertain a consideration like that. She would be fearless; she would take the day as it came, the experience as it came."

The speaker was a triumphant beauty; I felt as sure as she did that no man she wanted would ever leave her. Then I asked her another question.

"But isn't there some arrangement by which women are handed over to the soldiers whether they want to be so disposed of or not?"

She shook her head.

"Don't believe any rumor like that. Under the Bolshevik theory there is a perfect freedom in sex matters as in all others. A woman is not compelled to do anything she does not want to, unless it is for the good of the Soviet. The Soviet must come first. But aside from that, a woman's choice in love is as free as the air. In all things we are the comrades of men."

Then I went to England and to France. In London I found not only women seething, but the whole social structure bubbling and boiling. Many of the people are dissatisfied with the foreign policy; labor is insistent and aggressive; the upper and middle classes are unhappy at the changes in standard of living which all but the richest have been obliged to make. Girls formerly carefully chaperoned, but who had done work during the war, have refused to go back under their mothers' wings.

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"THERE WAS BLOOD ON THE WRIST THAT WAS WHY THE DOG LICKED IT. JIM SHOUTED WILDLY"

OLD MAN

The Story of a Dog

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK STICK

FEET stamped loudly, a shadow flicked across the chill, silver interior of the log cabin, and a grizzled man, scuffing his moccasins to get off more snow, came in. His arms were full of cedar kindlings.

As he closed the door he looked out as if expecting some one.

"He always did have to do a mighty lot of nosing around!" he said to himself. "I guess the Old Man hasn't finished his shopping yet."

He put down the kindlings. Then not content with the way he closed the door, Jim McLeod went over and set it ajar.

"How does the Old Man know I'm not going to keep him out there in the cold and dark?" The thought worried him. "What a lot of faith it takes to be a good dog!"

He set the door back to just a crack.

"There, he can push that open!"

Not a sound broke the silence of that snow-covered wilderness—not a sound ever broke it except the cheeping of birds, the scream of wildcat or hawk, the creak of snow-shoe, the click of a trap, the call of moose, the ebb and flood of wind tides and eddies among the pines.

Jim knelt in front of the open Franklin stove. He shredded some bits of birch bark, touched them off with a match, and with skilful fingers laid cedar kindlings across them. Out leaped a tongue of flame, smoky gold, growing bigger and jigging in bright shadows over the peeled silvery logs of the old cabin, the gray, chinking moss, the small window-panes opaque with snow piled half-way up the sash.

Jim rose, pulling off clumsy gloves before the fire. He was thinking of what Hannah had said about a dog's nose being naturally sociable. He thought he understood the Old Man that way, too. After all, noses were noses and they weren't so different. Yet dog and man they were *somehow* not the same. Jim felt the difference, but he could never get Hannah to say she did. Hannah was always making pictures of what she thought things ought to be, and all she would say was that she had seen enough of good men to know that a good dog was better than the best man that ever lived. Then she would smile, run her slender fingers through his gray hair, and kiss him.

Jim sniffed a puff of cedar smoke. He was thinking that Hannah was a little like that—not quite that, but that with a touch added of wild roses in the rain. And he was thinking the scent of cedar and wild roses were Hannah and they were home, and that he and the Old Man, if they doubled up on work, would be there before long. They could make it three days early, and surprise Hannah. Besides, the food was giving out. He wondered what he would find Hannah doing! Would she be cleaning house, making everything shine for them? Or would she be cooking pies and cake for their home-coming? Maybe she would have her pretty hair, fading a little but still full of sunlight, bound about with a ribbon to keep it out of her face while she worked. That always made her look so young and her blue eyes seem so big. And how she would hug the Old Man and call him "Lambie" and "Darling" and all the other foolish names ever tender-hearted woman gave to an old dog.

Then came two scratches at the door and silence.

"Funny he never can let himself in!" said Jim, with a smile.

Jim set the door wide. The Old Man walked in, his jaws full of cedar kindlings. As he passed he swung the master a glance, steady, slow, somewhat waggish. Here were two, said that glance, that understood each other—no nonsense about it either—and did their work! He dropped the cedar kindlings by the wood-box and gave a snort of satisfaction—humor in that, too. At a pinch he could get in or out of any door open or closed. He had made Jim wait on him. He was accustomed to being waited on. A door *merely* ajar was irritating.

"Well," said Jim, "you lingered so, I thought you must have got into one of that Boutelle's traps he's set all over [illegible] land."

The Old Man gave another sneeze of satisfaction. It was possible to tell what he meant when he did that, aside [illegible] the fact that he was both amused and pleased. He [illegible] glance at the master's moccasins and went over to [illegible] He snuffed around till he found a pair of heavy [illegible]ers, pulled them out, gave them a shake—"Supper?"

goodness knows why!—and set them down before the fire. After that he paid no attention to Jim, who was putting them on, but devoted himself to pulling ice-balls out of his feet, one after another, and spitting them contemptuously on the floor. His paws were getting old and a bit large. Many Summer clippings of his collie coat because of eczema had made his hair bushy. Now his coat sat oddly on him with the suggestion of rich borrowed sable furs that were not a perfect fit.

Jim studied him—he never grew tired of studying him. The dog was always doing something unexpected. What histories of boots and slippers piled themselves up before his eyes, from the chewed ribbons on Hannah's pretty slippers to the half-digested shoe-string, wholly swallowed, on a boot Jim was drawing on! Many a time had he jumped up hastily only to find that he was anchored to a puppy who had swallowed his shoe-string, hook, bait, sinker, and all. Hannah never would let Jim punish the Old Man for this or for anything. She merely said that those who had puppies must expect to dress with their feet in the air.

THE ice-balls were being yanked, chewed, bitten out with difficulty.

"All balled up again?" said Jim.

The Old Man pricked up one ear, then the other. He cocked his head to one side. With his large, dark eyes he studied, searched, plumbed the gray eyes of Jim in an effort to understand the meaning of this grave noise the master had just made. He came up to the master, pressed his head against Jim's knee, and looked up into his eyes. Balled up? What was that?

In asking a question he did not understand, Jim felt that he had taken an unfair advantage of the dog. So he said, "Supper?"

The Old Man gave a waggish pull at a dangling ice-ball and then looked up again straight into the master's eyes. That they understood together—all that sort of thing which meant food. And they liked this sort of housekeeping, too, tho they missed Hannah and home. No fussing about this: just sweet and clean and silent. No doubt Hannah would not have approved their way of dish-washing. They did it every two or three days. The dog licked the cups and plates. Then Jim stirred all the dishes around in a pan of hot water, shook them off, and set them upside down somewhere—usually on the deal table to dry. He could not find the dish-towels Hannah had put in his pack. But the licking was thorough, the water was hot, the stirring was vigorous. What more could any one ask for? Jim and the Old Man were proud of their work—when they did not think of Hannah! Jim supposed Hannah might have found it a bit primitive. In fact she had said as much about what she had discovered during their berry-picking expeditions in the Summer. But there were advantages when you wanted a new hat-tree, closet, or clothes-press in merely having to drive a nail which cheerfully sang its whole way into a stanch old silvery log. No grumbling!

THE master sat with slippered feet on a tilted soap-box and watched the supper cook. The Old Man sat before the open Franklin stove, his paws out. When the bacon fat sputtered dangerously far, he looked up at Jim, and Jim looked down at the Old Man. Neither moved. A day's work in the clearing lay behind them. It was good to sit still. Jim got up twice and poured off some of the bacon fat, turned over the bacon in the frying-pan, and then turned over the potatoes in the rusty old saucepan. The dog was in the way, but he did not move, and the master stepped carefully around him.

They were both thinking, the Old Man about Life, spelled alike by dog, philosopher, and sentimentalist with a capital L. The dog was reflecting that there were the people you did like and the people you did not like; and the people you did not understand and the people, such as Jim and Hannah, you did. Why? Well, you smelled 'em and that settled it, and that was all there could be to it. He needed no psychologist to tell him that this relationship, established one way or another after a few careful sniffs, was the most important thing in Life. He knew, too, that it might bring happiness or it might bring grief.

And there were all the different kinds of voices—no end to them!—the voice that petted you, like Hannah's; the voice that encouraged you, like Jim's, when you had a hard stunt on hand; the voice that made you jump and run quick to do as you were bid—Jim's too. And there was the voice, indignant and sorrowful, heard after you had done something—well, never mind what! You hang your head then, thrust your tail through your hind legs till it reaches your front legs, and stand very still with ribs sucked in and hear it out. And there's the voice that greets you after a long absence. That was Hannah's voice, sometimes Jim's. But the greatest thing ever heard in a voice was the sound that made you want to stick to those you love and made them want to stick to you. Hannah and Jim, see? Yes, yes, romance and wonder and learning—all in the lifetime of a fat old dog.

Jim was trying to shake himself loose from pictures—not so rosy as Hannah's, nevertheless pleasing. The star picture was that of a tall, spindling apple-tree that looked as if with a jerk or two it might wriggle itself into a wild grape-vine. That tree was by the home door. Hannah would be somewhere near. He had a sudden sickening premonition about that absurd tree. To reassure himself he looked at the Old Man. The Old Man was substantial. And the dog swung a quizzical glance at him. Jim wondered what fear meant to the Old Man? Jim had always said it was civilization kept a dog in bounds. Except for that he was not to be trusted. Leave him alone in a wilderness with one man or woman and if anything should happen—— But Jim never got any further than that, for Hannah either left the room or put her hands over her ears or said unforgettable things.

Nevertheless queer, Jim insisted, what it was separated a man and a dog!— Then he leaned forward and patted the broad head of the Old Man. Well, he had always been [illegible] dog, different from most dogs! Hannah had hit the

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sail on the head when she said one day she wondered how he had got started *not* being a dog! It was at that time, while he was still a puppy, they had begun calling him "Old Man." Past finding out, the Old Man was thinking, his thoughts becoming entangled with the master's, why a dog's heart, even with sizzling bacon to snuff, hurt like a crushed paw sometimes!

Jim let the soap-box down with a bang. Supper was ready. Except for what they had eaten out of their lunch-pail, neither he nor the dog had seen food since six o'clock. Jim put the Old Man's food on a plate carefully. Hannah did it that way. In the wilderness, because Hannah wasn't there, they always did as Hannah wished. When they reached home, it was time enough to pretend they didn't notice how things were done.

Jim lifted the supper-plate and said, "Sit down!"

The Old Man sat down. When he raised his head he grunted like a pig.

"Pat with your paw!" said Jim.

The Old Man did.

And that was all the grace they had, and, as the master had given the dog the lion's share of the food, it was grace enough.

Supper tasted good. You bet! The dog pushed his nose into his portion of potatoes, bacon, and biscuit.

"Food's giving out. Home day after to-morrow," said Jim.

The Old Man looked up, flashed brilliant eyes on them, and shoved his muzzle back into his food. Then he turned to the cup of lukewarm, sweetened tea poured out for him and lapped that gratefully.

JIM, wiping his mouth, watched the dog lapping. He was tempting himself to pictures again. Hannah must have got him into that habit. The Old Man licked out the last bit of sugar and came over to him, turned around heavily twice, yawned, grinned—it was a good joke to be sleepy!—and lay down with his nose over the master's slipper. When he was a little fellow he used to yawn after gobbling his food. Jim supposed it must have been indigestion. But what a comical puppy he was! In those days, when he gaped drowsily, he often stuck his baby paw into his mouth, and, as if too sleepy to know what to do with it, left it there.

Should Hannah or Jim speak to him he jerked his paw out, barked stupidly, and plunged at them, spilling some of his milk on the way. There was usually some sort of a trickle of milk coming out of him then and running with him, like a liquid shadow, across the floor.

After some foolish leaps and springs and some boredom he would go suddenly to sleep, his little, soft head on Jim's or Hannah's foot. Lots of dreams had that puppy sleep had and faint, big doggie noises, his silky ears lying close to his head or twitching. He had slept then with his legs, white like the legs of a rabbit, and his tail all clustered together. That was what sleep used to be. Now, head upon the master's slippered foot, he slept the sleep of the heavy and old. Well, Jim supposed, they had been foolish about him—Hannah more so than he.

Jim stirred, lighted a pipe, tossed the match into the open Franklin stove.

The Old Man's eyes came open. The look said plainly, "Bedtime?"

The master answered, "Not yet," and the old head dropped back onto the slippered foot.

The master was thinking between puffs of smoke—thinking about Life. It was queer how smutched up men got with it and some grew so mean, or became drunken brutes like that trapper Boutelle. Dogs didn't do that. He wondered whether the unsafest creature in any wilderness, after all, was not plain *man*. But he did not intend to admit that much to Hannah. He looked down at the dog's shapely head, somewhat broad for a collie. The dark, brilliant eyes were studying him, muzzle at rest on his foot. At times he thought the Old Man's "thinking" was just muscle-reading.

"Bed," said Jim.

The Old Man got up, yawned, flapped his ears waggishly, and went to the bunk. Jim took a blanket, and, folding it, laid it at the foot. The Old Man was up and on it, two warm eyes full of longing following the master.

Jim's own preparations for bed, the dog's eyes still following him, were not much more elaborate. He kicked off his slippers. Then he took off his coat, spread it over the Old Man, gave him a pat, and shoved his feet under the blankets.

That is all the prayer or act of faith or love there was in that cabin that night. For the Old Man it was enough. Ears close to his head, he looked his good night out of large, dark, grateful eyes straight into Jim's. Doubtless a God who blinks at many human hypocrites with their scrap of paper love-vows, understands this sort of dog-love and is glad.

Encouraged him—yet—nevertheless—it was Hannah's fault!

Jim was falling asleep in the snow-lighted cabin, the Old Man lying warm and heavy at his feet. She had taught him to pick out the most comfortable cushioned chair in the room and sleep in it, encouraged him him to do it! She had taught him to jog your elbow for more food, and he might do it just as Jim was lading a sloppy knife full of beans from his plate. No, certainly, the Old Man was not an ideal dog. Jim was no sentimentalist. He did not think such a critter, man or dog, existed.

Yet when the Old Man had been naughty, to have an old paw come out to you, held up limply in appeal—well, it gave Jim a queer feeling. Back to him drifted the memory of a time when the dog was a little thing and tried to run away. Jim had ordered him to return. The puppy ran on. Suddenly the Old Man had stopped, faced about, held out one white paw, and, his ears laid close to his head, as much as said, "I'm wrong. Do what you want to me!" When a man did wrong, did he hold out his paw like that to God?

Coals bedded in gray ash, Jim's thoughts winked and burned sleepily. No, by gosh, he never got over marveling at the goodness of a good dog. If only there were nothing to separate a man and his dog! On hearing Hannah's voice say plainly, "He would die for you or me!" he started wide awake, looking about. Of course Hannah could not be there. Yet those were the words he had heard her use a thousand times. Odd, it was her voice, too! Well, yes, it was falling asleep and thinking about Hannah and the Old Man played that trick on him. Jim lay back hearing Hannah add, as she so often had, "He's all love, Jim. I don't know as so much love would set well on a human being. Most of them don't standstraightenough to carry it." Jim wondered whether if Hannah knew everything about himself she would still love him? Love him as she did the Old Man, seeing all? In a quiet cabin on that quiet edge of sleep, Jim knew she would, and he knew that in her love and the Old Man's love he had found two of the best good things life could bring. If only—nevertheless—Hannah——



"AT THAT SOUND, NEVER BEFORE HEARD, THE OLD MAN FELL UPON THE TRAP, BIT AT IT AGAIN AND AGAIN, SNARLED, DUG HELPLESSLY IN THE SNOW"

When he woke, it was with the sense of something soft upon his face. It was the Old Man's paw on his cheek. Beside him on the bunk, he was sitting very erect, watching a little squirrel clambering over the window as he did so, jerking and clicking like a telegraph machine. The squirrel was having difficulty in getting the message through, for the dog could not understand. However, the Old Man had made no noise about it, simply touched the master's cheek and swung his head toward the window to show Jim where that other noise was. The master would understand what it meant. Jim did. Jim understood that he had overslept just when they should be doubling up on work.

AS HE and the Old Man went out of the cabin door, there on the snow lay some tiny gray feathers. And "Chickadee—dee—dee," there was the song belonging to them. Song, all because the sun shone! Fine it must be to have feathers and a wing, thought Jim, seeing the dog lumbering along faithfully behind in the herring-bone of snow-shoe tracks. There would be only endless waiting in the cold open of a hillside for him and old paws that collected ice-balls. But Jim knew something could give both him and the Old Man wings.

He paused and said, "Hannah!"

The dog's ears shot forward, his eyes blazed. He looked about eagerly, listening.

"Soon," added Jim.

The Old Man cocked his head to one side. What did that mean?

Wishing he hadn't said it, Jim went on. But the dog, after pausing several times, went back down to the cabin to look. The next Jim saw of him he was trotting, dejectedly up-hill after the master. Hannah had not been there.

A great yellow pathway of sun glowed over Jim's shoulder and across the patient gait of the Old Man, searching out everything: grubs for the chickadees, a shining drop of resin on the branch of a pine-tree, a few faded needles on a Scotch fir, the inquisitive glossy-black crown of a chickadee, a leaping squirrel flashing through thick branches. And upon something else there at the foot of a tall tree, covered lightly by a sprinkle of snow—one of Boutelle's ugly traps. With a deft light blow of the ax Jim sprang the trap, its jagged metal teeth snapping together.

He was thinking that Boutelle knew he had the Old Man in the woods with him. It took some cheek to set traps on Jim's land—might kill or cripple Jim's own dog. With two or three swings of the ax he gouged out the staple. Lifting the trap, he swung it off into a snowdrift.

"There," he said, "that won't tear anything to pieces this year, and the Kanuck will know I'm here!"

As he went on through the green and gold and snow-white of this early morning, he felt himself led along an up-hill path of thought not to be understood—perhaps the path back the Old Man had taken had set him to thinking, and such paths Jim instinctively avoided, especially when they looked upon a horizon not bounded by color and form. It was a sufficiently substantial fact to him that he and the Old Man were plodding along close together toward work, and that they would soon see Hannah. They were passing the big hemlock that marked the end of the trail into the clearing. Jim, thinking about Hannah, noticed nothing. But the Old Man paused, looked at Jim, looked at the tree, gave a short bark. Here was where the master always dropped his jacket and his snow-shoes. Besides, here was something the master had not noticed. But Jim, still thinking of Hannah, did not look around or stop, and the dog followed.

That noon they ate as usual from one dinner-pail. Even with short commons, the dog had more than his share of the food. The master sat on the stump of a tree in the clearing they had made, and the Old Man sat on his haunches in the snow. Their dinner shared, Jim pulled out a pipe and smoked, and the dog, belly on snow, went to sleep dreaming that Hannah had come to the cabin after all; that she had put her hand on his head, looking into his eyes and lifting from his old heart that crushed-paw feeling; that her voice through all his fat had made him tremble with joy, and that one sniff of her was heaven!

Jim, puffing smoke, gazed about the clearing and studied the Old Man. It was warm there in that sunny, sheltered place—even on a day when breakfast-time had registered ten degrees below zero. It was all of eight years ago, yet it did not seem so long, when he and Hannah and the Old Man had come to that spot to pick raspberries. Jim remembered that it was that Summer a long gray-green shoot of blackberry vine had grown through a chink into the dim cabin. Hannah had said it looked the color of pale water with sun shining through it—one of Hannah's pictures. And, like her hair, her pictures usually had some sun in 'em. That was July, and the Old Man was a lanky, young dog. Seen from behind, still he had the appearance of being narrow-chested. In those days his legs were growing bigger and bigger, and every once in a while, like a calf in a field, he would quirk his tail and prance about on them.

WHEN the Old Man had discovered that Hannah and Jim were picking berries, he had trotted after them. Wherever they had picked, he had followed, thrusting in his busy nose to snuff out the best. Crowded up against their knees, he had pushed Hannah and Jim away whenever he could. Everywhere among bushes they saw the white tip of his tail wagging complacently. Never had been a busy fellow than that dog had always been!

Jim recalled that when he and Hannah had been going to the cabin that night, the Old Man's gait had been marked by rolling. The cabin reached, he was sick. Results looked as if a boy's pocket in which a jar of [illegible] had been turned inside out. In t[illegible]

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"SIGHING A LITTLE TREMBLINGLY DOWN THE OLD MAN LAY DOWN"

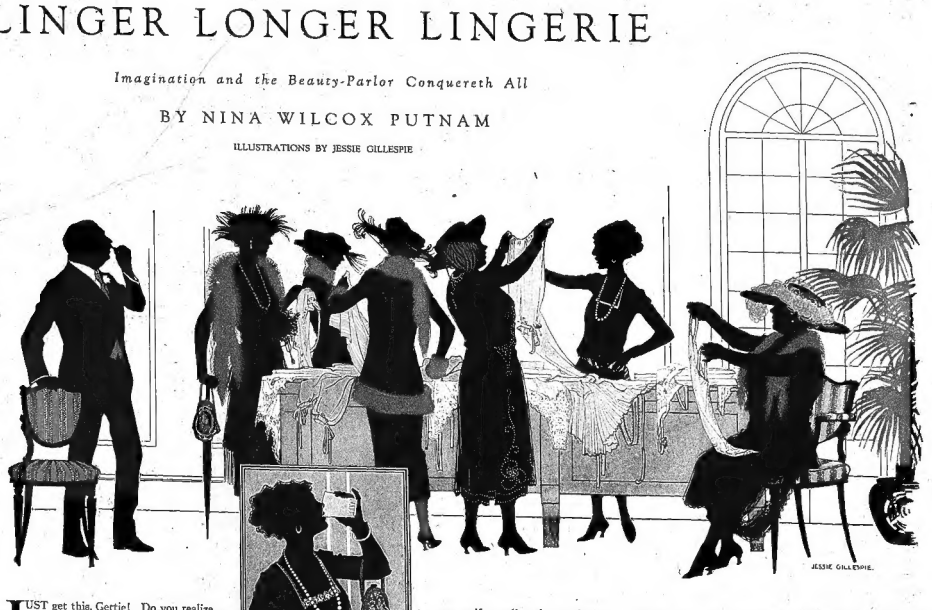
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LINGER LONGER LINGERIE

Imagination and the Beauty-Parlor Conquereth All

BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE GILLESPIE



JESSIE GILLESPIE.

"'FAREWELL, FATIGUE!'"

JUST get this, Gertie! Do you realize that the most expensive manufactured articles on the market to-day is all home-made stuff? I'll say so!

Whatever is scarce and hard to get is always the kale-catcher, and right now home-made goods of any kind is it. Fashions for 1921 says that the sloppiest things is the snappiest—register that? And so scarce is the home-getting, Gertie, that anything which looks like it had come fresh out of a genuine old-fashioned one, can command the highest prices—on the same principal, I guess, that antiques is valuable.

And say, get this, Gertie, the new fad for old home-made stuff is running into all lines of trade. The kind of a cake they used to serve at the Methodist Food-and-apron sales—you know—lopsided, four layers with frosting that was messy-looking but tasted wonderful—will bring four or five dollars per each, now, instead of the old six bits. And as for clothes! Oh, Boy, how they reach for the hand-made stuff! Do they fall? You tell her, seam, you're simply ripping.

Naturally we have now stocked them sort of things pretty heavily down to the Chic Shop, and it was in connection with buying them that I come so close to changing my job on account of losing it—I'll say it was! Because of them, Gertie, and also on account of me being kind of run-down and low in my mind and not realizing that I needed to go out and grab myself off a little health. Do you ever get that way, dearie? You know, no pep, down in the sink generally, but not really sick—and not sense enough to cut out pictures in the evening in favor of the hay for a few nights and allow yourself something a little stronger than nut-sundaes for lunch. Does that remind you of anything, dear? Huh! I thought it might! And when you get that way, you blame it on the world! You are run down so you run down everything else—do you know what I mean, especially about us lady toilers in the cruel city's mart? You tell her, frame, you been around the picture!

Well, that was me all over, but especially in my head when I had the big row with Mr. Fall, who is the owner of the Chic—"H. Pride, The Chic Shop, Lingerie, Ladies' Novelties, Ed Fall, Successor." It's the truth; that's what our sign says right out in print and Broadway next to the Colossal Theater.

Say, get this, Gertie! It was a pair of mules got my goat and made me put in that bird Ed's ear! They was too ridiculous! Did you ever have a pair of mules, dear? You did? *What?* Back home in Missouri your father had two pair? Aw, you're full of tin-biscuits, cherry-pits, and prunes! I don't mean mules in the same sense as you do, Gertie; I mean a kind of shoe that is a cross between a Turkish delight and a French opera-slipper, and you know what a mixed half-breed like that would be—neither one thing nor the other—half on and half off—unreliable and treacherous and liable to trip you up. Regular machine-made mules was bad enough, but when the factory com-ced sending in home-made hand-basted ones, my goat ed.

orning this shipment come in I arrived to work with ery low, and no wonder after the night I had spent. his, Gertie! The fashion in home-made stuff has the theaters, and you got to be awful careful your tickets this Winter or you will find

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on the automobile business, to say no mention of the second-hand dealers, which it is a fact they have been pretty near sunk by it, as you can't give a used car away, much less sell it, and the only jack in a car just now is the jack the manufacturers put in the tool-kit. Everybody that used used cars seems to be walking now, and what has that done to Al's Reconstructed Car business? You tell her, stamp, you'll stick to the letter!

Well, anyways, dear, I and he was both pretty well sunk when we went out to wrap ourself around a little Chop in Chang's Oriental Gardens, where you get such a lovely intimate view of the elevated trains. And when we had ate Al says leave us go and warm a coupla chairs at some good show that will tighten us up a little and clean our spark-plugs and everything, and I says guide me there, and so he checked the check and we done so, and being late, we had to buzz with a scalper for tickets; not a street-pirate, but one with a den; you know, dear—one of them cut-rate places where they cut the advance over box-office prices from a dollar to seventy-five above, and then hand you tickets which a railroad conductor has been playing with.

"What's new?" says Al. And the rustler slides out a pair of aces.

"Mudhall Playhouse!" he says. "Big hit—only two I got—eight-eighty-eight, please!"

Just get this, Gertie! We took them, hopped a trolley, and slid up there all eager to drowned our worries in playgoing in the good old-fashioned New York style, which is to spend a lot of kale to help yourself forget how much you are already out on your losses. Well, anyways, dear, we parked ourselfs at four-forty a park on the parket floor, and waited to be cheered up for our money. But, Gertie, this turned out to be one of them home-brewed plays I was warning you about, and they had forgot to put the yeast in it, and what we suffered was a crime.

IT WASS a piece called "The Courtship of the Muskox," by Fjord Blaa. At least the program says so. I guess Blaa was a big Sweed; anyway his show was. You see, dear, it was the kind of a show where the actors by rights should of paid for the priviildge of acting and then hired the audience. But refreshment—nix! All it put into our heads was that I had ought to get a tooth filled and that Al hadn't yet made enough money this year to pay last year's income tax—an ailment which is getting to be a regular epidemic.

"If I could only turn over a coupla cars I might reply to that leading question, 'Income received from salary or sales?'" says Al in a starving China voice.

"I don't know when am I going to wrap me into that new suit I need so bad," says I, determined he shouldn't have the only troubles in the world. "I can't see the price of one."

yourself spending the evening on the mourners' bench. Eight weeks in advance is no longer any sign a show is a life-saver or has any kick in it, such as a tired business person of either sect needs. And me and my regular friend Al Thompson had suffered for our mistake the night before the mules come in.

You see, dear, all this business depression has been rough as rats and the only jack in a car just now is the jack the manufacturers put in the tool-kit. Everybody that used used cars seems to be walking now, and what has that done to Al's Reconstructed Car business? You tell her, stamp, you'll stick to the letter!

"Well, you got a mania for fifty-dollar Government Bonds," says Al. "It's a good craze, all right; don't think I'm panning it. But you might treat yourself to a suit!"

"I'm waiting for them to come down lower," I says.

"In the skirts?" says Al.

"Dry up!" says I; "you know what I mean. If you'd hock a couple of your Victorys you could pay your income tax! You got the savings bug as bad as I have!"

"Well, while things is so high, why wouldn't we?" says Al. "Especially if we are ever to get married! I been freezing onto my kale and going on my uppers for two years now, and believe me I intend to keep that way until I'm dead sure prices has reached bottom!"

"Same here!" says I firmly. "But will prices go any lower—had they ought to?"

"The elevator cables is broke—what is to prevent?" says Al.

"SAY, Al," I says, because I couldn't answer back—"Say, Al, the trouble with you is you made a mountain of mazuma while the country was buying cars like a lunitic asylum on a day out and you got an idea you only ought to spend excess profits. But last year wasn't a normal year. You got to get over being so tight now, and realize it wasn't a standard!"

"Aw, dry up!" says Al, back at me. "Whatter you know about business?"

"I'm in it, ain't I?" I says.

"Say, do you call selling dry-cleanable underwear business?" says Al.

Honest, Gertie, you would of thought we was already married! Anyways, you can see the awful effect that home-made play had on us, and by the time the subway had reached our hold-up man's station we wasn't speaking, not even to say hang onto your rug-wrapper; there may be things at the top of these steps, because, Gertie, that is what people say instead of good night in New York this year.

Say, listen, dear, when I got up next morning, after six hours of telling myself I would go to sleep pretty soon, whatter you imagine I felt like? You tell her, sugar, you're so refined!

Well, anyways, I got up, and Mary Maloney, the girl that lives with me, looked at me real worried.

"Gloria O'Day!" she says, "you look real bad! I wisht you would leave me give you a facial!"

You see, Gertie, Mary works in a beauty-parlor and she is always wanting to interfere with my map, but up to this point I had kept the no-trespassing, strictly private sign up, and I didn't take it down this morning, either.

"Nothing stirring!" I says. "My pan has had soap and prohibition face-lotion on it this A.M. and that's good enough!"

"Well, I think you are making a big mistake, dearie," says Mary with a sigh. "For you do look run-down."

"Well, I ain't got much pep," I admitted. "At least I got no inclination to kick the winders out!"

"I tell you what," says Mary brightly, because it's the truth, Gertie, she is one of them persons whose own life ain't enough for them, and she has always got to be brightly making helpful suggestions about other people's business or her day don't feel full. "I tell you what," says she, "you oughter take a few East-cakes."

"East-cakes!" I says. "What for?"

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"To raise your spirits!" says Mary. "And they will, too!"

"I thought they was only good for raising bread and alcholic contents," says I.

"They will raise a lot of other things besides!" says she. "I got a supply last night," she says, "and I'm gonner give you some and you slip them in your bag and try 'em out. Take one dissolved in fruit-juice before meals!"

And then she had to hurry dressing because she was late already. But before she went she slipped me a candy-box with the baker's cocktails in it and wished me luck as she went out.

"Now be sure and take 'em!" she says from the doorway. "And I wisht you'd come over to my place at noon and get a facial—you sure do need it!"

And with them friendly words she shut the door on herself before I had the chance to slam it on her, and beat it.

Just get this, Gertie! When she had gone I opened the candy-box she had give me and there inside was the Eastcakes—six of them. It was the first time I had ever met one face to face, home-made bread being practically unknown to me, all except the manufactured kind our delicatessen carries. But there they lay in the box, six of them, about the size of a big caramel and wrapped in plain tin-foil. They didn't look like much of a dose, but still I didn't trust them a whole lot. I had heard about what they done to bread and also to beer, which would of been merely near without them, and I got respect for my stomach. But after I had put on my face and my hat and was all set for the subway, I changed my mind and slipped the box into my velvet purse along with my keys, lip-stick, rouge, powder-rag, mirror, laundry list, expense book, savings-bank book, pencils—both eyebrow and writing—and a little money.

Then I toddled over to the subway and read the paper carefully going down, and not missing a single item about sales on suits. Needing a suit, I read the papers regular. And each day the suits come down lower and lower: from sales of special purchases at two hundred dollars for Friday only last September, to Extra Offerings at sixty to eighty dollars, were ninety-five and a hundred and twenty-five, to "make room for Our new stock" in January last; to Beautifully Finished Tailored suits for ladies at thirty-five and forty-five-fifty, this value unsurpassed; at present writing. And each time I read one of them ads I would smile grimly and grab a tighter hold onto the little old savings-account and say to myself, "Steady—the time is not as yet!"

BUT this morning I was weakening slightly over a twenty-five-dollar tricotine, positively lowest offering cash or your credit is good here, when the subway ran into Times Square and saved me from temptation, for I had to get off and walk three blocks to the Chic, which cooled my ardor a lot, and Gertie, the first thing I seen when I got into the shop was them mules I started telling you about.

Say, get this, Gertie! The only time I feel at all Red is when I am very low physically and financially, and this morning I was quite a little of both. So you see, dear, when I seen Ed marking the tickets on them mules, it got my Bolshevik.

Were they good value at $17.85 plus tax? Huh! You tell her, powder, you got the face! Listen, dear, these mules was heavily constructed outter candy-box satin made for the wear and tear of the Xmas bonbon trade in all the wanted shades, including black, and was trimmed around the outer rim with a tacked-on lambrikin of nearlace, which don't mean it was tacked on with a hammer and octera, because that is far too substantial, and I should of said they was hanging on by a thread. And the lace lambrikin was further embellished with blue rosebuds made of permanent Georgette. In other words, Gertie, them mules was the very last syllabel in uselessness, and I was in no mood to restrain my opinions, which in business a person has to, most of the time—that is, if they want to stay in it.

"Say, what is this dump?" I says, "a hold-up headquarters?" I says, "or a notion-shop?"

"Where do you get that stuff, notions?" says Ed, real indignant. "The only notions in this shop are parked in your head, my child!"

"Say, don't you know luxuries from extravagances?" I says with my hands on my hips in a determined, tho ladylike pose. "Can't you tell the different between de lux for seventeen dollars and mere looks for the same money?"

"Y' understand I'm running this business, Miss O'Day," says Ed. "Close the face, little one, and put the prices on. It's a new lot of goods just come in, and I want them marked up for a reduction sale!"

"Oh, all right," says I. "As soon as I take off my overhead. But it's a crime the way lingerie is priced with everything else getting cheaper—a person has to be not alone dirty with money but ready to be dry-cleaned, to buy in here!"

AND then I marched off to the locker-room behind the store to park my lid. And Gertie, wile I done so I felt all upset and like I just couldn't go out and mark that stuff up twenty-five per cent. for the special sale and help to cheat the public like that. Of course a great part of the public which buys at a place like the Chic Shop is a nitwit in the first place, and hard to save from theirselfs. But their being a fool didn't effect my honesty any, d'yer see that, dear? However, eating is being done in my set this year, and if I was to be in style I must work. So I put away my hat and fluffed my hair, and you know, Gertie, I have the other girls in our place shocked by going around with my ears practically nude, the way I do—well, anyways, I fluffed my Britania and hung up my coat. And as I hung it I felt that box of East-cakes that Mary Maloney had given me in the pocket, and taking it out, I extracted one cake by the roots, and stood there looking at it with a hard-boiled eye.



"I'LL TAKE A SMALL PIECE OF EVERYTHING," I SAYS, "IF YOU CAN ARRANGE IT WITHOUT TOO MUCH EFFORT"

Well, Gertie, I didn't altogether trust that East-cake. You see, even in my undomestic, far-from-home-made, typical New Yorker's life, I had heard vague, disturbing rumors about what East did when it started work. So long as you don't lay, and kept its environment cool, quiet, and undisturbed, it stayed tame and harmless. It did nothing—nothing at all—but just lay there and die of dis-use. But take off its coat and put it to work, and oh, Boy! It was a changed cake! It was a regular little Napoleon. Naw, gowan! I don't mean one of them little pastery monuments—I mean the general that invented directoir dresses. Just bring a East-cake into contact with a bunch of dough, and pretty soon you would have four times as big a roll. Honest! And as for what one of them pale, innocent-looking little squares will do to a tub of home-made suds, well, why dwell on such a well-known topic?

So naturally, Gertie, I stood a wile in maiden hesitation, as the feller says, a picture of my stomach floating through my mind, and considered what the article which puts the lick in licker would do to my interior decorations. And then, Gertie, I remembered all the grand but harmless things East was supppsed to do to a person—fill them full of pep and make even the lowest of the low come back to life and position and finish like tearing things wide open. Mary said it would return the appetite and cure the complexion, and all for three cents. In fact that the East-cake's motto was "Going Up," and in my situation I thought, well, I will take a shot; nobody ever died of it so far as I know and I can't feel any worse then I do now!

Just get this, Gertie! I undressed that cake, and mashed it up in half a glass of water, the way Mary Maloney had told me too, and held my breath because I was scared to taste it because she had said I would grow to like the taste and you know how that is with caviare, and the rich can have my part of them soft-shell dress weights! So I says, "Farewell fatigue!" and thought good night, dear world, and give a gulp and it was all over.

Well, say, Gertie, I stood still for a minute after that, waiting to see what would happen, but nothing did. I felt a little lighter, maybe—a sort of puffed sensation, but that was all, except that of course I realized I was a trifle more vigorous. And my step was lighter too, as I walked out into the shop, and honest, Gertie, it wasn't half as hard to mark up them things as I had thought it was going to be—it come real easy, in fact.

Now, Gertie, it's the truth that wile every other kind of store except the food-stores has reduced prices, we specialties has stayed up. Of course we have had fire and must-vacate sales, but they come in the regular run of business and the prices has always been as per see above. And it's the truth, dearie, we ain't been doing the business we once done. Underwear is a luxury, and luxuries is one of the first things a person will do without when money is tight. We hadn't been turning the stuff over, dear, and no wonder when our sales was never bony fido but always skin-cat. The public is a fool some of the time, but it gets spells of sanity every once in a wile, and just get this, Gertie, these lucid intervals is hard on our line of goods.

Well, I thought all this out, dear, wile marking up the stuff to go in the window under the Special-for-to-day-only sign which we keep there permanently, when a idea begun to slowly grow in my head. The way for me to buy that new suit I needed so bad after hanging on without waiting for the big break, was to strike Ed for more wages.

I figured I could go as high as thirty-five iron men for that suit if Ed would raise me five per. But a raise is easier thought of than asked for—ain't it? You tell her, Liberty Bond, you got sufficient interest! I had often thought of asking for a raise, but never allowed it to come to the surface, exactly, until this morning. I suppose it was the East-cake brought it up. Anyways, when I went out to lunch I took another, and it sure raised my courage, because when I come back, I felt ever so much better—all full of jazz and just bursting with nerve. So I paraded right up to Ed and give him his right number.

"Mr. Fall," I says, "I got something to ast you for!"

"Ask away!" he says. "That won't cost me anything!"

"I feel coy about mentioning it!" I says.

"Who will tell me, then?" says Ed.

"You tell him, elevator, you're going up!" says I.

That registered—cash-registered if you get me, Gertie. Ed threw his hands up to ward off the blow, but it fell, dear, just the same.

"Money!" he hollered. "The woman wants more money! Say, you're crazy! The customers are all on a vacation, but I am to raise wages!"

"Say, listen, Cutie!" I says, "I need a Spring suit and I need it real bad," I says. "How am I to buy it, if you don't gimme a raise, eh?"

"Say, child, how can I raise you when I don't sell?" snapped our snappy young chief. "You got a good job, ain't you? Then shut up and be thankful for it!"

"If you would have a real reduction sale instead of these fake ones, you'd turn the stuff over!" I says, real mad and full of East. "The public is got distrustful and it's hard to make 'em believe and buy, even when the sale is the real genuine article—you birds that pulls the phoney sales is keeping us public from buying—and that's bad for business. You gotter win our confidence back. Even a lady can see that, Mr. Fall! But I think myself it's time for a new Spring suit, and the price on them is now fair enough. Anyways, I'm gonner buy one and save the cloak-and-suit industry from utter ruin. So come across with that five a week—I want to put it into circulation!"

"Nix!" says he. "You want I should cut my prices—huh? And yet at the same time you personally want more money. How do you get that way? Look, Miss O'Day, you are not the only one wants to buy something, are you? I don't need to buy anything—no! I don't need a auttomobile, eh? Something I could send the customers' goods home in and use for pleasure, too. But should I get it? Nix, I should!"

"AW, GO down to Grand Street!" I says. "You don't belong on Broadway—they put you off at the wrong subway station! See here, Mr. Fall—you ought to buy a car if you really need it—buy it off my friend, Al Thompson. Saving is a fine thing—up to a certain point. After which it becomes hoarding. Remember what happened to the man's horse that the man economized on—fed the steed one straw a day to save money?"

"Well, what did happen?" says Ed.

"The horse died!" I says severely.

"How much did he get for the hide and carcuss?" says Ed. "Maybe he made on the horse!"

Say, get me, Gertie, what are you gonner do with a bird like that? My arguments laid right down and died on me, because there was no use arguing with a camel's back, Gertie, or whatever. But by now the East was working fine. I felt like a world-beater, and so I thought I might as well get off my chest a lot of dope which had been gathering there a long time just like one cold on top of the other, and you know how it is, dear, any one of we toilers has days when it seems we must tell the boss just exactly what is wrong with him or bust—and if we indulge ourself bust is generally what happens, and usually the trouble is all in our imagination or digestion, and if we restrain ourself, why, by the next day we see the world ain't near so bad as we had thought. Only of course in my case it was indignation and Ed was fully aware of what a valuable saleswoman I am—and what aware that Ed was aware that I was aware



"YOU ARE SELLING HYSTERICS AND IMAGINATION HERE"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

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"SHE LOOKED UP, AMAZED, INNOCENT, EXPECTANT LIKE A MARVELING DÉBUTANTE. 'I KNOW,' SHE WHISPERED. 'YOU MEAN REALLY LOVED'"

THE UNBURNT

Another Version of the Moth and the Flame

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

WHEN Harlow Saunders sighted Elsa Rice across the Belmandore tea-room he was astonished to see how young she still appeared. Great Scott, how the years pass by! Why, she looked early twenty and must be over thirty! He was over forty himself now.

As he turned toward the younger man across the table he noted at once that Perry Logan, in spite of his almost dreamy appearance of youthful indifference, had observed his interest. Young Logan had marked down the smile which had lit Elsa's face for a brief moment in a rather wistful recognition and had weighed her appearance with its faint suggestion of an attempt to keep young and sprightly.

"An old, old friend," explained Harlow. "Elsa Rice. Unmarried. Your father knew her slightly. I knew her very well. We came from the same town. Once——"

He stopped.

"A love-affair?"

"An infatuation," Saunders corrected.

The young man smiled. He evidently considered that she might be interesting to some one and no doubt to many. He asked, "Mrs. Rice?"

"No, she's never married."

"Old maid?"

Saunders shook his head. "That hardly describes her. No; she is far too much of a person for that. I can not speak with authority because when I knew her—and we loved each other as young people do—it was some time ago. Later she used to write to me from Paris, where she studied, and then it faded away into nothing like other affairs. No. Not like other affairs. Not quite."

"You speak of her almost as if she were—well, a little of an adventuress."

"Heaven forbid, my boy! No, no. She is just a detached woman who happens to know too much about men to be taken. Has no particular money. Just a competence, I ve. A studio on Fifty-fifth Street in one of those brown- houses. Paints. Adds a little here and there by her to buy herself extra furs, gowns, new motor-car Probably pinched a little. No doubt ready to oney, but if not still contented with the attentions tion of men whom she can infatuate—a diminishing circle."

"Wise?"

Perry Logan asked the question without flippancy. This son of the late Marquand Logan, the Chicago merchant, multimillionaire and art collector, at twenty-six is a comely young man. Without the air of caring much about vanity he wears excellent clothes; is not a young Apollo; only very young or stupid débutantes go in for Apollos, as Perry once said himself. He is attractive. Some vitality in his lean, young body and his sensitive hands suggests that there are springs of fine metal in him, but externally he is all calm with a dreamy placidity.

"I asked if she were wise?" he repeated.

"Yes, Perry—very, very wise. If there is anything in the game, from getting a man to talking about himself to yawning when the time comes to reject a proffered kiss, E. R. has it in her bag of tricks. As to the affections, I would say that she was entitled to be vice-president of the National Academy of Love's Unburnt."

"And the president?"

Harlow, astute lawyer, smiled quietly.

"Dad said——" Perry stopped as if reluctant to engage in familiarity with the man whom his father had chosen as trustee, administrator of his estate, and counselor for his only son.

HARLOW, however, did not turn. He was observing himself with his severe black tie, his iron-gray, ruffled, legal hair, his lips which once had followed closely so many words he used to think he had meant. Then, like an actor who feels that if the call ever came he could rise to the old heights of triumphs once gained in the heyday of power, he pulled down his waistcoat.

"Go on," he said expectantly and invitingly.

"Dad said that you were the most successful man with—er—love that he ever knew. He said——"

"Well?"

"He used to say that when you wanted to——" A pause. "And that your final triumph was in choosing to escape marriage and then really escaping it."

"Nonsense," Saunders interjected. "The thing you ... Perry once told him when they were dining together in the club—that sarcophagus of absentee exclusiveness.

I pass the secret on to you. Real love may be compounded of many rare elixirs, but the article of commerce, ordinary, every-day, common, or garden love, is ninety-seven per cent. vanity. Any man or woman who can learn to ride on vanity instead of having vanity straddle them and goad them into a foam, is an expert and fit to be Love's assistant in making the world go round. I always could say 'Giddap' to my vanity and I could always say 'Whoa' to it. And now I am an old crock of a bachelor wondering if it wouldn't have paid to have been a fool."

He was pleased by this speech; he tapped ashes into his coffee-cup.

"I MYSELF am a kind of a fool about women," confessed the modest young Logan, glancing coverly and critically at Elsa Rice.

"Then you will never be elected president of the National Academy," Saunders concluded, folding his arms as if they had done their life's embracing labors and closing his judicial lips as if their career of tenderness was now a sealed book.

When he looked back on this conversation with Perry Logan he felt a twinge of the responsibility which the old feel toward the young to appear as having had an unbroken record of austerity. He had not learned all there was to know of young Logan's hidden depths. He had begun to have a great love for Perry, springing at first from an abiding sentiment of loyalty for Marquand Logan, his own maturer counselor, and later from the charm and promise and whimsicality of the boy himself. He was mildly regretful that he had taken a step down from dignity in discussing Elsa Rice; worse still, he had preened himself like an old peacock who overlooks the fact that his fantail days are gone. A retired suitor of the champion class who now has come to eating his breakfast in an apartment filled with Chinese paintings, his lunch where all the big figures of the street bob their bald and white domes over luxurious china and frugal, fat-reducing fare, and his dinner in a huge marble palace of a club where there is too much elegance to go around among the members present, would do well to stop chatting about himself—and ladies.

"My stars, sir, you lead a devilishly lonely life, it seems to me," Perry once told him when they were dining together in the club—that sarcophagus of absentee exclusiveness.

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If for a moment a look of pain came into Harlow's face it could be attributed to the fact that he had just come back from Washington, where he had made the argument in a losing case before the Supreme Court. He said hastily, "An you grow older you will understand the pleasure of striving for high ends in a profession. Of course with you it is banking. The law, however, is a jealous mistress and a kindly one. When evening comes there are still a few old friends who give dinners with the flavor of selected guests and, if not, there is always the library up-stairs here where a man can turn the pages of a book and tap a silver bell for a new cigar. As you grow older you will learn the comforts of loneliness."

"Not for me," the beginner had exclaimed.

Saunders looked up quickly. He knew well enough what a bait the Logan millions would be; he knew Perry's imaginative, dreamy, poetic side which might keep him unconscious of impending harm if some vulturess began to hover above him. Perry was in danger—he did not admire sufficiently the little half-dressed, red-lipped, precocious débutantes whose lure was to seem quite wicked and wise, tho they had drifted in on a new generation of unparalleled stupidity, the very density of which lent a kind of fluffy charm to their little blurred minds and their little simple, surprized, and staring eyes. Perry, apparently, hungered for stronger things—the intense integrity of a girl who earns her own living or the mastery of a widow. Saunders realized that young Logan had a taste to jump the fences of the conventional marriage market; he wondered whether his young friend might not drift into danger.

Like many other perplexities of life, however, he forgot this one. Better to say that he almost forgot it. He could not quite put the danger of a mismatched marriage out of mind because he had a profound sense of obligation to dead friend, the boy's father. Whatever would have sold Marquand Logan's anxieties about his son, that sure of watchfulness Saunders ne must maintain. He had become almost like a father to the boy, or at any rate enough saturated by that kind of affection to begin to doubt if a man ought to live life through without having sons and daughters of his own.

A BAD marriage! That was the only worry. Saunders could brush aside the chance that Perry would become dissipated. Something metallic and suggestive of iron will was behind the boy's blue eyes and in the fine shape of his head with its thick covering of hair, a little golden and a little red and always well brushed. Perry would not be a loafer. The dreamy manner could not conceal the driving force he had inherited from Marquand. He would not fail because of lack of a sense of humor, nor failure of charm, and, least of all, through loss of that glowing health which kept his body hard and his forehead clear and calm.

But some woman——!

Saunders, after the fact, would have said he had prophesied to himself that it was coming. He had supposed that Perry would have forgotten Elsa Rice. What could a woman her age mean to him?

Something. If not something young Logan would not have spoken of her. And he spoke of her with intense interest.

He came up to Saunders's office when the dusk of the harbor had climbed up through the warehouse streets and had begun to settle around the bases of the towers of the financial district. To be sure, the glow of the sunset still shone through the western plate-glass windows and curiously fell upon Perry's fine young face as the office secretary, always possessed of a certain chilly beauty, opened the door for him and he wandered in.

"Hello, Perry, my boy! You never come in. You always wander in. You stroll, you amble, you wander," said Saunders. "It's a great relief from the two-fisted, on-your-toes vivacity of other young men striving to be successes."

Logan sat down, put his hat on the desk, and laid his hand with its graceful, expressive fingers upon its top. He apparently had come to stay forever, but he asked politely, "Am I interrupting?"

Harlow shut a law book, replaced certain blue-bound railroad mortgages in a brick-red folder, and replied, "I'm through. Won't you sit down?"

"I did."

Harlow smiled. "What's new with you?"

"That's the trouble—nothing."

"Bored—my boy?"

"Rather!"

"I thought you went to Nick Crayford's daughter's dance last night."

"I did. It was awful. Brilliant! Hurt my eyes. Chatty! Hurt my ears. Champagne! Hurt my brains. Exclusive! Hurt my democracy."

"And Miss Crayford——?"

"Little old Elaine. Very nice. Quite perfumed. Ugly shoulder-blades. Shiny nails. It's rather ungallant of me!"

"Quite."

"Well, there were others. Doll-like. Pretty in a window. Starry eyes. Fake sophistication. Nothing original. All quotations. Books read, plays seen, slang of the streets or somebody else's *bon mot*. They can't think of a thing of their own."

Saunders laughed. He asked, "What do you want? What do you hope for?"

Young Logan shut one eye as if willing to devote one-half of his faculties to analysis and a judicial answer.

"I'LL tell you," he said. "Yes, I will. I want companionship. What kind? Female. I want it, and one can't get it from these little flappers. They're not rich. They haven't lived. They haven't even thought. All they do is imitate—and what they imitate is coarse stuff, at that."

Saunders put his tortoise-shell eye-glasses in the drawer. He was worried.

"I don't believe the—er—actresses—are much better." He whined his irony in the falsetto of his usual legal manner.

"Who said so?" asked Perry, opening the one eye again. "I can't do the chorus-girls, and least of all one chorus-girl. Sooner or later I'd meet her brother who runs an elevator or something. I want a good safe and sane lady to take to dinner and take home. What about Miss Elsa Rice?"

Saunders's expression turned black before he recovered his poise; then he began to mobilize all the points in a legal brief against that complex, subtle, and dangerous lady.

"I recall her very vividly," volunteered the young man. "She looked about my speed and direction and distance."

"I disagree with you," Harlow Saunders said sharply. "I think she is a dangerous lady. I think it is like playing with dynamite."

He knew he had stubbed a mental toe before his young friend made a reply: he should have said that Elsa Rice was on the down side of life and rather stupid and hysterical and fidgety. He had called her dynamite, and Logan grinned and said, "What praise! Did you find her dangerous?"

"No," the lawyer said doubtfully, arising and pacing up and down before the plate glass of two windows like a slowly animating silhouette. "No." His voice relaxed into a reflective tone; he went on, "She was really quite a girl. I remember her as she was at Bar Harbor, the first summer I ever met her. I remember, if I may speak sentimentally of the long walk we took on a beach after midnight supper at the Cotillion. The sand was shiny wet and black like a mirror turned up to the moon, and she allowed the incoming swash of the waves to wet her silver slipper and then took them both off to go in wading amid the silver flakes on the water."

"You kissed her?"

Saunders answered sternly, "Yes."

"An ordinary occasion?"

"No," he replied bruskly. "Somehow different."

"Lasting?"

"Well, I never forgot it."

"Neither should I unless I am mistaken," the youth said. "She has been something of a professional flirt since those days," Harlow commented sourly. "Once——"

"Well?"

"Once there appeared to be something rare and fine about her—something underneath, something half hidden, something behind even her kiss given in playfulness which spoke of something—er—er——"

"Eternal?" queried Perry. "And yet you have lived here in the same city—perhaps for years—an old bachelor—and have never been to see her. That's beyond me."

"No, it's because I'm seasoned," Saunders said. "I'm done with romance. I can handle it and then put it aside. That is, if one is a man. Possibly a woman never puts romance aside. There is Elsa Rice, for instance—one affair after another. I believe she has been entitled 'The Man-trap.'"

"You would have no objection if I went to see her?"

The question appeared to hang in the air just as Logan's cigaret smoke swayed as it hung in the air.

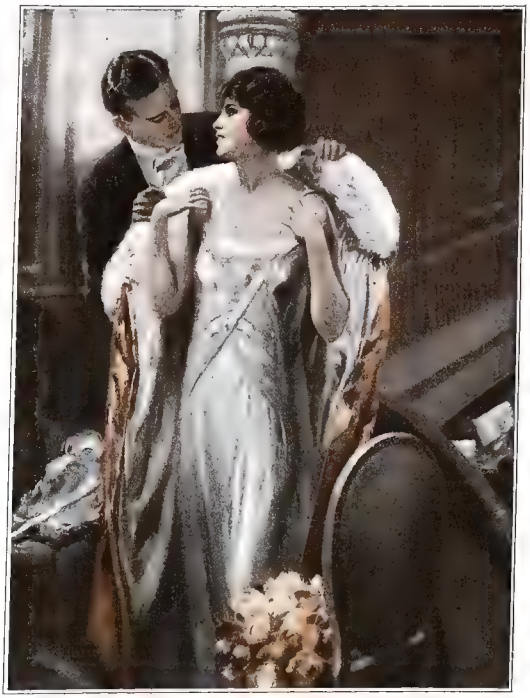
He added another question to it, saying, "I suppose you consider her rather shop-worn goods? Not bad, not an outcast, but a little shop-worn by so much of the stuff they call love—succession of affairs, the worst of it being that none amount to anything."

"Exactly," Saunders said, getting his hat and coat out of the mahogany closet. He was doing a lot of fast thinking. After all, if he knew anything outside legal knowledge it was about the game called love. One of the first dangers is forbidden fruit.

He yawned, forcing the gestures of being casual, and said, "Oh, go ahead if you think there is anything in it. Don't ask me to mix up in it. Meet her when, as, and if you can, and do as you please. You are no fool. My motor is down in the street. Want a ride?"

From the moment of this conversation the older man felt mild but haunting anxiety. Perry Logan was young, attractive, inexperienced, and on every first of January and July he could go to the safety-deposit vaults and clip enough coupons to buy a new place on Long Island. His wool was fine; his pin-feathers might be easily plucked by skilled feminine fingers. Saunders found that more and more he conceived of Perry as a victim. Saunders himself had always been able to take care of himself. There was always something in himself which had never let go. That had been his success with women. He had something none of them ever could touch. They had gone mad reaching for it. It was always out of reach. That was why he was a bachelor. But Logan!—Logan was a man who would some time jump right over the precipice at the touch of a woman's soft lips. No skill! Lovable; big heart! A sacrifice!

"Love is like liquor," said Saunders to himself, quoting one of his own mottoes of his active days as an extinct volcano might recall its periodical and successive eruptions. "Love being like liquor, it is only good quaffing for those with strong heads."



"HE FELT RESENTMENT AGAINST ALL WOMEN. ELSA! HOW DAMNABLY PRETTY SHE LOOKED! HOW SHE BEAMED FALSELY AND PURRED OVER THIS YOUTH"

HE WAS tempted several times to ask Perry Logan whether he had found a way to meet Elsa Rice. To do so, however, would be to disclose anxiety and perhaps lead inevitably to an expression of disapproval. Saunders found himself in a position of absurd paternal fear. The boy was like his own son. More, indeed! He was also the son of his friend Marquand Logan. Saunders cursed himself for ever having known this lady of dynamite. He never having seen her again, for having spoken of her in a way to excite the romantic curiosity of an impressionable younger man. Confound her! Confound her brazen willingness to hold out her allurement on the end of a thread which she always pulled at the proper moment, leaving some man in temporary despair! Confound the probability that she, in young Perry Logan's case, would not pull the thread at all, would let him take her forever with her much kissed lips and her rather love-worn self!

"Damnable!" said Saunders. "The boy is entitled to a young, happy thing who will bring him fresh

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MOMMY

The Story of a Woman's First Vote and How It Saved the Day

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK STREET

MARTIN ALLEN woke long before daylight. He had a conviction that something was wrong, but he realized after a moment that no disaster impended; he was merely excited by the importance of the advancing day.

"Mommy!" said he, sharply. "Mommy! Get up, Mommy! It's 'lection day!"

Mommy propelled her wiry little body floorward with the agility of a girl. She was accustomed to rising long before Martin, and she was frightened when he called her. She realized with him the necessity for being up early, and she put on her stockings and ran down-stairs quickly to shake the fire. It would not have occurred to Martin to do this for her, tho as janitor of the court-house he was expert in making and tending fires.

Martin did not rise until Mommy had returned and had lit the lamp. Even then he sat and yawned during the eight minutes which it took her to dress. When she had gone he moved about in a lordly fashion. He knew exactly how soon she would have breakfast ready and he accommodated his dressing to her rate of speed.

Before he went down-stairs he extinguished the lamp and lifted the window-shade and looked out. He smiled; the electric light at the corner shone through a globe of thick mist. It was a bad day, and there was a tradition in Fiddlersburg that bad weather meant the national victory of Martin's party. He had no doubt of the outcome in Fiddlersburg, which had been Democratic for a hundred years, but he was a little worried about the State and the Nation. Now the omen reassured him.

In the kitchen he said nothing to Mommy—there was nothing to say. The meal was on the table and he ate. When he had finished he washed his hands at the sink, dried them on the roller-towel, put on his hat, and went out. It was probable that he would be late for dinner, but there was no reason why he should say so, because on the other hand he might be on time, and it would be better to have the dinner a little stale than not to have it ready. Some husbands would have expected their wives to meet both situations, but Martin Allen was a reasonable man.

He was so reasonable that when he reached the gate he turned back and opened the door. He laid a dollar on the kitchen table and again departed. There was still no reason why he should speak—he always gave Mommy a dollar on Tuesday morning for sundry small expenses.

Mommy turned to look at the closed door. She was a bond slave and she knew it. The name by which he always called her was a sign of slavery and she hated it. She hated having to receive money like a child; she hated Martin's dictatorial ways, his taciturnity. She knew that in the company of men he was wholly different. When she saw other couples go about together she wept resentfully. It was true that as guardian of a public building Martin's hours were long, but even before he had this position he neglected her. He provided for all her wants, but gallantry was not in him.

SHE did nothing more violent, however, than to stare at the door—there was nothing she could do. She was too old to rebel and too shy to dream of venturing away from the home which had been hers for forty years. Besides, Martin was her life. She went on with her dish-washing.

Martin saw as he went up the street toward the court-house various houses where there was some illumination. He knew the reason for this unwonted early rising. Al Binder wished to be Prothonotary, John Lentz wished to be Clerk of the Court—all were Democrats and all were up early. The corresponding Republican candidates, and in these lights were lit also.

When Martin turned the corner he saw other lights, those of lesser officials or would-be officials. He stopped before the house where lived Billy Ury, the Republican aspirant for his own position, and it is to be deeply regretted that here he put out his tongue.

When he turned the third corner, he could see still other lights in houses set far apart. In one lived the Judge, in one the State Representative, in others aspiring candidates for both these positions. They, too, were up early. If other mornings were like this morning one need have no anxiety about the energy with which the affairs of the State were conducted.

In the court-house, Martin snapped the electric buttons, then he went to the cellar to look after his furnace. The day was not likely to be cold, but he prepared for a cold day by building up a magnificent fire. The Democratic voters who came out to save the nation must be comfortable. This was an epochal day; women were to vote for the first time. Martin thought with profound respect of the Democratic ladies who were coming to receive their initiation into the complicated mysteries of which he had so long been a master. He shook his head at the experiment, believing that the ability to vote was confined to the masculine mind. It would not surprize him if the experiment would in some undefined manner fail, and next Fall the sacred duty be once more limited to those who could best execute it.

AS HE slammed shut the door of the furnace after he had heaped in the last brimming shovel of coal, he thought of the Republican ladies.

"Better stay at home and wash their dishes," he muttered.

In the polling-room he glared. Beside the long table running down the middle stood Billy Ury, who wished to be janitor. Ordinarily they were friendly, but now they looked at each other suspiciously.

"I don't know that you're allowed in here," Martin said curtly.

Billy turned and glared; then defiantly he went and lifted the curtain before each of the four booths, and glanced at the wooden shelves and the pencils tied fast with long strings.

"I don't know that you're allowed in here, either," he growled back. "Should think you might take time to sharpen your lead-pencils, instead of wasting the voters' money by heaping it into the stove. I tell you—there's going to be a different state of things when the Republicans get in."

"When the Republicans get in, the coal supply in the U. S. will be exhausted; then they can worry," said Martin. "I don't know what you fellows are all gettin' up so early for—you certainly don't think you have half a chance."

Billy Ury pounded the table.

"If the Republican party don't win in the Nation and the State and the county and the borough and the township, I'll—" he paused and sought for some solemn, original pledge; failed to find one, and finished feebly, "I'll eat my hat."

"Yes, I guess you will," said Martin.

By the time the windows began to look gray in the dawn the polling-room was crowded with men carrying dinner-pails. At a quarter to seven the judges of the election entered, placed the ballot-box, seated themselves at the table with their books open before them, and ordered the room cleared. The majority of the men crowded back into the hall, to advance in a few moments, receive the recognition of the judges, and enter the booths. There was bustle and noise, but it was orderly.

When the first woman entered she was greeted with respectful, even awed silence. She expressed her gratitude for a half-dozen kind offers of assistance and voted without difficulty. Martin, who as janitor was allowed to remain in the room, slid off the window-sill and escorted her to the door. She was Mabel Godly, who kept a little fancy-work shop, and she was of the right political color. She did not realize that Martin was escorting her, but he felt like Sir Walter Raleigh.

Fiddlersburg and the surrounding country had been so long and so pronouncedly of one party that little political effort had been spent upon them by either side. Martin was justified in his confidence; the outcome was foreordained. Even the Republican candidates who got up so early got up without much hope. Tho there was tremendous excitement elsewhere, here the election was normal. There was some argument and a good deal of chaff at the polls, but little outside. It was not until almost noon that Al Binder took John Lentz by the arm and drew him into an unoccupied room on the other side of the hall and closed the door. His fat face was pale.

"I've been keepin' pretty close count, and I'm scared," he confided to John.

John was tall and thin and nervous and quick to take alarm.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I've been keepin' pretty good count," said Al anxiously. "Now the Democrats have more men in this borough than the Republicans, by a long shot."

"Then what's worrying you?" asked Lentz.

"The women are worrying me. The Republican women are out, but the Democrats ain't. The difference is this—they've got a bunch of suffragettes, agitators"—Al believed the *g* in agitators to be hard—"Christian Endeavor stump-speakers, school-teachers—you know the sort, and they're all here."

"They said we shouldn't bother with the women!" said John.

"I know they did—the more fools they. The women are here."

"What'll we do?" faltered John. "What on earth'll we do?"

"Why, get our women out," hissed Al. "Get 'em out."

"How'll we get 'em out?" asked John, almost in a whimper.

Al blew out his chest. He was not afraid to speak of women at the top of his voice.

"Tell 'em to come," he roared. "When we go home to dinner we'll tell 'em to come."

Martin Allen went home at twelve o'clock for dinner. He had not expected to leave the court-house at his usual time, but he found his appetite keener than his sense of importance. It was the only instinct which was keener. He hurried home, and he meant to run back. He, as well as all the other workers, knew now that it was necessary to enlist the women. In front of the court-house stood two beautiful, even sumptuous, automobiles. They were making little runs through the town, preparatory to making a long run clear across the wide State to the Capitol. It was a pity that altho both made the preparation only one could make the longer run. Beside them puffed smaller cars like little tugs beside large steamers.

Martin ate his dinner almost at one gulp. It was a simple, bountiful meal, prepared with the skill of a highly expert cook. The steak and onions were of the quality longed for by epicures; the crust of the cherry pie could not be thought of as compounded of lard and flour and water. Mommy had made a cup of coffee, as she always did on Martin's hard days.

HAVING spent ten silent minutes in the kitchen, Martin washed his hands at the sink. Then he went out. It had never occurred to him to enlist Mommy, tho Mommy was by birth and conviction a Democrat. When he had closed the door, she stared at it; then she went on with her work. Her little face looked wistful. She trotted about the kitchen; she finished her dish-washing and washed out her towels and hung them over the stove and put on a clean apron, tho the apron she took off looked to the ordinary eye perfectly clean. Then she sat down at the front window with her sewing. At about ten minutes of three she saw an elegant car stop at the McClellans' next door and take in Mr. and Mrs. McClellan and the two girls who were dress-makers and lived at home. They had a happy, important air. She wondered whose car this was, and where on earth they were going. She remembered suddenly that women were to vote.

At exactly three Martin saw his neighbors, the McClellans, step from the handsome vehicle, which was for the moment theirs to command, and enter the court-house. He sat on the window-sill, hugging his knees, and listening open-mouthed to the mutterings, the protests, the questions, and the subdued oaths of the masculine voters. He had not yet cast his own ballot. Sometimes he voted first of all, sometimes he voted last of all, according to whether he thought it better to establish a precedent or to crown an achievement.

When the McClellans entered he saved himself with difficulty from toppling from the sill. There were now eight

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of them, the father and mother, the two girls who sewed at home, the two who waited in stores, and the two who worked in the silk-mill. They were elannish and they had expressed a wish to vote as a family. Nothing, it was promptly declared, could be simpler. Many greater favors were asked and granted on this day.

Martin watched the father and mother and two girls vanish under the dirty white curtains; he saw them come out and give their places to the four younger girls. In estimating the votes in his ward where he was considered in a small way a boss, he had often matched neighbor against neighbor, Republican against Democrat. He had often thought of his vote as canceling McClellan's; he had never realized that McClellan's canceled his. But here were eight McClellans! He said "Gee Whittaker!" Al Binder heard him and motioned him across the hall.

"I'd like to know where your woman is," he burst out savagely. Many members of Martin's party were growing savage as the day passed. "That's what I'd like to know. Here's McClellan with a harem of seven, and here are all the female cranks in town on that side, and there's the Grove family, six of 'em, and our men won't get their own women here. For twenty years you've been janitor and spent the party's money. What are we to think?"

Martin's mouth opened wide. His woman! Margaret Hamilton Allen! Mommy! Binder spoke as tho the whole party were angry with him. He knew that he deserved their anger.

"I'll get her!" he promised. "I'll tell her to be here."

Seizing his hat, he hurried down the street. The defeat of the party meant the loss of his livelihood. He had been janitor of the court-house so long that he could do nothing else; he could not even be janitor anywhere else. He started to run; he did not care if all the Republicans in the world saw him running, and he flung open the door, calling, "Mommy!"

A GENTLE voice answered from the front room. Mommy rose from her chair, scattering her sewing implements about her on the floor.

"What is it?"

"You're to come to the court-house and vote," commanded Martin. "You're to come and vote quickly."

Then Martin closed the door and ran back. He forgot that he had meant to get an umbrella.

It was now almost four o'clock and the polls closed at six. In the smoke-filled rooms men walked up and down. Martin looked from face to face. He saw no familiar, confidential Al Binder, no nervous John Lentz; he saw only excited, perambulating, delighted Republicans. It was known as definitely as the actions of isolated individuals behind opaque curtains could be known, that the Republicans had for almost all the offices almost as many votes as the Democrats.

Daniel Warner, the wit of the Republican party, saw Martin's pale face. Daniel strode up and down, talking steadily.

"You're looking for them, are you, Mart?" he said. "They're out in the highways and byways gathering 'em in. Al's in the Packard and John's in a Ford. Al has gone after the women and John after the men." Daniel's humor was broader than the party. "We're after 'em, too; we've just been out in the Pierce-Arrow to fetch in Daddy Kostenbader from the Hill road. He's a hundred years old."

Martin pushed his way back to his window-sill. He believed that it was important that he should stay and watch if Al and John were not there. The moments passed, the tension increased, the smoke grew thicker. A few more Republicans arrived, then one lone Democrat.

"It's the off hour," said Martin to himself. "It's the off hour. Things are always slow in the afternoon." But he saw himself without work; he felt the ignominy of defeat, and a wider, deeper confusion. If the Republicans got in, he sincerely believed, the ruin of the nation was certain.

He did not remember Mommy, but presently some one remembered Mommy for him. He heard close in his ear a snarl which was unintelligible. But he understood that he was to come across the hall. There Al Binder, his hair standing on end, took him by the arm.

"Why don't you get your woman here?" he demanded.

"I told her to come," protested Martin. "I went home and told her to come."

"I didn't say, 'Tell her to come,'" roared Al. "I said, 'Get her here.' We may lose by one vote. Get her here."

"I told her to come," said Martin again, feebly.

"By heck!" shouted Al in despair. "Go and sit on your window-sill. We'll see who's the next janitor. I'll get her here."

Martin followed Al's rushing steps to the front door. He saw him spring into the Packard car and direct the chauffeur. He sat on the rear seat, smoothing his waistcoat over his fat body as tho he were smoothing himself into a condition suitable for the eyes of femininity.

"They might 'a' fetched her long ago like the others," said Martin on the door-step. "That they might 'a' done." He began to walk up and down, waiting. She would need help with her ballot. But in a few minutes he went back to his place on the window-sill. He did not yet realize that Mommy was needed, that Mommy was important, that Mommy was in fact indispensable.

From his perch he found himself haled presently and dragged to the front door. Black looks were cast at him by all Democrats. He could not understand it; he had done nothing.

On the step stood Al panting; at the curb like a fat cat purred the car.

"Have you voted?"

"No," Martin confessed in confusion and terror. "I forgot. I'll do it now." He started to run back to the polls.

Al caught him by the coat-tails.

"No, you won't. She says she won't vote without you. Get in the car and bring her. You have fifteen minutes. Beat it as you never beat it in your life," he commanded both Martin and the chauffeur.

Alone on the rear seat, Martin touched the roof of the car. The impact seemed to quicken his mental processes. He began to pound on the window which separated him from the chauffeur.

"It's no use. Go back to the court-house. It's no use." Like an automaton, the chauffeur turned the car. Whether or not tearing one's hair is an involuntary expression of deepest wo, wringing the hands is. Martin wrung his hands. He was still wringing them when he stopped before the court-house door, where waited Al Binder, John Lentz, Solomon Lindenmuth, the Representative, and others.

"Where is she?" they cried together.

"It was no use!" moaned Martin. "Her tax ain't paid."

"Her tax is paid!" yelled Al Binder. "You confounded idiot, do you suppose we wouldn't 'a' looked after that? Get her!"

He hurled Martin back to the car, and himself stepped in beside the driver, watch in hand.

"Beat it!" he ordered, gasping.

INSIDE the kitchen door stood Martin with bulging eyes. He was out of breath as tho he had been running a race. The future of the nation, he believed, rested upon him.

"Come!" he gasped. "Vote!"

"Have you voted?" asked Mommy.

"No. I waited for you."

"The McClellans all rode," said little Mommy with indescribable gentleness.

"You can ride!" panted Martin. He wanted to drag her by the arm, even by the hair, but it was clear to him in all his confusion that Mommy was not one to be dragged.

"Wait a minute; I must get my shawl," she said placidly and vanished up-stairs.

On the court-house steps waited Al and John and Solomon and the Representative. From the shadow of the doorway watched the Judge. From the pavement Daniel Warner hurled witticisms, prancing up and down as he did so.

"Five minutes, All Three minutes, Solomon! What do you see, Sister Ann?' Ah, she comes! Alas, too late!"

"It's not too late!" shouted a half-dozen voices.

Mommy was helped out; she was escorted up the steps. Democrats and Republicans drew back to let her pass, some with scowls, some with smiles. The scowls were not directed at her, but at the pernicious political doctrines which she held.

"You vote yourself," Al counseled Martin, hoarsely. "We'll help her."

"I need no help," said Mommy. She took her ballot and retired. She reappeared. She dropped her ballot in after Martin's fluttering sheet.

The clock struck six.

"She couldn't have marked it in this time," declared a voice.

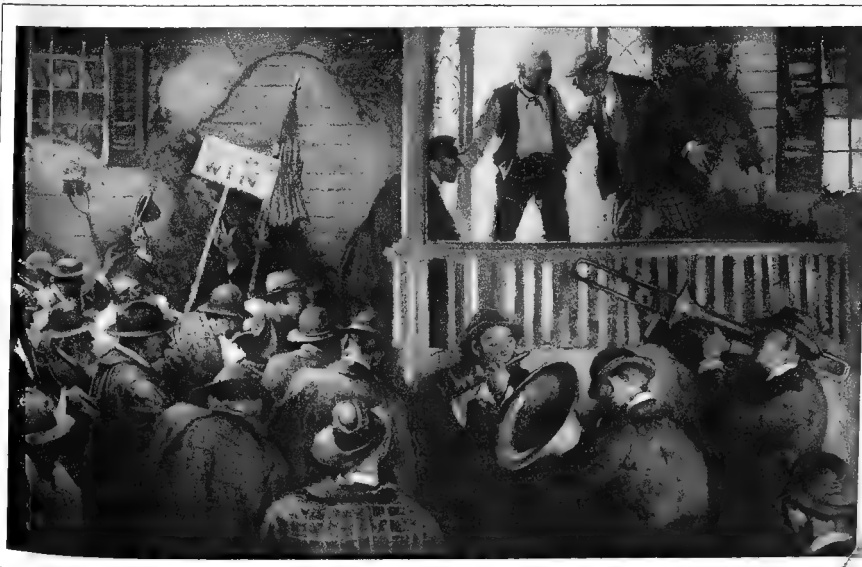
"She could 'a' made an X easy," another voice answered. "I bet she has it in the wrong place," said a third jocosely. "I have it in the right place," said Mommy distinctly.

SHE took her husband's arm and went out with a bridal importance. A conjugal importance she had never been given a chance to feel. She was excited; a dull person would have understood the dramatic character of her position, and Mommy was not dull.

In the kitchen Martin neither looked at Mommy nor spoke to her. He wanted his supper and she was merely the person who would prepare it. The incident of her voting was unimportant and he ignored it. Next year, he believed, no woman would vote.

He went to the court-house to bank his fire for the night and returned, sick at heart. The count was not complete, but it began to look as tho the impossible had happened. But it was not only the number of votes on the other side which troubled Martin; it was a more personal anxiety. He had picked up from the floor an unused ballot and his eye had fallen upon the list of parties and names. He

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"AL BINDER WAS BESIDE HIMSELF. HE TURNED AND HOWLED AT THE CROWD, 'WHO DONE IT?' AND THE CROWD YELLED BACK, 'MRS. ALLEN!'"

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"ROASTING CHICKENS"

Drawing by C. H. TWELVETREES

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WANTED—100,000 GIRLS FOR SUB-NURSES

An Answer to the Nursing Problem

By DR. CHARLES H. MAYO

An Authorized Interview by Genevieve Parkhurst

DECORATION BY CLARA ELSENE PECK

"NOT enough service. More service." This sounds like a paradox. It is not. It is the solution in epitome given me recently by Dr. Charles H. Mayo in his offices at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, when I put to him two very simple questions—"What is the reason for the present shortage of nurses? What the adjustment?" As he spoke there crept into the kindly eyes of the great surgeon a suspicion of satire, "The nursing union has come to be the most autocratic closed shop in the country."

Desiring to neutralize this truculent statement, he qualified, "Mind you, I don't blame the nurses of the country for organizing. They were driven to it because of the apparent deafness of those in authority. But they have carried their methods too far and with too high a hand, and in doing this have defeated their own purpose, for they have lost sight of the real impulse of their profession—the alleviation of the pain of the world. Ministration to the sick and the dying can not be bound by hard-and-fast laws. They are the divine right of the poor as well as the rich. A prohibitive price can not be put upon them. And that is what the nurses are doing. Too great a commercialization of their services is making proper care of the sick impossible for those in moderate circumstances. In addition, their demands as to hours and regulations can not be met in hospitals if the hospitals are to maintain their high standards of service. I understand that in most hospitals the nurses have even resorted to strikes. This is a shocking indictment of the profession, and I can not believe that the nurses involved were heartily in sympathy with them. They must have been misled by the agitation of one or two malcontents and incompetents. Supposing that doctors should go on strike! The thought is no less appalling than a nurses' strike! Therefore with the union becoming a menace it is time for the public to co-operate against it."

To my question as to how this was to be done, he replied, "In several ways, but particularly by the training of country girls as sub-nurses with a course of eighteen months or two years and pre-educational requirements of a year or two in high school.

"The educational standards for registration of nurses as set down by the nursing boards of the various States have gone beyond all reason. Any intelligent girl can acquire in two years all the knowledge necessary for the thoroughly competent nurse. I know that in my work I never have to ask any nurse to do anything which she could not have learned how to do in two years' training. But as the laws of most States demand high-school preeducation and three years' training for the registered nurse, the only way to circumvent them is by training sub-nurses or nursing aids who will accept smaller pay, whose demands are not so exacting, and who will be proficient enough to take hold of almost any case presented to them.

"The third year in the training course is little more or less than exploitation of the student nurses for the benefit of the hospitals. And it is closing the field to hundreds of thousands of country girls with a fine desire for service, and who can not, for economic reasons, finish high school nor spend three years in training. These girls are contented with a fair wage and fair living conditions. They do not demand luxuries. They have been used to working and they are not possessed with the unrest which besets more complicated centers of population."

Dr. Mayo, however, does not desire to be unfair to the profession. He sees many reasons why it was driven to its present autocratic stronghold. He thinks the public and those in authority should be made to understand these reasons. To help in this understanding he gave me a broad outline of the situation as it appears to him.

"What is happening with nurses to-day is not at all peculiar," he said. "The same evolution—or revolution, if you will—is going on all over the world, among all peoples and in all classes. There is revolt against old traditions, old customs, old forms and modes of service—and the result is that the majority of human beings are thinking in terms of a great and deplorable selfishness. The tragedy of the nursing shortage is that it is making itself felt at a time when, because of the War and its aftermath of unrest, there is need of reconstruction—a reconstruction that can be gained only by the untiring service of those in whose hands and talents lie health-giving powers; and in this respect the nursing profession has failed to realize its responsibilities and obligations. However, under existing conditions, I can not say that the nurses, individually, are entirely to be blamed. Many factors have combined toward their revolt: the doctors, the hospital régimes, the public attitude toward nurses, the change in modes and manners of living, and the State-governing bodies which make laws regarding the standing and standards of nursing, as well as the view-point of the nurses themselves.

"Time was, and that not more than forty years ago, when the demand for nurses was limited. They were used only in childbirth and in some few surgical cases. The population here in this country was almost entirely Anglo-Saxon. The cities were not crowded with alien peoples from lands where dirt and poverty had bred disease and contagion. Surgery was an undeveloped science. Public health service was unknown. The hospital was not the general harbor for the ailing of all classes as it is to-day. In those days the training course was something of a purgatory for the student nurses. They were made to do the worst kind of drudgery, and in many instances they had little more standing and were treated with less distinction than servants or scullery maids. These circumstances divided those who took up the profession into two classes: young women with a real flair for self-sacrificing service, and those who sought a fair living without investment or the necessity of an enlarged education.

"GRADUALLY things changed. The population grew in variety, as in number. From all the dense and poverty-stricken countries of Europe and western Asia, where opportunity for betterment was zero, immigrants crowded into our cities, bringing with them diseases which are the outcroppings of squalor and malnutrition. Out of this condition grew the need for public health nurses. The hospital, because of its better equipment and service, took the place of the sick-room in the home. All of these things created a larger demand for the trained nurse. For a while the demand was met, and it would have stayed met, but the hospitals and the public failed to realize that the increase in demand had put a premium on the nursing service, which must be paid or the nurses would assert themselves and set their own standards in training conditions.

"Why, it was outrageous—the tasks that student nurses were set to do, such as scrubbing floors on their hands and knees, washing dishes, sometimes all day long, cleaning out lavatories. For this they received less than a servant's wage—six or eight dollars a month—out of which they had to pay for their uniforms and washing. They were overworked from fourteen to sixteen hours a day and were allowed out of the hospital only one night a week. Private-case nurses sometimes had all of the housework to do in the homes to which they went; their days were often from six in the morning until midnight, and when they went to bed it was with one eye open and both ears keyed to the slightest move or sound from the patient. And their pay was but twenty dollars a week.

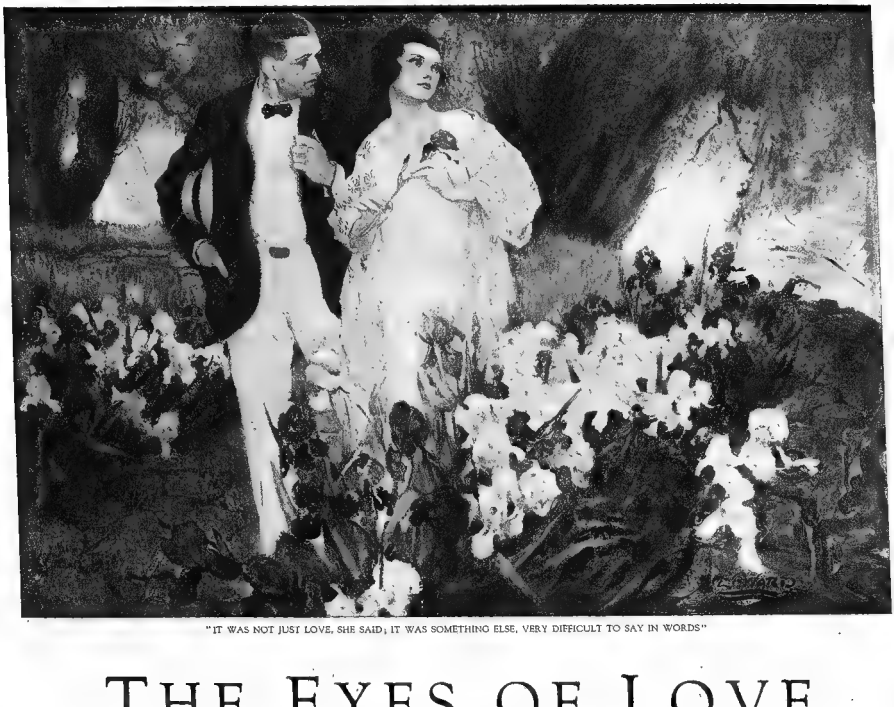
"The nurses might have jogged along as things were had it not been for a new and not altogether commendable evolution of living. Modern inventions, such as the movies and automobile, struck gay chords in the diapason of life. Enlarged economic opportunity for women and the high wages and enormous profits of the War years brought about a period of extravagance. Political equality gave those concerned in social justice a wider scope for welfare activities. And it was not to be supposed that the trained nurse and the young woman in training would stand quietly aside and see the whole world of young people racing by them without wanting to get into the race themselves. Naturally, they wanted good clothes and good times and care-free lives when every one else had them. So when the War was over and they came back tired out and there seemed no light ahead for them, they did what workers the world over were doing—they organized. Which was all right if they had kept ever before them the high mark of their calling. Their demands for the rights of the student nurse were equitable and within reason. Eight or nine hours are all that any girl who is giving her services to a hospital should be required to work. She should have wholesome recreation and comfortable living-quarters and a good, healthy diet. She should not be required to do chores. She should receive a fair wage. She should have a certain fundamental education and a degree of liberty.

"IN RETURN for these she should give the very best service of which she is capable. When her period of training is over she should step into her profession with the same high impulse. She should expect fair wages, a chance to enjoy freely the best that life has to give, and the acknowledgment by the public mind of the dignity and distinction of her place in society. But she must not become exorbitant—and this is the threat which looms not a comfortable distance away. Seven dollars a day for an eight hour day is more than exorbitant; it is prohibitive. It means that in cases of dangerous disease where constant skilful care and watching are necessary to save the life of the patients, three nurses must be employed at a daily cost of twenty-one dollars a day. How, I ask, can the man and woman of average means afford to pay such charges? They can not do it. Neither can the hospitals if they wish to keep open their doors.

"As things are now, in the larger cities of the East, only the very rich or the very poor can receive proper treatment and care for their sick. The very rich can pay for it; the very poor get the best of care for nothing. The most skilful surgeons and physicians are always to be found on the staffs of charity hospitals. Out of this a great danger

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"IT WAS NOT JUST LOVE, SHE SAID; IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE, VERY DIFFICULT TO SAY IN WORDS"

THE EYES OF LOVE

BY CORRA HARRIS

IN THREE INSTALMENTS—PART TWO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. F. WARD

The Story of the Story

IN THE first instalment these characters appeared: Windy Cutmore, a young lawyer and a war veteran; Mr. Puckle, his successful senior partner; Charles Augustus Towne, the Beau Brummel of the city; Sarah Crombie, handsome and still single; Betty Marshall, a visiting young lady, whom all the men adore; Captain Hayden, Windy's senior officer in the big War, a "yellow dog"; and several other people of less importance.

Windy has just become engaged to Betty, whose relatives abhor him. He has almost killed Hayden in a fearful fight, and his bills are growing bigger. With an enemy to conquer, a lovely lady to win, and a business bog to pull out of, his troubles seem insurmountable. This second instalment takes him past another milestone. What awaits him at his journey's end? Can he succeed? Why is he misunderstood?

FOR several days Captain Hayden remained in a state of painful silence at the Millidge Hospital, with Mr. Charles Augustus Towne in constant attendance. He and Hayden were old friends. Besides he wanted to know more about this regrettable affair between him and Cutmore. He supposed that presently Hayden would have recovered sufficiently to give his version of it. He attributed Hayden's reticence to the best motives—and to shock. Meanwhile he vended this scandal. He told every man of his acquaintance what he thought of Cutmore, and what he suspected—the worst. He had an air of importance. He was full of this thing. He would make it his business to see Hayden through it, and so forth and so on. He was so impressed with his own views and blinded by his sympathies that he failed to notice the silence with which men at the club listened to what he had to say.

But it was irritating the way old Turner, one of the governors of the club, changed the subject when he suggested that some sort of action should be taken in regard to Cutmore. For his part he objected to ruffians as members of the Hickory." Turner said that Martin Puckle had already used the matter with him. But he did not so much as that Puckle had said. It was a week later before realized that Puckle had spiked his wheel. He had simply said in his briefest manner at a meeting of the governors of the club that while it was regrettable that Hayden got his punishment there, he had deserved it, and he hoped the matter would be dropped along with Hayden's name.

One day Puckle met Towne on the links. Usually it was the other way, Towne met Puckle, but on this day Towne held aloof. He was not playing golf. He was seated on the terrace before the club-house at a table having something. Puckle strolled up. He had the glitter of a smile in his eye, and a warped grin on one side of his mouth. "Hello, Gussie! How's your friend Hayden?" he asked cheerfully.

Towne replied that he did not know how Hayden was. He did not even know where he was. He had left the hospital. Besides, he added coolly, he hoped Puckle and everybody else knew that he, Towne, was not Hayden's keeper.

"On the contrary, we rather thought you set up to be something of that kind," Puckle retorted.

Towne said he didn't see why. He was querulous about this injustice.

Puckle, standing with his feet far apart, laid himself back on his haunches, placed one hand on each hip, and poked his head out at Towne much as a turtle does.

"Gussie," he said, still grinning, "you missed your cue."

"Meaning?" Towne snapped.

"Well, when a fellow lets another man beat him up as Cutmore beat Hayden, and shows no fight, you may know there's a reason," Puckle told him.

"And when he skips out before the doctors take the sticking-plaster off him, it indicates that the reason is not complimentary," Puckle continued. "I was expecting him to fly by night," he added.

"You knew he was gone?"

"Before you did, Gussie. I made it my business to keep up with Hayden."

"Where is he?" Towne asked bitterly.

"In strict retirement for the present. But don't worry; he will show up somewhere after his wounds heal and this affair blows over. Hayden is one of those fellows who seek the spotlights as bugs do electric globes on a dark night. You will hear of him leading a parade somewhere before long—but not here!" he snickered, moving off.

TOWNE pushed back his chair and accompanied him. Under these circumstances it was better to be seen with Puckle. He was smart about that. Once he discovered the right side of the fence, he climbed over and showed off on that side. Once he knew which man was on top in a situation, he clove to that man. Puckle was a very influential neutral in this situation, he suddenly realized, so he sauntered toward the links with him.

"By the way, Gussie," Puckle said after they had gone some distance in silence, "if I were in your place," his tone intimating that Gussie's place had recently become perilous, "I should not discuss Windham Cutmore, not

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critically. Cutmore is a gentle, peaceable man, but——"

Towne cut across what Puckle was saying with a look expressing emphatic denial of Cutmore's peaceable qualities.

"Well, he is," Puckle insisted, answering this glance, "but, as I was going to say, he is inflammable, remarkably so. You may kick a dud and survive, but it is often fatal to even play with a real live, peaceable bomb. Now you have been scratching matches on Cutmore's back. It is not safe!"

Towne professed to be indignantly ungrateful for this advice. He could attend to him, in case Cutmore needed attending to, or words to that effect. But from that day he became scrupulously innocent of Cutmore. He even surrendered the plan he had of running down to Culloden to see Betty Marshall.

A flirtation with Betty was scarcely worth the risk involved.

Millidge settled and simmered in the torrid heat of July. The people who usually went away to escape it, went. Puckle took a vacation, his first one. He was in need of a change. He left Cutmore in charge of the firm's business.

It was now decided that he and Betty would be married late in September, sundry Marshalls to the contrary notwithstanding.

Betty wrote to her "Dear Windy" every day, giving him the news of love, which was the only news of interest to them. They exchanged volumes about love as if nothing had ever been written on this subject before. Windy's letters were shorter, but it can be said of him that he stuck closer to the text. He was sometimes a trifle vague, as if she grasped timidly and fearfully at this strange new happiness, which she said was a miracle because she and Windy had created it for themselves, merely by recognizing each other, altho they had been strangers until then.

YOU must know a thing or two in order to infer what kind of wife a girl will make judging by the letters she writes before you marry her. The more lovers she has had the more practise she has had in translating love into the eloquent written word. The least faithful of them may have a gift for interpreting the finest scriptures of love. Or she may be a woman whose emotions and passions are mental rather than real, and you marry her only to discover that you have joined yourself to a particularly cold and unendurable woman. The most faithful and vital women write of love with no wisdom of words at all. And sometimes one richly endowed and profoundly intelligent may show a primer mind when it comes to confessing her heart in a love-letter. Betty surely was one of these. She told her lover every day how dearly, dearly she loved him, which was all she could say positively, so she repeated it. She said also that she was counting the days until he came again, which meant the same thing. And would be be down to see her this week-end? In which case she could begin to count the hours until he came, which also meant the same thing, that she loved him dearly and so forth.

Sometimes she would announce mysteriously that she had something very important to tell him that could not be written. When he hurried to Culloden spurred by curiosity and anxiety to know what this was she had to tell so important, Betty would make of herself an adorable little figure, flushed, dewy-eyed, embarrassed, very diffident, until he must plead with her to know what this confidence was. Then she would yield. It was nothing very much, only writing it seemed so—inadequate. There were times when she felt that she must tell him how much she loved him. It was not just love, she said; it was something else, very difficult to say in words. But it was this, that she understood him, she had found him! She did not think Windy knew much about her dearer Windy, but she meant to show him that man. Now, did he understand?

He did not, but he kissed her and was peacefully at rest in this happiness she made of herself for him.

Now and then in an aside, so to speak, she gave him news of the family, those people Betty resented because they were still a part of her life and not cordial to him. She said that Aunt Theodosia was implacable. But she no longer cared what Aunt Theodosia thought. Some people, she supposed, "were born proof-readers of other people's characters. They read it to find the mistakes, the deeds left out, the bad grammar of just living."

Cutmore's eye glinted at this sentence. His Betty was no fool, mark you that! She could think it and say a thing so it fitted the thought like a fine glove when she chose to take the trouble.

In another letter she referred tenderly to her mother. She wrote that her mother was pathetically gentle and tender with her these days, "as if presently I should be going to die!" She wondered if they all felt that way when their daughters were about to be married. "Mothers," she thought, "belonged to the Rock-of-Ages type. They were always there whatever happened."

After Puckle was gone on his golfing vacation she wrote that "father" was becoming reconciled, especially since Mr. Puckle had entrusted Windy with so much important business. He, father, had said that it was a "good sign."

Cutmore resented the idea of Puckle's becoming the zodiac sign of his worth, but he kept that to himself. However, when Betty wrote how sorry she was for his having so much work to do, and how she supposed he must "miss dear Mr. Puckle," he wrote in reply that he was doing no more than usual, and so far from missing Puckle, his absence was a relief. He admired the man, he said, but when Puckle was in his office he, Windy, had the uncomfortable feeling of being in a stall next to an animal that pawed, kicked the door, snorted, frequently got out and erupted violently among the clerks in the front office. Probably Betty did not know that her dear Mr. Puckle trumpeted when he blew his nose, loud enough to be heard in the street below. And that he seemed to keep this nose just to blow it. Moreover, he had a hectoring temper at times, when he raised his voice like a menace, not to him, of course. Still it was disagreeable to hear him doing it. He hoped she would understand that he admired Puckle's real worth as much as any one, but she might as well know that he was a "hobnail hurricane" in the office at times, and not agreeable to a man with polite nerves.

THERE was no need of Betty's idealizing a man like Puckle, he said to himself, because when she knew him better it would only result in disappointment.

One thing impressed Cutmore as remarkable: no matter how exhausted he was from a hard day's work he felt his strength and energy return the moment he started a letter to Betty. He was no longer tired; he was refreshed. Early in August he began suddenly to reason from this premise. Love was an inspiration. It revived his faculties and his spirit the moment he applied himself to even thinking in the terms of Betty. On the other hand he found it increasingly difficult to concentrate on his work. Well, then, the sooner he had Betty by his side forever the better it would be for him. Also for Betty. She had written him how busy she was, getting ready, making things for his bride. A pretty way to say it, but he was concerned chiefly for the bride, not these "things." She was working her dear self to a frazzle. It was foolish, all this fuss and preparation. Why were not people allowed to act naturally? When they loved and needed each other why not just marry and have done with it?

Having reached this conclusion, he took the train for Culloden, altho it was Wednesday, the middle of the week.

Betty was astonished and delighted to see him. How had he managed to get away from the office? He told her, and why he had come. She was aghast. She said that they could not possibly be married now.

"Why?" he wanted to know.

There was a number of reasons.

"For one thing, our engagement has not been announced," she said.

"No sensible reason for taking the whole world into our confidence at such a time," he replied.

She referred to her wedding-gown. It had not been made.

Any frock would become a wedding-dress if she should be married in it, he answered.

Then there was the family; they would never consent. This was her last ditch. He would explain matters to them, he told her. He could certainly make them understand.

He explained. They did understand, but they were obdurate. Mrs. Marshall said it was unthinkable and undignified, a hasty marriage. Mr. Marshall told him that in weddings women must have their way. Marriage was a feminine institution to start with. He thought Windy had better go back to his office and attend strictly to business until Puckle returned.

Windy said that was what he ought to do and wanted to do, but that he would remain in Culloden until he could take Betty with him. He had very comfortable quarters at the hotel.

During the month of July, Martin Puckle was making the round of those Summer resorts in the "Skyland" county of North Carolina where the best golfing was to be had. He was enjoying himself. He felt fit for the first time since, well, since that night in May when he saw Betty Marshall. This change had put him back on his feet as a cheerful celebrate man. He heard from Cutmore occasionally. Things were going smoothly in the office. Cutmore was an efficient young fellow. After all it had not been a blunder to take him on. However, he would have one more week of golf and then get back to Millidge. There were cases to prepare before the September term of court.

His mail from Millidge did not reach Linnville, where he was now stopping, until late in the afternoon. One Sunday, the third of August, he came in from the links at six o'clock. The clerk handed him his key, one letter, and a bulkily rolled paper which he recognized as the Sunday edition of the *Millidge Ledger*. Somebody had been thoughtful enough to send it. Then he noticed that it had been addressed in Gussie Towne's scraggly handwriting. Towne always wrote as if half his letters were hilariously drunk. The letter was from Cutmore, the usual week-end account of business, he supposed, as he thrust it into his pocket and climbed the stairs to his room.

He made himself comfortable there, which meant taking off his coat and, especially, his collar. Never for one moment in his life had he been really comfortable with a collar buttoned around his neck. Then he ripped the wrapper from the *Ledger* and dropped it on the floor beside a big chair, much as one tosses a pitchfork of roughage in the rack of a stall. Most men take their news that way. Then he slumped into the chair and laid his legs across the bottom of another chair. He would have a smoke and a look at the *Ledger* before he dressed for dinner. The long, black cigar exactly matched his black, bristling hair and brows, his ruddy jowls, his thick, pursed-up lips, and his snarling nose.

He went through the *Ledger*, section by section, like an old horse "stemming" his fodder, choosing the news he wanted, tossing the remains on the other side of his chair, where they lay scattered in disreputable confusion.

When he picked up the "Comic Weekly Supplement" there still remained one section upon the floor on the right-hand side of his chair, folded neatly, with only its advertisements showing.

Like most American men, Puckle had a youthful, grotesque sense of humor to which the colored crank-sided wit of a "funny page" appealed strongly. The corners of his eyes crinkled; a grin wrinkled about his lips showing the cigar bitten firmly between his teeth, as he read these cynical legends of American life. He finished to the last curled 'possum-tailed joke, cast the thing from him, and reached lazily for that other section. He unfolded it and stared. He lifted his legs from the chair slowly as if these legs had suddenly become old and painful to him. He took the cigar from his mouth, laid the paper across his knees, bent over, and continued to stare at two pictures on the front page devoted to wedding announcements and society news in general. He merely glanced at the clean, clear-cut profile of Windham Cutmore. The eyes of the girl seemed to return his gaze, unmoved, grave and sweet, as if she knew him well and trusted him implicitly no matter what sort of chances she took with Fate.

BENEATH these pictures, surrounded with sentimental heart-lines, there was this brief exposition of the facts which linked them there: "Mr. and Mrs. Windham Cutmore, née Miss Betty Marshall of Culloden, news of whose marriage came to-day as a surprize to their many friends in Millidge."

There was more of it, telling of the bride's popularity as a visiting belle, giving Windham Cutmore all his distinctions, including the one of being a rising young lawyer of the firm of Puckle & Cutmore. The young couple would be at home to their friends at such and such a number on Princess Avenue, which was the number of the old Cutmore residence.

But Puckle did not read all this. He felt suddenly old and tired. He did not dress nor go down to dinner. He continued to sit there after the paper had fallen from his knees, after the stir and confusion of the hotel had dwindled to silence and the lights had gone out and the stars gazed tranquilly through his window.

We die many times in the course of this life, and no one suspects how many lives each man of us and each woman of us lie buried in this secret place, covered with the thickening dust of dearer hopes that failed, passionate desires that died with us, because the next morning we show forth as usual, barbered and shaved, clean shirt, stiff collar, or dressed in a becoming frock, with a trifle more powder than usual on our noses.

Puckle passed through one of these secret tragedies that night. He admitted to himself for the first time that he loved Betty with a passion that had shaken him and changed his whole nature. He attended the obsequies of this love. He mourned not for him, the confounded old fool! Betty, so strangely fair, and sweet. What had she



"'THAT MAN! BETTY, YOU HAVE MARRIED A MADMAN!' SHE GASPED AS BETTY FLEW BACK AND FORTH AND HOVERED OVER HER WITH THE SMELLING-SALTS"

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Nature makes some women to be loved. They are rarely gifted, not often very good. They are usually the mere appearance of what men desire. They carry charms as a highwayman carries arms. They practise prettiness as witches practise incantations, and they do not really exist at all, not for you, only for themselves. They are a superstition of loveliness from which men recover in a cold sweat of reason after marriage, and with whom they go on living at great expense as one pays eternal margins on an unprofitable investment which can not be sold nor liquidated.

On the other hand now and then a woman is born just to love, not to be loved. They are the secret miracles of their sex, not to be distinguished from others until afterward, when you and all outward things conspire to apply the test. There was nothing at this time to indicate any marked difference between Betty and other young brides passing through that first beatific stage of domesticity and love, except in details so insignificant that only experienced married people would have noticed them and wondered. For example she never asked Cutmore if he "still loved her." On the contrary, she frequently told him that she "still loved him" in a tone which implied that he would surely be gratified by this assurance. At first he laughed at the very idea of his needing to be told what he knew already. But when she less frequently remembered to say so, he missed it, came to heel, and asked her if she "still loved him."

She served him hand and foot, but she drew arbitrary lines in this service. She would have nothing to do with matters pertaining to his feet. She would lay out his clothes, even hisrazorandbrush, but she ignored socks and shoes. He noticed this, not that it mattered, he told her, but just for curiosity he would like to know why she snubbed his feet. She said it was because her aunt Clarinda, whowasnow dead, poor soul, used to bring the foot-bath for her husband when he came home in the evenings.

"You see, it was before the day of bathtubs, and it was the custom for men to refresh themselves that way. Well, it about ruined my aunt Clarinda's married life."

"But why?" Cutmore wanted to know.

"Why?" Betty repeated scornfully. "Because she associated herself with her husband's feet. He based his estimate of her on that. Any man would."

This conversation took place early in the morning. Cutmore was standing before the mirror in his dressing-room shaving himself. Betty sat on the edge of the bed in her room, wrapped in a blue kimono, lazily dressing her own feet in a pair of charming slippers. Cutmore, tied up in a bathrobe, came to the open door of the dressing-room with the lather on his face, razor in one hand and shaving-brush in the other.

"Do you mean that she actually bathed her husband's feet?" he asked in the tone of one who fumbles for the adequate explanation of a very queer thing.

"Probably she did; we don't know," Betty answered darkly.

"But her husband came to exalt himself accordingly, and to show a contempt for his poor wife. He never asked her to do things. He *told* her to do them. Mother says she has actually seen Aunt Clarinda standing behind his chair when he was taking his food. It was perfectly awful!"

CUTMORE withdrew with the embarrassed air of one who has heard a strange accusation made against his sex. And one that might easily have applied to him but for Betty's strong character. Because if, and in case Betty had presented him with a foot-bath, which was preposterous, of course, he would have accepted the same in good faith without feeling that she had lowered herself, rather, he felt that she would have thus endeared herself to him in a quaint, old-fashioned way.

Why, he asked himself, as he seized the shirt laid out for him, did that Clarinda woman want to bathe her husband's feet if she had no more sense of herself than to become a martyr to the said feet of her husband. The fault lay, he thought, in the Clarinda quality.

Betty, still seated upon the edge of the bed, was tucking up her hair, which was particularly unruly early in the morning, when Cutmore reappeared in the dressing-room door. He was holding the shirt by the thumb and forefinger of each hand and staring at the bosom of it, as if he saw something there which reflected on some one, but not him. He was the victim. He looked like a victim. He wore a deeply wronged expression.

"I suppose your aunt Clarinda was scrupulous about sewing on her lord's buttons," he remarked casually.

"Oh, yes, she was, everything like that," Betty answered, head bowed and hands very busy pinning up her hair.

THEN she looked up and caught sight of her husband's eye leveled at her over the shirt. It was not menacing, but it certainly was accusative.

"Windy," she exclaimed despairingly, "don't tell me there is another button gone!"

"No," coolly, "it is the same one that was off last week. I thought I mentioned the omission of this button, but——"

"You did! Oh, dear!" she admitted, falling back across the bed very much cast down, with her arms over her head.

She could not think how it was, she said, that buttons either on or off made so little impression on her mind. She supposed it was because she had never faced the button problem before. She herself used pins and snaps.

"Your father must have them," he suggested.

No doubt he did, but her mother must have counted father's buttons and guarded them, because she had never heard the subject mentioned in the home.

"Sometimes a button is crucial, Betty. You can't get on without it, especially in front."



FAR FROM HOME

BY MARY COLES CARRINGTON

HOW often in these tropic nights I long to hear again
The soft, unceasing, soothing sound of gentle Summer rain,
Its patter on the shingled roof, its rustle in the leaves,
Its mutter through the ancient spout that skirts the mossy eaves;
Once more to feel faint breezes steal from my lost northern skies,
The trailing fingers of the damp across my tired eyes!

Hot is the air that hovers where the punka-coolie cowers;
Heavy the scents that rise above the garden's gaudy flowers;
Harsh the poor, tethered goat's complaint—harassing, never still;
Hateful the rasping insect choir, monotonous and shrill;
In muffled beat that must repeat its message of unrest,
A tom-tom's futile rhythm mocks the throbbing in my breast.

Through the thick darkness draws a breath that had its hectic birth
Not in a cool, gray heaven, but in the hard, heat-tortured earth;
Before it happy memories fade, long-cherished visions flee,
And on its burning wings is borne a subtle dread to me,
The haunting fear that to my ear may never drift again
That soft, unceasing, soothing sound of gentle Summer rain.



"And they are all in front!" she moaned as if this tragic circumstance added to her despair, but still showing a total lack of confidence in herself rather than a resolution to mend her way.

Then she flirted up from the bed radiant with a solution of this problem.

"At least I can find a button-full shirt for you, dear. Surely they have not all molted their buttons!" she said, whisking past him to the chiffonier where his linen was bestowed.

Few women are ever related by marriage to the minds of their husbands. These minds are foreign countries where they discover themselves to be aliens, speaking another smaller language and practically incapable of mastering the manners and customs of that place. This is sometimes the man's fault, because his mind is not a fit place for a nice person like his wife to dwell, but more frequently it is the wife's fault, who is not willing to associate intimately with the hardships that inhabit the mind of a busy man, who has no time to ornament that area with ideas pertaining to the finer things. So it happens that both of them prefer this divorce, the man because the woman gets in the way with her scruples and emotions when he is about to do business without reference to either; the woman because it is easier to keep on the domestic periphery of her husband, where she thinks she knows him and is married to him because she knows what foods he likes, and the people he prefers to have asked to dine when she entertains, the chair that fits him, the large pillow or the small one he wants for his tired old head at night, the place where the light must be when he reads in the evening, rather than talk to her, because there is nothing to talk about, since she is only the wife of his bosom and not of his head.

This, my masters, is the real explanation of the contention that has been going on for the last twenty-five years between men and women, which is known as the "woman problem." It is, but the problem consists in the fact that while they wish to share equally with men those obligations such as economic independence, citizenship, and the rest, they really do not want to share them. They could be very well contented with equal rights without being obliged to exercise them.

But this is neither here nor there so far as this story is concerned, and very likely is a flat contradiction of something else this author has written somewhere on the same subject, which in turn is of no consequence either, since authors are notoriously irresponsible, holding any view that suits that end of the tale. The real point is that Betty was fortunate in the choice of a husband, altho of course she had not chosen him, but had been chosen by him, because he had a polite and elegant mind where any perfect lady might find herself secure and well entertained. This is not to say that Betty would not have invaded it and remained there in any case furbishing it up and setting it in order as she had done the Cutmore house, because she had a mind of her own, which denotes, more particularly in women, a will of her own.

They were both indigenous to literature. Not merely fond of it, you understand, which is frequently an artificial taste acquired by fools. They read old books, the novels of Dickens and Thackeray and Walter Scott, not for the stories, but because they liked the characters in these stories. Cutmore was accustomed to ascend an imaginary pinnacle when they discussed these people, in no language suitable to the characters of real persons, by which I mean that it was richer and finer talk than we usually indulge in when we gossip about friends. He would lean back, cross his legs, keep his head up, smoke a good cigar, and discuss Colonel Newcome with Betty as if that gentleman had been there to tea the day before. He admired the Colonel. He told Betty that the best people had never lived at all except in fiction, and Newcome was one of these. She was equally devoted to Major Pendennis. She thought in many ways he surpassed Colonel Newcome, but she agreed with her husband in the assertion that the only immortal people we have in this world are in books.

"You have only to open 'Nicholas Nickleby' at the five hundred and fifty-third page," she would say, "to find the Cheeryble Brothers going about doing good as if that was a joke they perpetrated on Tim Linkinwater, and Tim Linkinwater's old sister up-stairs distracted lest the cap she is to wear down to dinner does not come from the shop in time, while Charles Dickens, who created them, is dead and only remembered because he had created them!"

Whereupon Cutmore would nod his head in portentous approval, as if he were an old man whose nod expressed authority. And Betty regarded him admiringly. It was not every woman who had such a husband—no, not one in ten thousand! She was as far as most wives are from suspecting some of her husband's qualities at this time.

THEY had a certain conversation along this line one Summer night, which is set down here to show how a woman can stalk her husband for an hour when he supposes she is following the bright gleam of his presence, and corner him at last and convict him of an outrageous transgression against the love and peace of his wife.

They had been reading one of these old tales, which was absurd and out of keeping with their times because they should have been at a motion-picture show. Cutmore held the book and read. Betty listened. She also appeared to be studying her husband. This was not unusual, because she was always doing that when he was unconscious of inspection. Presently she shot out a hand and laid it detainingly on his arm.

"Wait, Windy, I have an idea!" she said.

He closed the book over his finger and waited. This frequently happened because Betty never knew when she would have an idea, and when she did she presented it instantly for his inspection. She always sat delicately erect at such times, possibly by way of adding dignity to what she was about to say.

"Suppose," she began with a happy smile, "just suppose we could give a dinner, and that we could invite our guests from the men and women whom we admire most in fiction, which ones would you choose?"

He returned the smile and waited, being sure that Betty had already canvassed for these guests.

"We should be obliged to stick to fiction," she warned, "because most of the people we know in history would not be very companionable. History does something to them. They are too closely associated with great deeds and withdrawn from their human natures. I couldn't bear a historical character seated at my right hand at the table."

"Of course not," he agreed, "and they probably would not accept your invitation. People like that."

"I should have Mr. and Mrs. David Copperfield," she said musingly.

"Well, then, you must ask Traddles," he put in.

"But not that Rosa Dartle person. I can't bear her," she said quickly.

"No, Ross would be a short circuit, poor thing," he agreed.

"You should ask Colonel Newcome and Major Pendennis, and the Major would take me in to dinner!" she said, delighted.

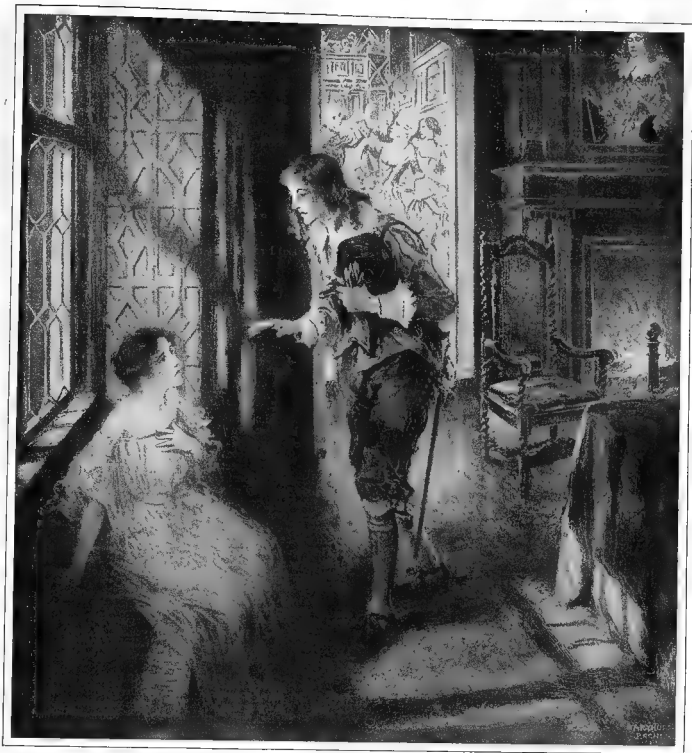
Cutmore said he thought they had better stick to one author, that no one could be sure whether Thackeray's people would get on well with Dickens's people. He thought there was a marked social distinction between them, the former being to the manner born even when they were in the direst poverty.

They began to discuss the menu for this dinner. Betty allowed her husband to suggest the dishes. This he did without suspicion from the Dickens's literary larder, which, as every one knows, was generously stored with the richest foods. But every time he mentioned one of these items Betty reminded him that he did not like that, and he could not bear even the odor of that. Finally he reminded her that she was not giving this dinner to him.

"Yes, dear," she replied, "but I could not endure the sight of you seated at the head of your own table starving while those hearty people (and they were notoriously hearty!) fed ravenously."

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"AND *HE* CAME INTO THE ROOM. I SAW HIM QUITE CLEARLY. AND OH! BEATRICE, HE WAS THE CAVALIER OF THE PICTURE!"

THE END *of the* DREAM

Out of the Middle Ages Comes a Cavalier Lover Seeking His Lost Love

BY MARY CHOLMONDELEY

Illustration by Arthur E. Becher

THE first time I saw Essie was a few weeks before her marriage with my brother Ted. I knew beforehand that she would certainly be very pretty for the simple reason that Ted would never have been attracted by a plain woman. For him plain women did not exist except as cooks, governesses, caretakers, and charwomen.

Ted is the best fellow in the world, and when he brought her to see me I instantly realized why he had chosen her; but I found myself wondering why she had chosen him—she was charming, lovely, shy, very young and diffident, and with the serenest temperament I have ever seen. She was evidently fond of him and grateful to him. Later on I learned—from her, never from him—the distress and anxiety from which he had released her and her mother. There were a disreputable brother, and other entanglements, and complicated money difficulties.

Ted simply swooped down and rescued her; and ordered her to marry him, which she did.

"She is a cut above me, Essie is," he used to say, rubbing his hands and looking at her with joyful pride. It was true. Essie looked among us like a race-horse among cart-horses.

She belonged, not by birth but by breeding, to a higher social plane than that on which we Hopkinses had our boisterous being. I was resentfully on the alert to detect the least sign of arrogance on her part. I expected it. But gradually the sleepless suspicion of the great middle class to which Ted and I belonged was lulled to rest. I had to own to myself that Essie was a simple, humble, and rather timid creature.

I went to stay with them in their new home in Kensington a few months after their marriage. Ted was outrageously happy, and she seemed well content, amused by him, rather in the same way that a child is amused by a large dog.

He had actually suggested before he met Essie that I should keep house for him, but I told him I preferred to call my soul my own. Essie apparently did not want to call anything her own. She let him have his way in everything, and it was a benevolent and sensible way, but it had evidently never struck him that she might have tastes and wishes even if she did not put them forward. He was absolutely autocratic and without imagination.

Before they had been married a month he had prevailed on her to wear woolen stockings instead of silk ones, because he always wore woolen socks himself.

He chose the wall-papers of the house without any reference to her, tho of course she accompanied him everywhere. He chose the chintzes for the drawing-room, and the curtains, and very good, useful materials they were, not ugly, but of a garish cheerfulness. Indeed he furnished the whole house without a qualm, and made it absolutely conventional. It is strange how very conventional people press toward the mark, how they struggle to be conventional, when it is only necessary to drift to become so.

Ted exerted himself, and Essie laughed, and said she liked what he liked. If she had not been so very pretty, her self-effacement would have seemed rather insipid, but somehow she was not insipid. She liked to see him happy in his own prosaic, efficient, inartistic way, and I don't think she had it in her power to oppose him if she had wanted to, or indeed any one. She was by nature yielding, a quality which men like Ted always find adorable.

I remember an American once watching Ted disporting himself on the balcony, pushing aside all Essie's tubs of flowering tulips to make room for a dreadful striped hammock.

"The thing I can't understand about you Englishwomen," said the visitor to Essie, "is why you treat your men as if they were household pets."

"What an excellent description of an English husband!" said Essie. "That is just what he is."

"What's that? What's that?" said Ted, rushing in from the balcony, but as he never waited for an answer Essie seldom troubled to give him one.

PERHAPS I should never have known Essie if I had not fallen ill in her house. Ted and she were kindness itself, but as I slowly climbed the hill of convalescence I saw less of him and more of her. He was constantly away, transacting business in various places, and I must own a blessed calm fell upon the house when the front door slammed and he was creating a lucrative turmoil elsewhere. The weather was hot, and we sat out evening after evening in the square garden. Gradually, very gradually, a suspicion had arisen in my mind that there was another Essie whose existence Ted and I had so far never guessed. I saw that she did—perhaps by instinct—what wise women sometimes do of set purpose. She gave to others what they wanted from her, not necessarily the best she had to give. Ted had received from her exactly what he hoped and desired, and—he was happy.

The evening came when I made a sudden demand on her sympathy. In the quiet darkness of the square garden I

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told her of a certain agonizing experience of my own which in one year had pushed me from youth into middle age, and had turned me not to stone, but into a rolling stone.

"I imagined it was something of that kind that was the matter with you," she said in her gentle, rather toneless voice.

"You guessed it," I said, amazed. I had thought I was a closed book to the whole world. "You never spoke of your idea to Ted?"

"Never. Why should I?"

There was a long silence.

The noise of Kensington High Street reached us like the growl of some tired animal. An owl came across from Holland Park and alighted in a tree near us.

"You should have married him," said Essie at last.

"Married him!" I exclaimed; "but you don't understand." And I went over the whole dreadful story again—at full length. Love-affairs are never condensed. If they are told at all they are recounted in full.

"I don't see that any of those things matter," she said when I had finished, or rather when I paused. "Where is he now?"

"In Turkestan, I believe."

"Why not go to Turkestan?" She spoke as if it were just round the corner.

"Turkestan!"

"Well, it's somewhere on the map, I suppose. What does it matter where it is?"

"And perhaps when I got there I might find he had set up a harem of Turkestan women."

"You might."

"Or that he had long since left for America."

"Just so."

"Or that he did not want me."

"All these things are possible."

The owl began to call through the dusk, and, not far away, somewhere in the square, a gentle lady owl's voice answered him.

"There are things," said Essie, "which one can measure, and it is easy to know how to act about them, and whether it is worth while to act at all. Most things one can measure; but there are in life just a few things, a very few, which one can not measure, or put a value on, or pay a certain price for, and no more, because they are on a plane where foot rules and weighing-machines and money do not exist. Love is one of these things. When we begin to weigh how much we will give to love, what we are willing to sacrifice for it, we are trying to drag it down to a mercantile basis and to lay it on the table of the money-changers on which things are bought and sold and bartered and equivalent value given."

"You think I don't love him," I said, cut to the quick.

"I am sure," said Essie, "that you don't love him yet, but I think you are on the road. Who was it who said,

'The ways of love are harder
Than thoroughfares of stones'?

Whoever it was, he knew what he was talking about. You have found the thoroughfare stony, and you rebel and are angry, very angry, and desert your fellow traveler. He, poor man, did not make the road. I expect he is just as angry and footsore as you are."

"He was a year ago. I don't know what he is now. It is a year since he wrote."

Essie knitted in silence.

At last I said desperately, "I have told you everything. Do you think it's possible he still cares for me?"

ESSIE waited a long minute before answering.

"I don't know," she said, and then added, "but I think you will presently go to Turkestan to find out."

Reader, I went to Turkestan, and was married there, and lived there and in Anatolia for many happy years. But that is another story. I did not start on that voyage of discovery till several months after that conversation. I had battered myself to pieces against the prison-bars of my misery, and health, ruthlessly driven away, was slow to return.

As I lived with Ted and Essie I became aware that he was becoming enormously successful in money matters. There were mysterious expeditions, buyings and sellings of properties, which necessitated sudden journeys. Immense transactions passed through his competent hands, and presently the possibility of a country house was spoken of. He talked mysteriously of a wonderful old manor-house in Essex, which he had come upon entirely by chance, which would presently come into the market, and which might be acquired much below its value so anxious was the owner—a foreign bigwig—to part with it at once.

Ted prosed away about this house from teatime till bedtime. Essie listened dutifully, but it was I who asked all the questions.

Ted hurried away next morning, not to return for several days, one of which he hoped to spend in Essex.

"YOU don't seem much interested about the country house," I said at teatime. I was slightly irritated by the indifference which seemed to enwrap Essie's whole existence. "Don't you care about it? It must be beautiful from Ted's account."

"If he likes it I shall like it."

"What a model wife you are! Have you no wishes of your own, no tastes of your own, Essie?"

She looked at me with tranquil eyes.

"I think Ted is happy," she said, "and I am so glad the children are both exactly like him."

"Yes, but——"

"There is no *but* in my case. Ted rescued me from an evil entanglement and eased my mother's life. And he set his kind heart on marrying me. I told him I could not give him much, but he did not mind. I don't think men like Ted understand that there is anything more that—that might be given; that makes a very wonderful happiness when it *is* given. Our marriage was on the buying-and-selling plane. We each put out our wares. I saw very well that he would be impossible—for me at least—to live with unless I gave way to him entirely. Dear Ted is a benevolent tyrant. He would become a bully if he were opposed, and bullies are generally miserable. I don't oppose him. I think he is content with his bargain, and as fond of me as a man can be of a lay figure. My impression is that he regards me as a model wife."

"He does, he does. He is absolutely, blissfully happy."

"He would be just as happy with another woman," said Essie, "if she were almost inanimate. It was a comfort to me to remember that when I nearly died three years ago."

"Yes, Ted is all right," I said, "but how about you? I used to think you were absolutely characterless and humdrum, but I know better now. Don't you—miss anything?"

"No," said Essie, "nothing. You see," she added tranquilly, with the faintest spice of malice, "I lead a double life."

I gasped, staring at her open-mouthed, horror-stricken. She ignored my crass imbecility, and went on quietly.

"I don't know when it began, but I suppose when I was about five years old. I found my way to the enchanted forest, and I went there in my dreams every night."

"In your dreams!" I stuttered, enormously reassured, and idiotically hoping that she had not noticed my hideous lapse.

"In my dreams. I had an unhappy childhood, but I never was unhappy any more after I learned the way through the forest. Directly I fell asleep I saw the track among the tree-trunks, and then after a few minutes I reached the wonderful glade and the lake and the little islands. One of the islands had a temple on it. I fed the swans upon the lake. I twined garlands of flowers. I climbed the trees and looked into the nests. I swung from tree to tree and I swam from island to island. I made a little pipe out of a reed from the lake and blew music out of it. And the rabbits peeped out of their holes to listen, and the squirrels came hand by hand along the boughs, and the great kites with their golden eyes came whirling down. Even the little moles came up out of the ground to listen."

I gazed at her, astonished.

"I did not wear any clothes," said Essie, "and I used to lie on the moss in the sun. It is delicious to lie on moss, warm moss in the sun. Once when I was a small child I asked my governess when those happy days would come back when we should wear no clothes, and she told me I was very naughty. I never spoke to her of the dream-forest again. She did not understand any more than you did the first moment. I think the natural instinct of the British mind if it does not understand is to look about for a lurking impropriety. I saw other children sometimes, but never close at hand. They went to the temple singing, garlanded and gay, but when I tried to join them I passed through them. They never took any notice of me."

"Were you a ghost?"

"I think not. I imagine I am an old, old soul who has often been in this world before, and by some strange accident I have torn a corner of the veil that hides our past lives from us, and in my dreams I become once more a child as I had really been once, hundreds and hundreds of years ago, perhaps in Greece or Italy."

"And do you still have that dream every night?"

"Not for many years past. I lost my way to the forest for several years, until I was again in great trouble. That was when—then one night when I had cried myself to sleep I saw the same track through the thicket, and I found the forest again. Oh! how I rejoiced! And in the middle of the forest was a garden and a wonderful old house, standing on a terrace. And there was no lake any more.

"It was a different place altogether—in England, no doubt. And the house-door was open. It was a low-arched door with a coat of arms carved in stone over it. And I went in. And as I entered all care left me, and I was happy again, as I was among the islands in the lake. I can't tell you why I was so happy. I have sometimes asked myself, but it is a question I can't answer. It seemed my real home. I have gone back there every night since I was seventeen, and I know the house by heart. There is only one room I shrink from, tho it is one of the most beautiful in the house. It is a small, octagonal, paneled room leading out of the banqueting-hall where the minstrels' gallery is. It looks onto the bowling-green, and one large picture hangs in it, over the carved mantelpiece—a Van Dyck, I think it must be. It is a portrait of a cavalier with long curls holding his plumed hat in his hand."

"Did you meet people in the house?"

"No, not at first, not for several years, but I did not miss them. I did not want companionship; I felt that I was with friends, and that was enough. I wanted the repose and the beauty and the peace which I always found there. I steeped myself in peace, and brought it back with me to help me through the day. The night was never long enough for me. And I always came back, rested and refreshed and content, oh! so deeply content! I am a very lucky person, Beatrice."

"It explains you at last," I said. "You have always been to me an enigma during the five years I have known you."

"The explanation was too simple for you."

"Do you call it simple? I don't. I should hardly be able to believe it if it were not you who had told me. And the house was always empty? You never saw any one there?"

"IT WAS never empty, but I could not see the people who lived in it. I could see nothing clearly, and I had no desire to pry or search. I was often conscious of some one near me, who loved me and whom I loved. And I could hear music sometimes, and sweet voices singing, but I could never find the room where the music was. But then I did not try to find it. Sometimes when I looked out of the windows I could see a dim figure walking up and down the terrace, but not often."

"Was it a man or a woman?"

"A man."

"And you never went out to the bowling-green and spoke to him?"

"I never thought of such a thing. I never even saw his face till—till last Christmas I was so ill with pneumonia. Then I fled to the house, and for the first time I could find no rest in it. And I went into the octagonal room and sat down near the window and leaned my forehead against the glass. My head was burning hot, and the glass was hot too. Everything was hot. And there was a great, dreadful noise of music. And suddenly it seemed as if I went deeper into the life of the house, where the light was clearer. It was as if a thin veil were withdrawn from everything. And the heat and the pain were withdrawn with the veil. And I was light and cool, and at ease once more. And the music was like a rippling brook. And *he* came into the room. I saw him quite clearly at last. And oh! Beatrice, he was the cavalier of the picture, dressed in blue satin, with a sword. And he stood before me with his plumed hat in his hand.

"And as I looked at him a gentle current, infinitely strong, seemed to take me. I floated like a leaf upon it. I think, Beatrice, it was the current of death. I felt it was bearing me nearer and nearer to him and to my real life, and leaving further and further behind my absurd little huddled life here in Kensington, which always *has* seemed rather like a station waiting-room.

"We neither of us spoke, but we understood each other and we loved each other. We had long loved each other. I saw that. And presently he knelt down at my feet and kissed my hands. Doesn't that sound commonplace, like a cheap novelette? But it wasn't. It wasn't—and then as we looked at each other the gentle, sustaining current seemed to fail beneath me. I struggled, but it was no use. It ebbed slowly away from me, leaving me stranded on an aching shore alone, in the dark, where I could not breathe or move. And I heard our doctor say, 'She is going.' But I wasn't going. I had nearly, nearly gone, and I was coming back. And then there was a great turmoil round me, and I came back in agony into my own room and my own bed, and found the doctor and nurse beside me, giving me oxygen, and poor Ted, as white as a sheet, standing at the foot of the bed. They forced me to—to stay. I had to take up life again."

And for the first time in all the years I had known her Essie was shaken with sudden weeping.

"That was three years ago," she said brokenly.

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The Mother Speaks

BY GERALDINE STOCKVIS

O LITTLE son upon my knee,
Thou art my immortality!

And my blood, when I am gone,
In thy warm veins shall still run on.

When you look into my eyes,
With that air of calm surmise,

When your eager lips are pressed
Closely to my offered breast,

Then a Godlike joy I know,
Which Death itself can't overthrow!

But Time, which knows nor rest nor pause,
Moves on, nor halts for any cause,

And this, my flesh, which is but clay,
Ere long to dust must fall away,

And of my body there shall be
Nothing save a memory.

Yet in thy flesh, and in thy mind,
Something of me is left behind . . .

What time the wintry days have passed,
And lovely Spring hath come at last,

My heart in your heart will rejoice,
And you will laugh with merry voice;

Then you will sigh, remembering:
"My dead Mother loved the Spring!"

And when your children come to be,
And they sit upon your knee,

And look at you with calm surmise—
I shall look at you through their eyes.

O little son upon my knee,
Thou art my immortality!

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FOUR SIDES OF THE TRIANGLE

When the Cat's Away the Mouse Will Play

BY HOLWORTHY HALL

Illustrations by Frederick A. Anderson

THERE was once a young man who believed, for the first six months, that he had married an angel. After that, for a period of another six months, he still believed that he had married a conscious puritan. But in the second year, when a little more of the gilding had worn off the romance, he told himself that Alice was merely a normal woman with abnormal charm, and he told Alice that if better material were ever lacking, she was perfectly capable of flirting with the iceman.

As soon as he had said this he was sorry, and he was also apprehensive. He was a man of logic, and of justice, so that he stammered a retraction of the charge, and then heightened the effect of it by switching from the general to the particular, with accurate names and dates. Marriage had failed to teach him that few women, and no wives, are open to conviction by statistics.

From the wing-chair by the fire Alice regarded him appraisingly. She wasn't furious—altho she had considered that possibility—and she wasn't indignant; indeed, she was astonished by her own calm. He had accused her of masculine interests which were too diversified and too profound; and he had laughed at her proud statement that a subtle but a tremendous difference lies between a "flirtation" and an "affair." She had attempted to catalog her ethics for him, confessing to a mild flirtation or two, and shrinking in horror from the first faint thought of any "affair," when he had laughed again and dragged in the iceman.

She knew intuitively that all the ancient arguments would leave him unmoved. She knew it because she had already tried them. Monte had positively declined to accept her definitions, and to consider himself flattered because the world of men confirmed his own good judgment. She had asked him, frequently, if he wished he had chosen, instead of herself, a girl so unattractive that all men would ignore her; and Monte had promptly reminded her that he had married out of personal inclination, and not to please anybody else. His present thesis was simply that she was pleasing every man in the neighborhood to such an extent that she displeased Monte.



"THE NEXT ARRIVAL APPEARED JUST AS THE PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN KISSED HER"

From the wing-chair by the fire Alice regarded him thoughtfully. She was devoted to him, but she was Alice by birth, and a wife by acquisition. Monte—like herself—had loved only once; but Monte had looked only once, too, and altho Alice was definitely married, she hadn't yet been blind. Monte didn't understand her; he didn't seem to realize that it was his own asceticism which was so unusual. He didn't seem to realize that a woman appreciates her husband only in comparison with other men. He fancied that her magnetism was like a garment which she could put on or put off at will, and which, for the greater part of her career, she put on wilfully.

In the past she had argued from every basis except sentiments, and now, as an eleventh-hour inspiration, she told him a universal truth. Her manner of telling it was deliberate, confidential, and almost sorrowing; for the universality of the truth rather overcame her, and made her forget that it didn't really apply to herself.

"Monte—there aren't any two married people on earth who can satisfy each other every minute. Each of us—yes, you too—each of us has some tiny bit of a lonely spot, 'way down in our hearts, that the other one never reaches. It doesn't make any difference how much we care for each other, we can't be perfect. Each of us has that tiny loneliness about something. Not about big, crucial things, either. It's just a craving to have some one else—any one else—understand some little thought or feeling of ours. That's all it is, Monte. And suppose I do happen to find a man who has that same kind of loneliness—perhaps he's married, too, and his own wife can't share it—why, we both recognize it, and we want to be friends. And if we recognize it too suddenly to please you, you call it 'flirting.' I didn't expect you to be sympathetic about it; I only hoped you'd admit it." The sound of her own voice uttering the cry of a woman's heart—even if it weren't her own heart—thrilled her. For the moment she managed to feel actively injured.

Monte's smile was somewhat less indulgent and more analytical. "What's the precise nature of this desolation of yours?"

She moved her shoulders expressively. They were very beautiful shoulders, and no Frenchwoman could have controlled them better.

"I like to have people assume that I've got a brain, Monte. I like to have men talk to me about *me*. I'm a woman. I like people to be gay, and——"

"I've always wondered," he said, pleasantly, "what's meant by *gay*. I'm quite helpless whenever you mention it. It makes me think of jumping-jacks and hand-organs. And then I can't follow your idea about brains. Surely *that* isn't what these people say to you that makes you so excited when you come home, is it?"

Again she stirred her shoulders. "I like to have men talk to me out of their souls, and not out of their— Naturally, you'd laugh. You don't even see how you're answering your own question. And finally, *finally*, I like men to have a sense of humor, Monte. Oh, I don't mean I like to have them giggle at me, the way *you* do. It all goes in together. I'm used to having men serious and sincere and amusing and —and *interested*—and I miss it. You're a dear; you really are—but you don't even try to understand me. You leave that little lonely place always. And I'm going to let somebody else understand me, if you don't want to. I don't think that's such an awfully unreasonable point of view. Do you?"

Monte lighted a cigaret and caressed the ash-tray with the match. "I didn't intend to get into a long discussion, dear, and I didn't expect to put such a tax on your imagination. I only thought that while I'm away you might care to let me be easy in my mind about you."

She was sick at the necessity of parting, but even if she had forgiven him for the iceman, she couldn't forgive him for detecting her ingenuous guile. No woman can endure the indignity of being caught in the act of manufacturing pathos. Automatically, she froze. "I certainly don't intend to go into a nunnery, if that's what you mean."

"Yes," said Monte, with grave forbearance. "I'm afraid that's what you'll want to have to think I meant."

She could never have explained why, when all her impulses were against her, and when Monte, after dropping that fatal subject, tried to make himself especially agreeable, she permitted the remainder of the evening to pass so constrainedly. But she did; and overnight she alternately decided that she was an ungrateful wife and that Monte was cruel to her. He had not only spoiled, by his old-maidish convictions, an important evening together, but he had also legislated against her pleasure while he was gone.

At breakfast she was strung tensely to conciliation, but Monte made no overtures—indeed, he was as matter-of-fact as tho nothing had happened—so that she was doubly offended. It would have been easier for her if Monte had been either glum or repentant; she would at least have had a starting-point. His cheerfulness was positively depressing; and in the face of it she hadn't the courage to tell him that she was ashamed of herself.

Then the clock struck for the last time, and she flung herself into his arms.

"Don't worry about me, Monte —*please* don't worry!"

He kissed her repeatedly, but his eyes were lusterless. "Perhaps," he said, "each of us expects a little too much of the other. I'll try to understand you, and have a sense of humor when I come back."

Suddenly there was a set of dizzying realities: the taxicab at the curb, Monte's luggage going down the steps, and Monte going down after it. She watched desperately until the car had turned the corner; and as soon as it was out of sight she began to cry. Thereafter she cried intermittently, but consistently, until she got his cable from Liverpool; but as soon as she knew that he was safe her individuality bloomed again, and she remembered what he had said to her. She was lonely and unhappy, and Monte was guaranteed to worry about her, whether she gave him justification or not. Moreover, his opinion of her was so lowly that he was sure to believe the worst anyway.

She persuaded herself that she owed her ego a little sunshine, and that it wasn't fair for Monte to go off crusading with the Red Cross and expect her to live the life of an atrophied recluse at home. She went to a tea that afternoon and chanced to meet a youngish man of middle age who appeared to like her. At first she wasn't interested, but when she discovered that he was president of the International Ice Company her mood became uncontrollable and she took a reflective pleasure in reducing him to a mass of sentimental pulp. Here was the whimsical fulfilment of a prophecy, and even sober-minded Monte would appreciate the joke.

AFTER sound deliberation, however, she resisted, the temptation to confide in Monte; and her next letter to him was of the angelic type. Nor did she mention, in any later reports, the banker and the bond salesman whom she had likewise subjugated on very short acquaintance. Her conscience assured her that she had nothing to regret, nothing which any husband in the world but Monte could dream of criticizing; and certainly it was better for her to be bright and active than to languish in solitude, at home, and dampen her knitting with many tears. And Monte had never understood her even from across the room; it was incredible that all at once he should begin to understand her from across the Atlantic.

No, he would misjudge her again and blame her, and probably allow his work to suffer by reason of his worrying. It was, therefore, an act of sheer patriotism for her to spare him.

To her perplexity, his own letters held nothing suggestive of any canker; and when she had thought this over she took it as rather a defect in Monte and as a decided belittlement of herself. He had sent her twenty-one messages—notes, letters, and post-cards—in seven weeks, but he had written only of the War, of France, of the Red Cross, and of himself.

He hadn't squandered a single line in fearing for her behavior. By degrees she worked up a curious resentment, wholly comprehensible to any woman and hopelessly illogical to any one else, which led her to imagine that Monte had ceased to love her. Otherwise why shouldn't he come out

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and declare his misgivings like a man? Wasn't he concerned about her, and wasn't he filled with qualms about her, and didn't he shudder to visualize her in the act of flirting with stayers-at-home? Apparently he didn't. "Good gracious!" said Alice, wide-eyed. "Doesn't he think I'm pretty enough to worry about any more?"

Temporarily she was relieved of her chagrin by the substitution of a very different fever. Monte wrote, briefly, that he had come to the extreme of his endurance; the Red Cross was magnificent, but every instinct summoned him to duty with troops. He had served an enlistment, some years ago, in the National Guard; he spoke French which even a Gaul could often comprehend; and overseas he had stumbled upon certain friends in high places. He had arranged to be commissioned in the field artillery; he would go to school for a while, and he hoped to have his battery before the end of the War.

IMMEDIATELY Monte was a hero to her, but as she slowly became introspective she was scarcely less a heroine to herself. She seemed to herself to be a very young and tender creature to make this voluntary sacrifice of a husband, and she never stopped to consider that it was Monte's volition, and not hers, which gave her the status of a trench widow. She was very proud of Monte, and a husband in the army was worth, at least in conversation, a whole family in the Red Cross; but as the days went on, and the sacrifice began to loom larger and more altruistic, she gradually dropped into the habit of fancying that if it hadn't been for her own insistence he would have remained a non-combatant. She could almost see the dramatic tableau, with Monte standing there in stern nationalism, and herself ablaze with it; and she had walked slowly to him and put her hand on his shoulder and said, "Go, Monte." Just like the illustrations on the magazine-covers. And then Monte had said—or would have said—or should have said, "Yes, I'll go—provided you'll promise to keep cheerful while I'm gone. Be gay, to conceal your breaking heart."

Once, on their honeymoon, they had driven past an old colonial dwelling near Lexington, Massachusetts, and laughed together at the sign-board which read, "This is the original farmhouse at which Paul Revere would have stopped—if he had ridden this way." Alice had forgotten it; but even if she hadn't the parallel would probably have escaped her now.

She was unswervingly loyal to Monte, and she began to knit another sweater for him, and she had considerably more to say about slackers than she had formerly said about warriors. She rather expected that her influence and the force of her new patriotism would send the bond salesman hustling into khaki (in which event she resolved to knit him a muffler), but instead it merely sent him hustling out of the circle of her influence. He was so overcome by her patriotism that he simply couldn't listen to it, unmoved; and therefore he remained absent, and thanked Heaven that his draft number wouldn't be reached until the last.

In the meantime the broker had been asked to help the Food Administration in Washington, and the president of the Ice Company had been invited to assist with aircraft production, so that Alice was again deserted; for the majority of her older friends were in service, and she had to depend for mental stimulus upon a dwindling supply of man-power. Monte wrote to her to be brave, and she inquired of herself if it were humanly possible to be brave and isolated at the same time.

She answered herself in the negative, and graciously allowed a professional gentleman who sat next her at a small dinner to tell her pertinent facts about the color of her eyes and the depths of her soul. Brains were omitted from his panegyric, but she thought no less of him on that account.

MONTE was sent up to his battery, and Alice adopted nightmares as a part of her regular routine. Her infestivity was fed by Monte's letters; he still hadn't paid her the compliment of so much as a single paragraph of suspicion, and in view of his known principles, and of the dialog on their last evening together, she felt horribly neglected, and began to wonder if he had yielded to the lure of some one overseas. Her professional friend was quick to perceive this, and he loaned her a good deal of commiseration, which he phrased so delicately and so generally that Alice couldn't be affronted, and could be comforted, and was very glad on both counts.

As her anxieties for Monte increased, her need of companionship increased with it. Conscience was still placid, and the professional gentleman had plenty of leisure, and all the versatility she liked; he could discuss Platonic friendships between dances, and talk to her about her cosmos while they were walking down Fifth Avenue. Besides, he practically said that a woman like Alice was wasted on any husband but a superman; and this was superconsolation.

Not that she didn't love Monte; but Juno herself would have blushed with innocent vanity if some little ten-cent god had whispered to her that she was too good, and too beautiful, and too spiritual, to waste herself on poor old moth-eaten Jupiter. It's born in them.

She had invited a few people to tea one afternoon, and she had told this gentleman to come early. They were pledged to discuss Barrie; and she couldn't help thinking that if she had ever mentioned Barrie to her husband, he would probably have responded, "You mean the old short-stop of the Athletics?" She thrilled at the merest flickering thought of Monte, but it was pleasant not to be absolutely marooned; and it was pleasanter yet to know that some one was concerned about her soul.

The earliest arrival found her with a War Department telegram in her hand; and when he went to her she clutched at him weakly. There wasn't the slightest personal element in this, for Alice, at that moment, would have clutched as readily for the messenger who had brought the telegram, or for the maid who was presently to bring in the tea. She required support and she got it, but neither the maid nor the messenger would have used the same tone of voice that her actual preserver did. He read the telegram, reminded her that Monte was only "slightly wounded," and soothed her until she had won back a little poise. But he held her hand for a fifth of a second too long, and his sympathy resigned in favor of his ambition just as she started to murmur her gratitude.

The next arrival appeared on the threshold just as the professional gentleman kissed her, and was a man named Wetherwilt, who had roomed at college with Monte, and slightly disapproved of Alice, and would have been similarly shocked to see either of them kiss anybody else. He had inherited a newspaper and a stubborn sense of virtue, and perhaps the first of his inheritances would have prospered larger if the second had been less prosperous.

Wetherwilt dodged back into the hallway, waited a moment, said very loudly, "Shall I go right in, Bertha?" and made his improved entrance while Bertha, down the corridor, was crossing herself and wondering whose wraith had selected this particular afternoon to call to her from the beyond. He noted that Alice didn't look guilty and that the man did, and he drew his own conclusions. They hadn't observed him when he first came in.

"Poor old Monte!" said Wetherwilt when he had heard the news. His tone was heartfelt and he wavered in his judgment. It was presumable that the man's motives, under the circumstances, had been unselfish. It was also presumable that he had simply seized an opportunity, and had unselfishness as an alibi. But he was two shades warmer than usual, while Alice was abstracted. Wetherwilt absolved her, condemned the man, and made a resolution.

"You'd better cancel your tea, Alice. Everybody'll understand."

"Oh, no," she said, wretchedly. "I'm glad they're coming. As long as Monte's not hurt badly, I—I don't think I *want* to be alone. I'd have hysterics. Let them come."

"The courage of her!" said the professional gentleman fervently; and Wetherwilt continued to feel uncomfortable.

It is remarkable how much a keen observer can see if he will only specialize in observation. Within the next three or four weeks Wetherwilt accumulated a schedule of evidence which bulked rather seriously. For if, on these comparatively few occasions when he saw the two together, he had detected so many animated whisperings, so many swift touches of the hands, so many messages of the eyes, so many "dears" in undertone, and one outright "dearest" (these were all on one side, and not on Alice's side, either); and if he had also detected a certain hasty tenderness during a dance—what might he not imagine for the rest of the calendar?

As a matter of fact there was material for imagination. Reassured by an indirect word from Monte himself, Alice had gone limp with relief. Her heart expanded; she wanted to be joyous as never before. She wanted her joy to be shared and accelerated by a sympathetic partner. And almost before she knew it, there was another note to the song; and she never did know that people had begun to speak of her latest flirtation as an "affair."



"ALL YOU HAD TO DO TO MRS. MACLAUGHLIN WAS TO SHAKE A VOLUME OF *EPICTETUS* AT HER AND WHISTLE"

He had come to her at a time when her emotions were soft and pliant, and he had impressed his personality upon them then. Otherwise he would probably not have impressed her half so deeply. She was no more capable of discarding him, now, after he had helped her through an instant of tragedy, and then rejoiced with her when the tragedy dissolved, than a minted coin is capable of discarding its stamp. But she mistook the character of his attachment; she was ignorant of his reputation as a he-flirt; she believed that he was sincerely her friend, and she would have died of mortification if she had remotely suspected that he bragged in smoking-rooms of his latest conquest.

To be sure, there was small obliquity in their relationship. He took her about, and hovered over her so constantly that gossip flourished; he could hold her hand whenever he chose to, and perhaps a dozen times he succeeded in kissing her. It was remarkable that each of these incidents was preceded by a long and serious conversation, during which he displayed a vital interest in her spiritual welfare, and convinced her that except for her benign influence he would have gone to the dogs long since.

He used to call her the savior of his trust in humanity; and she ate it up. By his manners and his vocabulary he had completely hypnotized her; and he once remarked to a clinic of gossips that all you had to do to Mrs. Maclaughlin was to shake a volume of *Epictetus* at her and whistle.

Twice Wetherwilt had presumed upon his friendship for Monte, and tried to act as counsel for Alice, but on both occasions she squelched him at the outset. He was quiet-voiced, and not in the least aggressive; and Alice wouldn't permit him to gather enough momentum to get out the facts. As his first intimation that her friend was making a fool of her, she told him sweetly not to make a fool of himself. When he persisted she turned haughty; and when he referred to his ancient faith with her husband, she advised him that Monte in selecting his friends evidently used poorer judgment than she did in selecting hers. Wetherwilt reddened, bowed, and hoped that her friends would prove as durable as Monte's. After two such rebuffs he perceived that he had been invited to mind his own business.

THE armistice brought an ecstasy of respite to Alice, but it also brought a little wave of apprehension, for it meant that Monte would soon be coming home. She knew that when he came she would cease impulsively; for it was one thing to leave certain matters out of her correspondence and quite another thing to let Monte be deceived by permanent silence. Still she had no sense of guilt; it was only that Monte, and a few dried-up conservatives like Wetherwilt, underestimated the need of a woman for psychical refreshment.

"When he comes," the professional gentleman said to her, with gloomy passion, "you'll have no more use for *me*. I know it. You've only been amusing yourself."

"Don't say that," she murmured.

"But what's amused you hasn't been funny at all to me." He seized her hand. "I can't let you go like this. You've meant too much to me, Alice. I *can't* let you go—" And so on, in the immemorial vein; but afterward he enjoyed boasting about it. Secretly, however, he was glad that Monte was due home in a few weeks, for he was growing slightly bored with Alice's soul, and he hoped that Monte would be jealous enough to provide him with a legitimate excuse for not coming to call very often. Alice, on the other hand, was cumulatively soothed by the realization that she meant so much to the professional gentleman. She had saved him from going to the devil; he often assured her of it. It was a sweet sensation to know that she was the lodestar of a distinguished man, and the last bulwark between him and melancholia, or worse. Mixed metaphors were nothing to her; her soul rose above them.

Monte's wound, which was in his right forearm, had prevented him from autographic letters, but a kindly nurse had written that he was doing well. Then, unexpectedly, Wetherwilt came up to see her, and announced that Monte would arrive on such and such a day and on such and such a ship. Alice caught her breath. The news was glorious, but she was astonished and hurt because it had come to her at second-hand.

"How do you know? Why didn't *I* know?" she demanded.

Wetherwilt was dignified. "Perhaps I've kept in closer touch with the situation than you have. The press has some facilities, you know, and I'd go pretty far to look out for Monte. I came up here to tell you he's coming, and to say that it'll be better for you not to try to meet him at Hoboken."

Alice started. "Not meet him at Hoboken? Why not?"

"You see," said Wetherwilt gently, "I'd rather meet him first."

She stared at him, and the color flowed into her cheeks. So Wetherwilt planned to make himself an informer! But in the next instant she had an alternative conception, and the color left her. "What's the matter with him, Ralph? You—you frighten me?"

"I wasn't satisfied with the official report," said Wetherwilt. "And I had an idea that nurses don't always tell

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SOMEBODY'S SWEETIE

"The Female of the Species Is More Deadly than the Male"

BY EDITH BARNARD DELANO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

ANNA ISABELLA WARING was walking home from school. She had on her new blue sweater, the one she'd been wanting for ages and ages, and had only succeeded in getting because when Mother and Daddy took Adelaide to New York she had cried and cried and felt so badly and so lonely, and so Mother brought it back as a consolation present. Now for almost a week the sweater had been a solace and an inspiration; every girl in school was envious, and was trying to beg one like it. But it had cost thirteen dollars and ninety-five cents; Bella had the comfortable feeling that hers would be the only one anywhere around, for a while—until birthdays and Christmas came, anyway. But to-day the blue sweater had not consoled; for to-day, altho she walked with a smile on her lips and her head held high—very high—in her heart were—*ashes*. Caroline Lake had deceived her.

Caroline was going on fifteen; really too old to be in Bella's class at all, with the other twelve- and thirteen-year-olds. She wasn't very bright; but she was beautiful. She had large blue eyes, and golden hair that curled; and her mother was going to let her wear it "up" next year; so you see! Moreover, she had not lived in Riverside very long, and all the girls were crazy about her; it was not without effort on Bella's part that she had condescended to take Bella for her dearest friend. But she had; for weeks, now, they had gone off into corners at recess, or walked in the yard arm-in-arm, and shared their lunches, and passed small three-cornered notes to each other in their books; and they had walked home together every day, too—until this fateful afternoon.

As yet the world of boys had scarcely dawned upon Bella. For one thing, she had known, and that only last Summer, what real Love was. There was a candy-box, empty, all tied up in tissue-paper and pink ribbons, in her second bureau drawer back of her undies, where Adelaide never went scrambling for handkerchiefs when hers had given out, that testified to that. Of course, he had married somebody else; but he had sent her cards to his wedding, which showed he had not forgotten; and while she certainly did not wish harm to come to anybody, and the early death of a bride was so sad, like the one that got shut up in a chest and wasn't found for years and years afterward, still— And after that, boys were just children, mere children, to Bella. Even seventeen-year-old Adelaide's chatter about Mr. Rush, of Princeton '24, and her friend Jane Prentice's about Mr. Phillips, who went to the Episcopal High, and who was going to ask her down in June, seemed utterly silly; and as for the youths who went to the Riverside Prep.—well, they could have them, that was all! To be sure, last Winter she had not exactly looked askance at the boys in dancing-school, especially one who was old, about seventeen, even if he did walk all over you when he danced and never had anything to say, but just stared over your head and held you as tho he was afraid you'd get away from him. Besides, Muriel Holloway had liked that one, which of course made a difference. But on the whole Bella was not particularly interested in boys; all the more had Caroline's behavior of this afternoon come to her as a shock and a disillusionment.

A shock—and so unexpected. Looking back, she could see now that Caroline had lingered on in the coat-room longer than usual; she could understand, now, that Caroline was probably hoping that she, Bella, would get tired of waiting for her and go on home. Yet when everybody in school had gone, except the girls who were kept in because the French had been perfectly dreadful that day, at last Caroline had come forth, and she and Bella had walked off as usual, very close together. Even when Bella saw that lanky old Crossley Nichols on the corner, she had suspected nothing. Boys do stand on corners. Then she and Caroline had come up to him, and Caroline had paused, and Crossley had grinned, and then—oh, how her heart burned at the cruel memory!—then Caroline had turned to her and said, in a most condescending way,

"Well—good-by, Bella darling! Don't forget to-morrow!"

And before Bella came to her senses Caroline and that Nichols boy were walking off side by side.

Well, the world would never be the same again, that was all. The homeward way had never seemed so long; home itself had never seemed so weary—so, dreary. Not even the fragrance of baking cookies that greeted her as she opened the door could cheer her. Spice cookies, too. Nothing would ever be the same again.

She tossed her hat and her books on the hall table; she went slowly up-stairs. Adelaide's door was open; she and Jane Prentice were there, talking. Those girls *never* stopped talking. And always about boys. Boys! Bella's heart was too full even for scorn; boys had suddenly loomed into



"'WELL,—GOOD-BY, BELLA DARLING! DON'T FORGET TO-MORROW!'"

horrid realities that parted you forever from your best friends. Unknown to herself, Bella had entered upon the eternal triangle. She went into her room and closed the door—

Presently she heard Jane Prentice's shrill laugh. "Oh, my dear, he's just as in love with you as he can be!" she cried. "Anybody can see it!"

Love! What did *they* know about Love, thought Bella, out of the depths of her experience. She heard Adelaide's tone, full of disgust, heard her words.

"That's perfectly absurd," said Adelaide. "Because I wouldn't look at him—wouldn't *look* at him! That Thomas Anderson, indeed!"

Again Jane Prentice laughed. "Well, he is, anyway! And he'll be faithful, darling, he'll be faithful! He won't be like Jack Maynard, with a new sweetie every week! Oh, Thomas'll be faithful!"

"Well, he's never had me for a sweetie, anyway, your old Jack Maynard! And I'd rather a man'd have a new sweetie every *day* than look like that Anderson kid!"

"He's not such a kid," said Jane. "It's only that he has a careful mother, if she is my own aunt! He's going on eighteen."

Heavens, how those girls chattered! And about nothing. Thomas Anderson—why, Bella knew him; she knew Jack Maynard, too, that all the girls were so crazy over, tho she never could see why, except that he had a cut-down Ford and was on the football team. Of the two, she would have preferred Thomas, herself; not that she could tola—"tolahate" any mere boy. Thomas was at least as tall as Daddy; and when he came to see your sister he never made those silly remarks to you that are meant to be funny and aren't. As far as she could see, there wasn't anything to choose between Thomas and any other sixth-form boy. They were all silly: trying to have grown-up airs, and making eyes at girls that threw them over just as soon as a college man appeared on the scenery—no, scene. And sweeties—all that talk about sweeties! Silly! Just too utterly *silly* for anything. She went to her bureau, opened the middle drawer, and took out her carefully wrapped-up, all-too-empty candy-box; she sat down in the rocking-chair, and held the box on her lap, and let herself dream off, alone with her misery and the ashes of two loves.

She carefully refrained from looking at Caroline all the next morning, and, sooth to say, Caroline made no advances. At recess Bella sought out her former bosom friends, Maria and Muriel; Muriel was cool, but Maria, who was a darling even if she was homely, which she couldn't help, slipped her arm through Bella's with a reassuring, tender pressure, and as they were going in to class she whispered,

"Ysabel, that Caroline Lake's the sort of girl that just has to be somebody's sweetie all the time! That old Crossley Nichols isn't so much. He lives next door to me, and I know all about him. His father made him go to bed without his supper only last Summer."

Bella was oddly comforted; Crossley Nichols was a mere child, even tho he had lurid—no, lured Caroline, or if Caroline had lured him. If Caroline preferred a mere baby to herself, Bella Waring, why, she just could, that was all. Maria was her real friend, after all; so sincere and so faithful. And she had remembered to whisper that cherished, secret name, "Ysabel."

For the rest of the week her affections were centered upon Maria; the coolness between herself and Muriel was turned to disdain when, on Friday, Muriel danced four dances with the same boy at dancing-school, and then walked home with him. But the following week brought the greatest shock of all.

Monday and Tuesday were uneventful; but on Wednesday there were unmistakable signs on the part of Caroline of wanting to let bygones be bygones; and when she joined Bella after school, and there was no Crossley Nichols at the corner, Bella understood. At first she answered nothing at all to Caroline's overtures; then, as the truth became clear to her, she stopped still and faced her erstwhile idol.

"If you think you can come back to me every time a mere boy gets tired of you, Caroline Lake," she said, in tones of the sternest, "you are belaboring under a mistake. *I* play second fiddler to nobody, especially not to a mere *child* like Crossley Nichols. His father sent him to bed without his supper only last Summer. You can have him for your *sweetie*, if you want to!"

AND so saying, she turned the wrong corner, which made her homeward walk three blocks longer; but she felt, triumphantly, that thirteen blocks would have been but a small price for her satisfaction in the moment. All the way home her heart sang with the anticipation of telling Maria about it the next day, Maria the faithful, Maria who *understood*. And then came Thursday.

Bella had started early to school, meaning to walk past the Ellery house and meet Maria, that they might have a longer time for their confidences, and for their scorn of Caroline, scorn so much the sweeter for being shared. As she drew near to the Nichols house, Crossley tripped lightly down the front walk, his books under his arm, his cap on the back of his head. Bella's nose went higher; she watched him with the disdain born of her wider experience of life and her remembering of his superless bedtime so short a while ago. She watched him trot along the pavement toward the Ellerys'; and then—

Then the Ellerys' front door opened, and Maria came out.

"Hello, M'ria!" Crossley called out, pausing at the hedge.

Maria smiled; Bella waited to see her just crush him. But she did not. She, too, said, "Hello!" And then she came down to the sidewalk, returned Crossley's smile with still another, such as Bella had never beheld



"SHE PUT HER FINGER TO HER LIPS AND BECKONED HIM IN"



"SIDE BY SIDE THEY WALKED TO HER SCHOOL; BELLA'S HEAD WAS HELD TRIUMPHANTLY HIGH, AND HER EYES SMILED"

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on that plain, honest countenance, and—walked off beside him.

Bella's face got red, then grew pale. Tears smarted in her eyes. The world went dark, oh, so dark! And queer. She felt that she could have spooned—no, swooned. And that day she missed her French on purpose, so that she would have to stay in at recess; and in the afternoon she pleaded a headache and left five minutes before school was out.

It was hard, very hard, to hear all around her going on as usual. Adelaide and Jane Prentice were chattering, as always, in the next room; Mother came home from a tea, and called up to her that it was time to stop studying. Studying—and her books unopened all the afternoon! How little they understood! There was Bavarian cream for dessert, with cherries on top; and Daddy gave her his; but nothing mattered. Everything was different. Life would never be the same again. Never, never again. Love—and Friends—what were they? Now she knew how people felt when they were old, and all ready to die. And if you died, you could never be deceived any more. And there would be music. Her soul longed for music. Sad music, the sort that makes you want to cry, the sort that makes you feel the weight of all your sins. Muriel, and Caroline, and then Maria; girls she had trusted, trusted!

ON FRIDAY Adelaide was going to a dance, and ordinarily Bella's soul would have been shaken with envious longing of the time when she, too, might have satin slippers and silk stockings to match; when she, too, might wear her hair up and go to dances on Fridays. But now the mere thought of dancing with boys, *boys*, filled her with loathing.

On Saturday she practised a full hour and a half, and her mother asked her if she didn't feel well; and she studied her Sunday-school lesson in the living-room, studied it quite a long time, and Mother suggested asking Maria or Muriel, or that nice new girl—Caroline Lake, wasn't it?—to dinner. She felt very keenly the cold misunderstanding of the world. Until evening, when the great idea began to dawn upon her.

Every Saturday, when Adelaide did not go to the Prentices' to spend the night, Jane came to the Warings'; this was the week for Jane to come here, and in the evening they would sit in the living-room while Mother and Daddy went to the Flemings' to play cards, and there would be boys—"men," those girls called them. The men never came singly, or hardly ever; they arrived in twos or threes, all except Thomas Anderson; he never seemed to have any intimate friends. What happened at the Prentices' Bella did not know; but whenever the girls were here, Thomas arrived as regularly as Saturday itself.

Now Thomas was a tall and slender youth, mostly inarticulate, and the tenderly cared-for darling of a mother who was over forty when Thomas came to bless her, the watchfully guarded son of a father who was nearly fifty when he was wed. Whether their Thomas had inherited the indubitable virtues of his parents or not, one can not say; but every one of them had been carefully grafted upon him.

Thomas neither lied nor smoked nor idled; Thomas was more than a year ahead of his age in school, and on the one occasion when his report fell below ninety his mother had wept, and the indiscretion was never repeated. Thomas knew not the manner of the repartee of the other boys; he knew not their games; he never used slang; he was never rough or untidy. Moreover, he was the crucifer in St. James's, and when he walked into church bearing the cross at the head of the procession of choir-boys, his own mother and every other mother present—especially Mrs. Waring, who had no boys of her own—thought he looked like a young saint. Bella had heard her mother once speak of him as a picture of young Sir Galahad, as a young David. Sir Galahad was somebody in a book, and she couldn't quite fix the reference to David, because the only Davids she knew were the old darky who took out the ashes and the one in the picture in the Bible—and that David had curly hair and very few clothes. But that something complimentary was intended Bella had well understood.

WHAT she herself saw in Thomas was a sixth-form boy, a boy who wore clothes like they have in the advertisements, coats very short and tight in the waist, with a full inch of linen showing below the cuff; and, as to length of trousers, bespeaking plainly the rapidity with which Thomas was growing. His collars were very high, his neckwear almost audible. His hands were quite large, but he wore a large sealring which his grandmother had given him on his sixteenth birthday. His face—oh, well, what if Adelaide had, scornfully, called him egg-faced? Other boys had faces as smoothly oval, as untroubled; other boys had that dowdless, pink skin, and blond hair that was worn wondrously long on top and wet and brushed back until it shone; and he couldn't help it if his eyelashes were white, could he?

The three salient facts about Thomas were that he was a sixth-form boy, that he was in love with Adelaide, and that he was due to come calling on her this evening. Bella waited up-stairs, and hung over the banisters both times the door-bell rang, and listened to those girls giggle and chatter with the four boys who came first. Then she went down the back stairs to the kitchen.

"You needn't stay in any longer, Katie," she said, sweetly. "If any more of those boys come I'll go to the door."

Katie eyed her doubtfully. "Well, don't you touch that gingerbread, then," said she, suspiciously. "Your mama said they was to have gingerbread if they wanted it, and I'm not going to have it all et up and them coming down on *me* for it."

"I wouldn't touch your old gingerbread," declared Bella, indignantly. "And if you'd rather stay in and go to the door yourself, you can, that's all!"

Katie smiled. "Well, not more than two pieces, lovey," she said, and caught up her hat and departed.

Bella ignored the gingerbread. She had greater things on hand. She crept through the hall, drew the curtain of the front door the least little bit aside, and waited; but she had not long to wait. There was no mistaking Thomas's shape, even in the dim light from the street. As he stepped onto the porch, she opened the door, put her finger to her lips, and beckoned him in. Thomas was plainly surprized, but docile. Bella led him into the drawing-room, across the hall from the one whence issued laughter and voices. She shut the door behind them.

"Won't you be seated?" she asked, pleasantly; and Thomas would.

Suddenly she felt her hands go cold; but she had made up her mind to it. "Mister Anderson," she asked, "are you in love with my sister Adelaide?"

Thomas's mouth fell open; his face changed from pink to a red, rose-red.

"I am asking out of kindness, for your own sake," said Bella. She added, kindly, "I know what Love is, myself."

Thomas was seen to swallow; then he started to get up, but at Bella's imperative gesture sank down again.

"Jane Prentice says you are," said Bella. "In love with Adelaide, I mean. She's your cousin; she ought to know."

"I—I—" Thomas got so far, and no farther. There was a wild look in his eyes, but Bella went on with what she knew to be admirable calm.

"I don't see how you can be, myself; but if you are, you are. Love bloweth where it wishteth. That's poetry. Anyway, I think it is. And if you are, I suppose you want to marry her, don't you?"

THIS time Thomas succeeded in standing, tho his knees seemed oddly uncertain. He started for the door, but Bella forestalled him, and stood with her back against it.

"Don't be silly," she said. "You needn't be afraid. Everybody gets married sooner or later."

"You let me out o' here," said Thomas, huskily.

"I won't until I'm finished. Sit down. Please sit down, Thomas. Honest, you don't hafto be afraid. I'm only trying to do you a kindness. I want to *help* you."

"I couldn't support a wife," said Thomas. "I—I——"

"Well, who said you could? I said *some* time, didn't I? Some time isn't right now, is it? You might as well sit down," she added. "If you'll sit on the sofa we can talk more confidential." Thomas still stood before her, agony in every line of him. "We'd better talk low, you know, so they can't hear us," said Bella, and Thomas hastily sought the sofa across the room.

"There," said she, when she had seated herself on the other end. She carefully smoothed down her skirts, and folded her hands in her lap. "Now maybe you'll listen to me. Because you got to, anyway." Thomas stood up.



"'OH, YOU—YOU—YOU S-S-S-S-SKUNK!' SHE HISSED"

"I got to go home. I forgot. My mother told me to come home early," said the sufferer.

But Bella ignored the pathetic plea. "It isn't anything to have me know you're in love with Adelaide, is it? Everybody'll know it when you marry her. The thing is, how can you make her fall in love with you! That's it, isn't it?"

Thomas merely looked at her, and looked away; never before in all his seventeen years had his face held so much of expression.

"Well, it is, anyway! And I know how you can make her!"

This time Thomas's look lingered on hers, faintly less suffering, faintly interested, almost faintly hopeful.

"I suppose you know," Bella went on, impressively, "that there's nothing like jealousy to make people love you. Not your jealousy; other people's. I mean there's nothing like making people jealous to make them love you. I suppose you know *that* much about Love, don't you?"

Thomas's white eyelashes closed over his eyes for the fraction of a moment.

"Well, then, all you got to do to make Adelaide love you is to make her jealous. Good and jealous!" said Bella, triumphant.

"She wouldn't be," said Thomas.

"Sisters are always jealous of each other. Why, Adelaide is just as jealous of me as she can be. You don't know her. And"—Bella clasped her hands very tightly together—"all you got to do to make her love you is make her think that you're in love with me. See?"

To her magnificent gesture Thomas stared; then his mouth fell wider open; then it closed; and then Thomas emitted one wild, hoarse laugh.

Anna Isabella flushed. "You needn't think you're funny," she said.

"But you're nothing but a kid!" said Thomas, for once relapsing into the vernacular of his age.

"I am almost thirteen. And I have known what Love is. But if you're going to take all my kindness this way, you can just——"

Thomas remembered the precepts that had been showered upon him all his admirable life. "I *don't* think I'm funny," he said. "But, say—Adelaide—why, Adelaide——"

"That shows how much you know about it," said Bella, and proceeded to unfurl her scheme. It was more than half an hour later that Thomas left the house; he had evidently decided not to join the others across the hall that evening. As he walked off the porch and down the street, he even looked once or twice over his shoulder, as tho he feared the pursuit of something, he knew not what.

NEVER had Bella been more cheerful than during the interval before Monday morning; and never had she been so prompt at breakfast and in setting forth to school as on that day. Adelaide, one of those trying people always on time for everything, was not ready more than two minutes before her younger sister; but, having opened the front door, she promptly closed it and came back into the hall.

"Goodness!" Bella heard her exclaim. "There's that awful Thomas Anderson out there!"

Bella quietly smiled, finished buttoning her Sunday gloves, and sallied forth. There, indeed, was Thomas; and side by side they walked to her school; not speaking, to be sure; but altho Thomas's face wore a look of dogged determination which momentarily threatened to dissolve into panic, Bella's head was held triumphantly high, and her lips smiled. They walked past Caroline Lake's house, just as Caroline was starting forth. Bella sent her a cordial, if somewhat condescending, bow, and Thomas dutifully lifted his cap—quite without marring the gloss of his carefully brushed-back hair. Farther on they passed Muriel Holloway, walking alone and evidently preoccupied with her English history; for her book was open, and her lips moving. But they stopped moving after Bella and Thomas had gone by. And as they drew near to school, they came upon Maria Ellery and Crossley Nichols. Thomas hesitated, but Bella threw him an upward glance of warning. Crossley's face was no less a study in surprize than was Maria's, and before the two could come within speaking distance Crossley walked off hastily in the direction of the Prep., forgetting to lift his cap to Maria. Thomas's expression relaxed somewhat, and Bella nodded suavely to Maria; that Crossley Nichols was only in the fifth form, a mere child.

"What do you think?" asked Adelaide that afternoon, when Bella drifted into the room where she and Jane were rocking and eating chocolates. "Thomas Anderson walked to school with Bella this morning!"

Jane stared at Bella; she had round eyes, and knew how to make them rounder. "That baby!" she said, and smiled.

"Well, it was a merciful escape for me, anyway," said Adelaide, as Bella marched out of the room. But she was entirely unruffled; Jane and Adelaide might say what they pleased; the really important thing was that the girls at school should be impressed; and there, she knew, she was safe. For they were. At recess on Tuesday their manner toward her was pos-a-tively respectful; and on Wednesday morning they were assembled in a group on the corner to see her walk past with Thomas. As for herself, she maintained an attitude of calm aloofness; she was occupied with things which were not for their childish understandings; her eyes dreamily sought far spaces; and the note which Maria slipped to Muriel in Latin Grammar read, "She's writing poetry." And on Wednesday Caroline Lake laid a flower on her desk.

But on Wednesday afternoon there were signs of rebellion from Thomas. "It's no good," he told her, gloomily. "She just laughed to-day. It don't work."

Anna Isabella thought swiftly. "Well then," she decided, "that's because you don't *do* enough."

"*Do* enough!" muttered Thomas; and the words were freighted with meaning.

"You got to be more—more attentive," said Bella. "I tell you what, you got to send me flowers."

Thomas looked at her, his mouth open in that—that way so derided by Jane and Adelaide. "I—I can't," said he, with a feeling of panic.

"Well, you got to, that's all," returned the undaunted one. But Thomas shook his head. He had a dollar a week spending-money, to be sure, and his wants unfulfilled by his fond parents were few; but his father had long since taught him to keep accounts, to enter his figures very neatly in a

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FROKEN FREDERICKKE MÖRCH
Editor of the Suffraget Magazine of Norway and Ex-President of the National Teachers' Association

HAS SCANDINAVIA Solved the MARRIAGE PROBLEM?

New Laws for Old—Will They Work? Meanwhile All the Rest of the World Is Watching

BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE



MADAME ANN MARGRET HOLMGRIN
One of the Pioneer Suffragists of Sweden, and Prominent in the Woman Movement of That Country

THE Scandinavian countries, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, have been the first in the world to recognize that the most important relation for the happiness and welfare of individuals and society is the relation of the family. And first in those countries has there been a serious, unified effort, on the part of thinking men and women, to procure justice in these relations by the adoption of a uniform marriage code. How significant are the words of the eminent Danish statesman, ex-Premier Zahle, who said to me when I was in Copenhagen,

"And by this action I am sure we have taken an important step forward in the cultural unity of the North!"

As soon as women in any country begin to develop a political consciousness they automatically protest against the existing injustices in law, tradition, and custom in regard to the relation of the sexes—no matter whether they live in Argentina or Iceland, China or Australia.

The struggle is usually a difficult one, because men make and administer the laws of the world. As soon as women begin to work in what men choose to consider man's own particular field, they raise the cry of "sex antagonism!" The poor dears are not able to see that what we are trying to do is to destroy the "sex line" which they have drawn all the way around the whole field wherein the greatest of all human forces operate—the field wherein the personal relations of the individuals who make up the human family are adjusted. We women claim merely that we are needed in the making and administering of laws touching the most important of all human relations—the relations of the family.

What has made the whole reform simpler of accomplishment in the northern countries has been the interest and co-operation of the men. But, it should be remembered, men have never been able to see the need of these reforms for the reasons that women see them.

Woman's strongest and most instantaneous reactions are *human* reactions. Men react most quickly to the *economic* appeal. Women have never been able to get the co-operation of men in the working out of such problems until a study of the economic situation disclosed the importance of these problems in their relation to others of an economic nature.

But even a casual glance at the past makes us wonder that both men and women in all countries have delayed so long in righting the cruel injustices in the laws touching marriage, divorce, and the protection of the child born out of wedlock.

The old Roman law made it perfectly clear that the wife, the child, the bullock, and the slave were equally destitute of legal rights.

"An old Welsh law allows a man to give his wife three blows with a broomstick on any part of the body except the head, and another British law fixes the size of the stick at the "length of the husband's forearm and the size of his middle finger."



FRU ANNA BACKER
One of Norway's Most Distinguished Women, Member of the Town Council of Frederikstad

The Price of a Wife

ACCORDING to Judge Edward Abbott Parry, the eminent English jurist, the traditional view even a century ago in some parts of England seems to have been that if a man brought his wife with a halter around her neck and sold her in open court to another man, that amounted to a divorce, and the husband was entitled to marry again. In the early nineteenth century the common people in certain sections of England accepted the following points in regard to the buying and selling of a wife:

1. The same wife must not be sold more than once by the same husband.

2. The price of the wife must not be less than one shilling (about twenty-five cents).

3. The wife must be delivered to the purchaser with a halter, if possible a new halter, round her neck.

There is record of a case as late as 1881 in which, in a country court, giving evidence that she was duly married to a second man, a woman said, "He sold me for twenty shillings, and I have it to show in black and white with a receipt upon it, as I did not want people to say that I was living in adultery."

Almost any modern man will agree that wives come much higher than a shilling these days, but the whole transaction is on a different basis.

One is moved to wonder why the thoughtful, freedom-seeking people who made the laws of the various States of the American Union made no protest, but founded their statutes on the old common laws of England, which contained so many of these absurdities.

American Women Will Watch Results

WHEREVER women have acquired the franchise they have set about correcting the existing legal injustices. In many of the States of our own country the Women's Clubs and the League of Women Voters have definite legislative programs looking to the accomplishment of precisely what has been accomplished recently in Scandinavia. Speaking recently to the Federation of Women's Clubs of Detroit, I was interested to find that the club-women of Michigan have a legislative program looking to much the same results that have already been obtained in Scandinavia.

In England they began, as is characteristic of England, at the top. To this day, for example, it is next to impossible for poor people to get divorced. The first breakaway from the absurd and unjust divorce laws came in 1857, but this was of practically no use to poor women, and it dealt with only a very small percentage of cases.

Then in 1906, there was a case in the English courts that made people sit up a little and rub their eyes. It is recorded as the case of Dodd *vs.* Dodd. A wife whose husband was a drunken vagabond who was living on her earnings obtained a separation. After two years, finding that he had committed adultery, she petitioned for a divorce. This, it was decided, she could not have, because her husband had never *technically deserted her*. If he had run off with another woman to escape from a shrew, the "lady" could have divorced him, but there was no machinery for an honest woman, whose husband was a drunken loafer wishing to live on his wife's means and committing adultery, to obtain a divorce. This case opened up the subject of divorce to good purpose in England, but there is much left to do along these lines.

IT WAS the women's view-point that gave form and substance to the majority report of the recent Royal Commission on Divorce in England, altho the views of leading churchmen were elaborately set forth. It is the same old story—"Pass this bill and you will demoralize the home and undermine our civilization." Those are familiar words to American women. The halls of our legislature fairly ring with the echoes of them.

In Scandinavia they went about the thing in a more orderly and practical way. A joint commission was formed composed of representatives of the three countries, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. This commission began its work in 1910, and first presented to the respective legislatures an outline of a law governing the prerequisites of marriage and its dissolution. This law, or all of the essential points in the law, having been accepted by the three countries, the commission then presented a law concerning all of the legal and judicial aspects of marriage. With the passage of the latter law, these countries have now virtually adopted a uniform marriage code, and it is the adoption of this code that ex-Premier Zahle says marks a "forward step in the cultural unity of the North."

The marriage laws as passed in Scandinavia follow marriage historically, so to speak, through its various phases. In our country people are at liberty personally to conduct their own tours through the mazes of courtship, and to drop in informally before any magistrate or minister—in some States a plain friend and a pair of witnesses will do—and have the nuptial knot tied. The ease and grace with which the final ceremony may be accomplished depend on the laws of the State in which they happen to be. If the "red tape" connected with procuring the license proves a bit troublesome it is often only necessary to cross the State line and—presto! all is easy. If two young people decide to get married it is supposed to be nobody's business other than their own, unless some spice is injected into the affair by an "irate parent" or something, in which case the whole affair immediately becomes public property through the newspapers, the extent of the publicity depending on the "prominence" of the parties concerned or their families.

No matter what sort of relations may exist between a man and a woman, in this country it is considered no business whatever of the State, the courts, or the public if, in the end, *they are legally married*. On the other hand, if these relations assume a certain serious aspect, and *the parties do not marry*, it becomes quite another matter. Public sentiment is aroused, and the man is forced to marry the woman whom he is considered to have wronged, whether either of the parties wishes to marry or not. If the couple marries, the whole

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FROKEN OTHILIE TONNING
Scandinavian Leader of the Salvation Army's Work for Women

Perfect equality between the two parties is aimed at in the new law. The husband's guardianship is abolished. He can no longer determine locations of home, and in no way is the wife subservient to her husband.

The wife's personal work in the house is counted a contribution to the common support just as much as money.

Even tho the husband be "the one who acquires" it is recommended that the parties share equally in the savings, which are often due as much to the thrift and economy of the wife as to the ability of the husband.

Married persons can always secure a divorce when both want it.

Opportunity is open to each of the parties to request separation whenever the mutual good relations of the two may be said to be destroyed, even tho other circumstances might reasonably demand that the marriage be prolonged. This feature of the law is said to be wholly unknown in the laws of the world in divorce. It is based on the fundamental conception that it is morally indefensible to maintain a marriage relation by legal statute when all real bonds between the two are broken.

AS SOON as women begin to develop a political consciousness they automatically begin to protest against the existing injustices in law touching the sex relations—marriage, divorce, and the protection of the child born out of wedlock.

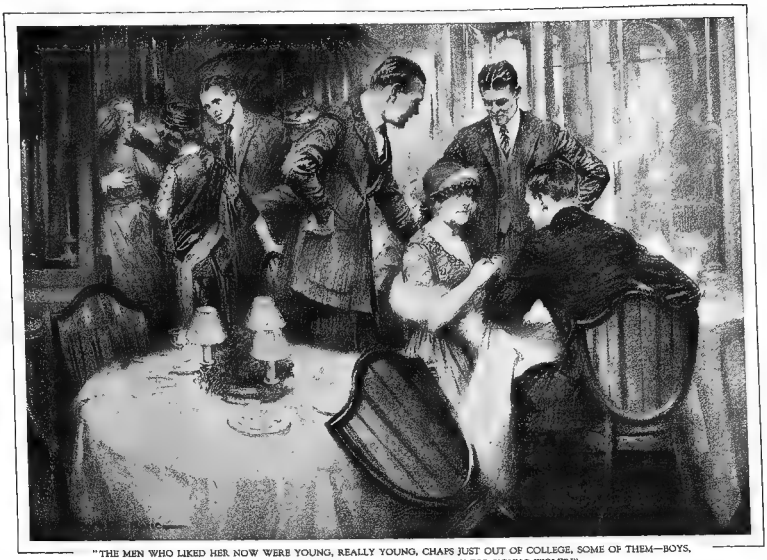
As a result of this agitation a joint commission of the three Scandinavian countries—Norway, Sweden, and Denmark—has agreed upon a uniform marriage code which an eminent Danish statesman says is "an important step forward in the cultural unity of the North."

To begin with, Scandinavia conceives marriage as an ethical relation, and accepts the principle that persons should not be compelled to live together by law after the mutual good relations of the two may be said to be destroyed.

The new law provides for mutual duties of support, equal guardianship of children, and equal property rights.

Publicity must be given to the marriage pact, but divorce proceedings must be in court behind closed doors. The divorce scandals that fill our newspapers will be impossible in Scandinavia.

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"THE MEN WHO LIKED HER NOW WERE YOUNG, REALLY YOUNG, CHAPS JUST OUT OF COLLEGE, SOME OF THEM—BOYS, ALMOST. OF COURSE BOYS LIKE THAT CARED ONLY FOR YOUNG WOMEN"

YOUNG

You May Turn the Clock Back for a While, but Father Time Will Have His Way

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. B. KING

WHEN she was eighteen Varna Kittering married. She liked to think, later, that the marriage was forced upon her by her parents. In a way, of course, it was, tho she had been a most willing martyr. The Manderses—she had been Varna Manders before her marriage—were poor. Varna was an only child and pretty. When Joseph Rumsey Kittering, who had inherited the Kittering fortune, came to call, attracted by her gaiety and her youth, he was received with the most cordial possible welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Manders. Varna was a bit shy, but her shyness was more the result of a natural but deliberate coquetry than from any desire to repel. Varna's parents took it for granted from the first that Varna would accept Joseph Kittering, if he proposed—and they knew Varna well enough to feel that he would propose. The only influence they had used had been with Kittering and not with Varna—a hurrying of the wedding, after the engagement became a fact, an air of good feeling and of letting Kittering realize what a rare pearl he had captured.

After the wedding and a honeymoon to England—Varna had never been out of America but had always wanted to go—the Kitterings settled down in a small town-house in the East Sixties and Varna saw her parents established in one of the smaller hotels quite near her. Then Varna took up her life as Mrs. Kittering with a deep and real sigh of satisfaction.

Altho she liked to feel that she was a sacrifice, that, by her marriage, she had saved her parents from any future worry about money—or about her support, which was the main thing—she knew, well enough, that she had been deliberately trained for matrimony and that the training had been as much her own seeking as her parents'. Manders was poor, tho he had a decent position with one of the older banking institutions. Both Manders and his wife had some slight social connections, that is, they were distantly related to people who were related to people who entertained extensively. Mrs. Manders had been a Durea and she was a Daughter of the American Revolution and a Colonial Dame. Manders, himself, came from decent stock of some pretentions. The Manderses had always lived as well as they could, economizing in a thousand small ways, attending series of dull lectures instead of more enjoyable dramas because it kept them in touch with "the right people." They pretended that family meant a great deal to them, but they cared for money far more. From her childhood, Varna had been taught that a marriage for money was the only possible thing, the one desirable attainment. If she were sacrificed, the sacrifice had occurred years before and had been the killing of any natural inclinations in her youth that might have led to another end, tho even this was unlikely.

The Kittering fortune was not a great one. But it meant servants, a small town-house, a little country place, a month in the South during the Winter, things like that. It was as much as Varna or her parents had dared hope for. Her years of private schools, where she would meet "the right people"—preferably girls with desirable brothers—her cultural courses in art and literature and music, had all been directed to this end. So, Varna married and settled down, comfortably, in the Kittering town-house, an old and not particularly attractive house, until Varna started doing it over.

There is no telling which way Varna might have turned out, ordinarily. She had a fair amount of talents along the usual lines. She could play the piano in a nice mechanical, tinkly fashion and pretended a fondness for Chopin. She could daub a bit with water-colors, and liked rather impressionistic things done in oranges and purples. She had been in amateur plays and could speak in a pleasant but rather high and monotonous voice and walk across a stage nicely. She wrote bromidic and gushing letters full of descriptions of scenery and her parents and friends frequently told her that her letters were "just like reading a book, I could actually imagine I'd been there, myself," so she felt she knew something of writing. Varna would never have taken up suffrage or social reform, anything like that. Her talents were more personal, reflected more pleasantly on her. Varna was kept, however, from developing into a busy little bee of culture along any of these lines by a stray remark of a Baroness Von Gladbach, who entered into her life at a chance reception just after her marriage, stayed just long enough to make the remark, and vanished.

"NOT *MRS.* Kittering?" asked the Baroness, "you—you're not a married woman?"

"Indeed I am," answered Varna, "quite married, four months of being married."

"Snatched from the cradle," smiled the Baroness, "a child-bride, if there ever was one. Why, you can't be more than sixteen."

Varna was pretty and slender and blonde and she had had her nineteenth birthday a month before, and, until then she'd considered herself young, but, well, quite a matron, settled and all that.

"Oh, I am," laughed Varna, "I'm quite a bit over sixteen. But she didn't give her age. And the kind Baroness drifted along the tide and Varna met other people and hurried home just in time to dress for dinner—they were dining at the Morny Blanchards, who were cranks on promptness.

But the thought stayed with Varna and gave her a pleasant, warm feeling. Not only had she married to please—to support, really—her parents, but she'd been sacrificed by them when a mere child. A child-bride, forced into matrimony at sixteen! The little tricks Varna had used to attract Joe, shy giggles, coyness, new perfumes, were forgotten. Joe was years older than she was, in his thirties when they were married—an old man, almost—and she—why, of course—snatched from the cradle.

VARNA did look young at nineteen. But, after that remark of the Baroness, she became perceptibly younger. Clothes, first of all. The things she had bought for her trousseau had been simple, almost negligible, just enough to tide her over until some of the Kittering bank account should become hers. After marriage, Varna had spent, immediately, all that she dared. She had bought hand-embroidered linens and fragile lingerie—it was before the time every girl had to have silk underthings. Varna bought dresses for afternoon, for dinners, for dances, but with no object in view other than she liked them. Now, suddenly, she saw that they were too old for her, as, indeed, the majority of them were—she had bought quite elaborate things in the first frenzy of being Mrs. Kittering.

Now, in order to be young, Varna discarded most of her grown-up things. She gave some to her maid, some to her friends. She bought débutante things, instead—or things too young for a débutante, more appropriate for the growing girl of sixteen. She went in for broad white piqué collars or tiny little round organdy collars with the narrowest of lace edgings and a bit of a bow in front, coat-suits cut like a boy's, little round hats that turned up all around and were quite devoid of trimming, plain, rather heavy round-toed shoes from the misses' department. She cultivated a new set of mannerisms, a baby pout, a stick-out lower lip, just a suggestion of a stare in her too-open eyes. She didn't use any make-up at all. Her face was really quite fresh-looking and she decided that, without powder, and with the merest suggestion of a shine to her nose, she really looked best—for sixteen.

If Kittering noticed the change in Varna he didn't say anything. He was quite in love with her, then, and as her pre-nuptial views had purposely agreed with his, he was satisfied with her. He was tired of too many theaters, too

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many dinners, too many week-ends out of town. He was prepared to settle down into a comfortable married life. He didn't belong to the set which lives in a frenzy of good times. His friends were marrying and living according to his views of married life. An evening at the club, a dinner party occasionally, big affairs when you couldn't get out of them, those things were all right, of course, but he had regular business hours, wanted to increase the money that had been left to him, make something out of himself. He wanted a well-managed home, friends, a pleasant, agreeable wife, a couple of children.

Varna, for a while, was quite satisfied with Kittering. She was fond of him, at least proud of him. He was a trifle stout, even in his thirties, and his hair was thinning just a little at the back of his head and receding ever so slightly from his forehead. But these faults and a desire for regular and long hours of sleep at night—Varna could take naps during the day—did not seem serious to her.

For the first two, almost three, years of her married life, Varna was happy. She had everything she wanted—she was young. It was fun to be able to spend money for things she'd never had, to be able to take a group of "the girls" into tea-places and buy them jolly good things to eat. At night there were theater parties and dinners. Even an occasional dinner and evening at home didn't seem so bad. She was Mrs. Joseph Rumsey Kittering and people looked at her and flattered her—and told her how young she looked to be married. Young—of course that. When Joe spoke of children she spoke of something else or explained, quite seriously, that she was too young to settle down, that she wanted to have a few good times, first. Surely she deserved good times—at her age—and her pleasures were innocent enough.

Varna was proud of her youthfulness. As she grew more accustomed to having enough money to spend—not to have to plan a week ahead for a pair of new shoes or how to have a dress copied by a "little dressmaker" so it would resemble the original in an exclusive shop—she became more and more proud of her appearance, more centered on her own freshness. She knew the simple things she had adopted shortly after her marriage. Her evening clothes, too, were youthful models. The extremely plain things proved a trifle more expensive than the more elaborate gowns because they depended entirely on cut and material and could not be helped out by lace or tulle, but this pleased Varna. She liked not having to think about money. Plain things, too, have to be immaculate; you have to have lots of changes, but this, too, was quite all right. Varna, at twenty-three, still wore the clothes the shops showed as "junior styles," still glowed happily when some one said, "Why, you aren't married, surely, a little girl like you?" And, more than just looking young, she felt young, with life all ahead of her, with the privileges and possibilities of youth.

THEN Varna grew just a little tired of Joe. Joe refused to stay young, not as young as Varna, of course, but even as young as he had been—ought to be. He didn't object to her clothes, rather liked the things she bought, in fact, but he didn't care for the girls she went with. Varna had adopted the next younger crowd of girls and those just younger than that—much more fun than the girls she had gone with who acted so dreadfully settled and serious now, most of them. Those young girls liked her and treated her quite like one of themselves. She really looked and felt their age, of course. She was always taking them on delightful treats, boxes at the matinées, "royal gorges" of their favorite bonbons. But, Joe, decidedly, was a married man. He laughed at her friends. He took on, almost mechanically, hundreds of little, married habits. The nights the Kitterings dined at home Joe insisted that dinner be served promptly at seven, and sometimes frowned a little at Varna's giggled explanations of why she was late. After dinner, Joe liked to read in the library, if there were no other engagements, and retire about ten. He read, usually, the lighter magazines or the newspapers or a novel some one had recommended and, occasionally, a dull book on business with some sort of a stupid report in it—Varna banged these closed after one peek inside. Varna didn't like to read.

On their evenings at home, if she didn't have any of the girls in to see her—and, at that time, she frequently had a couple of very young girls in to spend the night—Varna would go to her room early and spend half an hour, an hour sometimes, gossiping with her maid, having her face massaged just a bit, tho she knew she was too young really to need it, having her hair brushed.

Kittering liked to breakfast at nine, so he could be in the office a little before ten. Varna thought this was "beastly," and, as time passed, she was less and less inclined to breakfast with him. Gradually, and quite usually, they drew farther apart, until, another year, when Varna was twenty-four, they were the average couple of their set, with their own engagements, their own things to do. And, to Varna, Kittering, at thirty-eight; a trifle stouter now, and hair quite perceptibly back from his forehead, a little gray, too, was quite an old man. She was youth, itself, she felt—why, just a few days before she was twenty-five, some one, a chap in a shop, some place, said, "*MRS* Kittering?" when she'd given her name. She was young—twenty-five, and didn't look even that age. She'd stay young, too. Wasn't youth quite the best thing she had?

SHE didn't want babies, of course. Kittering seemed a trifle anxious for them. Babies! You couldn't be young with babies to bother about. Some women—but then, they didn't care how they grew to look. A few of the women she knew had babies—one or two—and still looked well enough. But, usually, babies so definitely age you—first you lose your figure—and never quite get your looks back again. If she were a beauty—but it wasn't that, it wasn't looks, entirely. She couldn't be young, feel young, worrying about babies—how they were, what they were doing, if they were being taken proper care of, how they'd grow up—after they came, to say nothing of the trouble and danger of having them—she might die even. If she had a baby—why, she'd never really be young, again.

After the next year or so, Varna found that the young girls she knew no longer interested her. They were silly, of course—and jealous of her—awfully jealous if she even talked to the boys they liked. Of course she couldn't blame them, exactly, for that, but still, they were foolish, did such stupid things. They could run around for hours and not get tired. Oh, she could do that, too—but they ate such quantities of ices and pastries. It was bound to ruin any complexion if you kept it up. They giggled too much. And really, she couldn't close her eyes to it—they sort of "worked" her for things, made her pay for all of the luncheons—that sort of thing—and then, frequently, left her out of their very nicest parties.

When Varna gave up going with the very young girls, who, she felt, resembled her in appearance, she did not substitute the women of her own age for them. These women seemed so definitely settled, were interested in such tiresome committees or were having terrible affairs with just one man each—and carrying on so emotionally—tried to drag her with them—unpleasant things they were.



"'WHY, THE BOYS CALL HER NOW DON'T TELL THIS, BILLY TOLD ME—THEIR—THEIR—GREAT-GODMOTHER!'"

For a while, then, Varna played around alone, spending even more time and money on clothes and appearance. She experimented with the most expensive perfumes, and creams. At twenty-seven, she gave up the extreme little-girl things she had worn until then, tho she felt she still looked eighteen. She still wore young-looking things, however She wore high French heels, now, tho, and used powder and a tiny bit of rouge and just touched her eyebrows and her lashes the least bit with a brown pencil. But even clothes bored her. And women. She drew definitely away from all women—what cats women were, anyhow.

But Varna was good-looking and idle. And there were men who were good-looking and idle, too. They were much pleasanter than women—or Kittering. Varna found that out soon enough. They had more time for her than Joe; they could be nice to her, afternoons—didn't have to spend every single minute making money—liked other things better, teas and drives and visits to interesting places, private exhibits, things like that. They liked going out in the evening, too, instead of reading or going to sleep. There were half a dozen fellows, just about her own age—some even as old as Kittering—fellows the women and girls she knew would have given a lot to have gone with—and Varna hadn't forgotten how to be charming just because she was married. She was young, merry; that's why men liked her. Definitely, the men became substitutes for the women she had gone with—and much better substitutes. Instead of having to do the treating, herself, it was the men who did it—and they sent her books, too, and flowers and all sorts of odd things they'd pick up, a carved amethyst in a quaint setting, an odd crystal, little things. She didn't have serious affairs, of course. She didn't like things like that. She knew "how far to go." She didn't believe in emotions, anyhow, didn't like to feel things deeply. These emotional women were always the ones who lost their husbands—or got old—little wrinkles around their eyes and mouth.

WHEN Varna was about thirty—she was much younger in appearance than the other women of her age at that—she noticed the first signs of disappearing youth—of very girlishness, that is.

She felt she'd have to do something about it—men didn't like women who looked old—and she felt that she could never settle down into the half-comatose state in which Kittering and lots of her women acquaintances lived. Her skin looked a trifle rough, clouded. There were a few hardly visible lines at the corners of her eyes. Of course she knew no one else would notice these things—still, you can't let things like that go on. Perhaps a new maid—and advice from a good beauty specialist—that was it—she had felt her maid pulling too hard on her skin.

Varna went to a new masseur she had heard about and sent Rawley, the new maid, for a course of lessons. That helped, of course. Rawley found a gray hair, too, about that time, but it didn't bother Varna as much as she had feared the first gray hair might. She had thought it would seem a tragedy. Why—she was young—a gray hair was nothing at all. Gray hairs—her mother had had gray hairs, a few of them, at sixteen. Lots of women do. But she looked for gray hairs, after that, and found one or two, occasionally, and so did Rawley. She knew that was all wrong, about ten coming back if you pulled one out—hers came back hardly at all.

Varna used a little more rouge, now—not too much She touched up her eyes a little more and with a black pencil instead of a brown one and sometimes a touch of mascaro and a bit of blue on her eyelids—men liked that, anyhow—it really made her look younger. Varna was well satisfied with her appearance. She was having a good time—staying young. That was the main thing, staying young. She felt she didn't look a day over twenty-one. She was a little heavier, of course, and had to be a bit careful about what she ate—but it was worth that trouble to keep her hips slender. Women of her age who had already lost their youth envied her, she knew. She spent hours in front of her mirror, smiling at herself, rearranging her hair, trying out new face-creams and lotions. When new wrinkles came, at the first suspicion of them, she went to new beauty specialists, tried new methods, electric massage, baths of mud and of peculiar ointments, violet-ray treatments, special masks.

Varna went with older men, now, quite old men. She liked them—they were lots of fun They were men much older than Kittering, but not stupid stay-at-homes like him. She had got tired of the men her age or Kittering's age. They had ceased to flatter her or show proper eagerness to be with her. The old men flattered her, tho, laughed at her jokes, treated her as if she were a little girl. She was glad she was young. When she saw the women she had gone to school with, she gave little shudders. Why—they were—middle-aged, actually. Didn't they know how frumpy they looked? It was a wonder they didn't take some sort of care of themselves!

During the next few years Varna gained fifteen pounds in weight. Until the scales showed the complete gain, she was not much worried. But fifteen, that did make a differ-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

Google

To protect your skin one cream—to cleanse it an entirely different cream

Every normal skin needs these two: for Daytime use, a dry cream made entirely without oil so that it cannot reappear in a shine—at Night, a cream made with the oil necessary to keep the skin soft and pliant



In the daytime, use Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect your skin against sun, wind and dust. It will not reappear in a shine.

These two creams are totally different in character and the results they accomplish are separate and distinct. They answer different demands of the skin. Your skin must have both if it is to keep its original loveliness.



For the nightly cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream—the cream with an oil base.

For daytime use—the cream that will not reappear in a shine

YOU ***must protect your skin*** from sun, wind and dust or it will protect itself by developing a tough, florid surface. Then the soft texture of youth is lost forever.

Wind whips the natural moisture out of the skin, drying it so that tiny scales appear. Dust bores deep into the pores, dulling and blemishing the complexion and forming blackheads.

Make a point of always applying Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out. It is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect on the skin. The cream disappears at once, affording your skin an invisible protection. No matter how much you are out of doors, it will keep your skin smooth and soft.

There is not a drop of oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream to reappear and make your face shiny. Use it regularly to protect the skin during the daytime and evening.

Skin specialists advise the use of a protective cream.

When you powder, do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into the pores and enlarging them.

At night—the cleansing cream made with oil

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores, and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Catch tiny lines before they deepen. Every minute time is working against us, etching fine little lines about the eyes, nose and mouth, under the chin, and in front of the ears—lines that deepen rapidly into wrinkles. The cream that guards against these is invaluable.

Ward them off by faithful use of Pond's Cold Cream at night. This nourishing cream contains just the amount of oil needed to supplement the natural oil—and natural oil is the skin's most successful opponent of wrinkles. Rub in Pond's Cold Cream where the lines are beginning to form, under and around the eyes, at the corners of the mouth, at the base of the nose, and under the chin. Too vigorous manipulation of the skin often increases instead of lessening wrinkles. Pond's has been made extremely light in texture so that with it only the gentlest stroking is necessary.

Start using these two creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream



GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
113 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name .....

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City ..... State .....

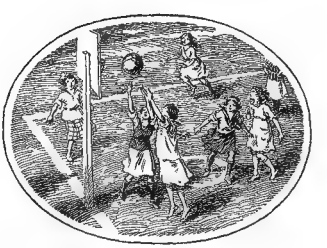
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A PLEA FOR ORGANIZED PLAY

BY HELEN SOUTHWICK

"All Work and No Play Makes Jack a Dull Boy"



DECORATIONS BY HAROLD SICHEL

THERE is an editor in our town whose editorials are always signed by "The Old Man." It is a lovable, disarming rôle under the protection of which he fearlessly criticizes our most venerable institutions. If there be any graft in our browbeaten community which has not yet been exposed by The Old Man, it is an error due to oversight and will be rectified in to-morrow morning's paper. Irate advertisers have long since been informed that the editor has plenty of money, thank you, and purposes to continue publishing the news—ads. or no ads. Meanwhile, of course, we all subscribe; desiring, naturally, to know what The Old Man is saying about us.

At regular intervals he bombards the public schools. Recently he has concentrated fire upon one particular school "fad," namely, supervised play. Here, indeed, was inspiration for facetious editorials, and gleefully The Old Man pounced upon it. In fact, so effective was his merry ridicule that the Professor of Fun, as The Old Man playfully named him, was not engaged the following year and our schools reverted to callisthenics twice a day.

The Old Man is sure he is right. Perhaps he is. Certainly he is sincerely and actively interested in the progress of his community, which is more than can be said for some of his complacent readers. And certainly he is not alone in his conviction that play is a God-given instinct needing no direction. Popular lecturers can always get a laugh by some humorous reference to this newfangled supervision of play, with perhaps a passing allusion to their own boyhood days in which Father's wood-pile is sure to be featured. Writers occasionally have a fling at it. Parents shake their heads dubiously and wonder, "What'll be the next fad to waste the children's time?"

It has been said that people oppose what they do not understand. Hence it seems only reasonable to expect everybody to read at least one sensible book on the subject before expressing opinions for or against. If The Old Man, for instance, could be persuaded to read Curtis's "Education through Play," we could then listen with respect to his opinion on the question. If parents could be induced to read the sort of books we teachers are obliged to read, our schools might speedily improve; for they have the power to apply the remedy if they knew what it was, while we think we know the remedy but have not the power to apply it.

Let's Make a Fresh Start

LAST year, for example, I, like thousands of other teachers, was required to read Henderson's "What Is It to Be Educated?" a book written for parents but read by school-teachers. It aroused me as no other book has ever done to the wasted opportunities of the home and the school. Tingling with new ideas, I laid the book down and returned to my schoolroom—where I continue to force upon each child the facts which *as yet* he does not *want to know*, and blandly and stubbornly withhold from him the training nature evidently intended him to receive in those beautiful fleeting years Henderson so aptly calls the "years of grace."

Nobody realizes more keenly than the school-teachers that our schools need reorganization. But what the critical public does not seem to realize is that the teachers are not running the schools. They can convene and resolve and publish magazines and discuss methods and devices—ye gods! The Methods and Devices—but the vital question of what sort of training and knowledge our children actually need, is not in the hands of the school-teachers. We teach the subjects we are told to teach and compile the statistics we are told to compile. And, quite frequently, when every little figure has been inserted in its own little column and every child has been meticulously classified in numerous different ways on numerous different cards, we have little time or strength left to expend upon the child himself.

In these days when the old order changes with such incredible ease and rapidity, some of us have dared to hope that the schools might be subjected to—not a revolution—but just an old-fashioned house-cleaning. There are many priceless heirlooms to cherish. But there is a deal of clutter in the attic which could be sold to the junkman, and some very precious and beautiful things which should be put away until the children grow up. We have hoped that the fathers and mothers might be shamed into an effort to specialize on their job, even as the teachers are expected to specialize on theirs. That they might begin reading and thinking about the true meaning of education—and by this I do not mean merely "visiting the schools," tho that is, of course, advisable. The point is that too many voters have never thought much about it. Their investigations have gone as far as Jimmy's teacher, and stopped there.

But we were speaking of The Old Man. If he is right, somebody ought to convince me of it. If he is wrong, somebody ought to convince him of it. Let me begin by saying that I appreciate his view-point, for I, too, am keenly aware



of the pitfalls that lie in the path of the play supervisor. Tact and good sense and sincerity and skill in liberal measure must be his who equips himself to be a director on the playground.

I think we can agree with The Old Man that all children inherit an instinct for play. They also inherit an instinct for worship, yet not many of us are willing to allow this instinct to develop without guidance. The instincts of fear, self-protection, love, hate, mating, parenthood, are carefully guarded by thoughtful parents who deem it very important that they be given the right expression at nature's appointed time. Then why, I wonder, do we so tranquilly ignore the instinct of play?

We should remember that there are many forms of play, and among its most delightful forms are sports and games, which of course are the only kinds of play the school would attempt to direct. Nobody dreams of intruding upon the child's own "secret garden," even tho we could find the key to the door which yields so willingly to the pressure of little fingers. Nor would we rob him of his right to use imagination and ingenuity in contriving plays of his own.

If free, unsupervised play is all that some enthusiasts claim for it, then surely we should be able to find ideal examples of it in the rural schools, where there is an abundance of space, fresh air, and sunshine, as well as an opportunity to form intimate friendships which the larger groups of the city playground do not permit. A country school with which I am very well acquainted will serve as an illustration. Some teacher had bought them a basket-ball. Now there are at least fifty games which may be played with a basket-ball, but this ball served solely as something to squabble over. There were twenty fights over that ball for every game. The school board was somewhat discouraged. Having supplied the children with teeters and swings and turning-bars and a basket-ball, they had considered the playground problem disposed of for all time—and prepared for a peaceful term of school. Naturally it was disheartening to discover that bullying, talebearing, smoking, and vile practical jokes continued to be the established order of things.

AT THIS juncture they happened to secure a teacher who, tho deficient in other ways, was a genuine playground enthusiast. It was heavy going at first. When a game was proposed, half the recess period was consumed in choosing sides, as everybody wanted the best positions. Team-work was unheard of, and the loser invariably accused the winner of cheating. In six months, however, those same boys and girls knew thirty new games and were proud of it. What is much better, they played them on their own initiative They had learned to choose sides without waste of time and to play the game like sportsmen. The whiner was an object of ridicule. They had become self-starters. The teacher played only for the fun of it or was unobtrusively present.

But they had the instinct for play, right enough. So have the lads in a certain small town which I would like to name. There is a well-organized gang of them –high-school and upper-grade boys, who make the nights hideous for law-abiding citizens and infect the entire school.

It is organized play, too, of a sort; and they do not lack for direction. As Curtis points out, the question is not "Shall play be directed?" but "Who shall direct it?"

They are not incorrigible boys. Jane Addams says, "We see all about us much vice which is merely a love for pleasure gone wrong. Amusement is stronger than vice, and it alone can stifle the lust for it." And Curtis says this: "A boy can play baseball with eight other boys all of whom belong in a reform school, and so long as he *plays* he will not suffer any harm; but let him loaf around with them for half an hour and the effects of that half-hour may mar his whole life."

Years of teaching experience have given me many opportunities to observe both rural and city schools; and I have come to the conclusion that our children really know very few games, and are not in the habit of playing those games which they do know. There is a tendency among the girls to spend the recess periods in fancy-work and gossip, and a tendency among the boys to find an outlet for their surplus energy in unwholesome ways. They have not lost the desire to play games. They simply are *not in the habit* of playing games. Of course there is always a group of energetic children who say, "Let's play something," but the group is surprizingly small; and the number of those who, because of timidity or ill health or laziness or indifference, are merely idle spectators, is disturbingly large. One may protest that this is unnatural and incredible, but I am convinced that it is generally true.

Of course there are rare occasions when they taste the joys of a real game; afternoons when they tramp in, puffing and rosy-cheeked, laughing and disputing over a glorious contest of wits and agility; and at such times we often accomplish more in one hour than we ordinarily accomplish in two hours of puttering and dawdling.

The Wrong Way to Go About It

SURELY this is not true of the up-to-date city schools? The Gary system—

But alas, there are so few Gary systems. We Americans are rather prone to seize upon a few shining examples and advertise them, forgetting that they are not representative of general conditions. Are the schools in your town organized on the Gary plan? Last year I taught in what is considered to be one of the finest school "systems" in my State. During the recreation periods in my building, 350 children were turned loose upon the playground at one time! There was no specially trained supervisor who might have handled half that number in the course of a day by taking one group of children at a time. Instead, two regular teachers were detailed for "ground duty" and went unwillingly forth, the one to "start the games," and the other, presumably, to stop the fights. Can you imagine it? The number of games those children had never heard of was amazing. Perhaps it is just as well that their play periods were only ten minutes long, as the children failed to utilize them.

This same school boasts of its daily callisthenics. These exercises are crowded into the program by the regular teacher, who can not be expected to do it as well as a specialist. We are all agreed that callisthenics are beneficial. They correct bad posture and special defects; they exercise unused muscles, encourage deep breathing, teach quick response to signals, etc. Doubtless, ten or fifteen minutes a day are well spent in callisthenics. But formal gymnastic exercises are not *play*. To be sure, they will develop a kind of physical efficiency. But callisthenics alone will not awaken little minds or arouse latent energies or banish that apathetic expression all too common in the schoolroom. If we can not put the spirit of Joy into our physical training, we may as well give it up. Do you study faces in the streets? If you do you know how many people there are for whom, apparently, "youth is finished without ever having been begun."

It is now time for indignant protests. Some parent is proudly exhibiting *his* child who is plump and rosy and happy. Some fortunate grown-up is recalling his own normal care-free childhood. Nevertheless, the test of our school system is its influence upon the unfortunate and the handicapped, who do seem to be in the majority. Any old school will perhaps suffice for those whose home training will do for them what the school fails to do. But if we can point to millions of every-day people with every-day intellects, who through the help of the public school have learned to live sane, healthy, useful, happy lives, then, indeed, we can boast of a real achievement.

How many grown people do you know who engage in active sports? Are they the exception or the rule? Even our dancing is too languorous and stupid to be healthful. Perhaps if we could occasionally substitute the Irish Jig for the one-step, we might see an improvement in both the circulation and the morals of the present generation. Millions of us can operate a phonograph, watch a picture-show or a ball-game, or drive a car. But how many of us swim and ride and skate and play games? How many of *Us*, I mean.

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Dolly Dingle's Fairy Tales—"Hansel and Gretel"

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON



GRETEL was a little girl found by a woodsman, who took her home to bring up with his son Hansel. The woodsman's wife was jealous of the children and was afraid that they would eat so much that the parents would have to starve. She lured them into the woods and left them there to get along as best they could. Unable to find their way home they wandered through the forest until they came to a wonderful house made of gingerbread and candy. An old witch lived there and she put Hansel in a cage to fatten him up like a goose so that she could eat him. She built a great big fire underneath a great big oven and made poor Gretel gather the sticks for the fire. This was the oven in which she intended to cook Hansel. But Gretel stole the witch's wand and set Hansel free. Then just as the witch was looking into the oven to see if it was hot enough to cook, Hansel and Gretel together pushed her in and she perished, leaving the children to live happily ever after.

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Favorites of the Stage and Screen of Whom Much Is Expected

The Advent of the New Season Gives Many Fresh Interests

BELOW is shown Eileen Percy, one of the loveliest of film stars. Her dainty, exquisite beauty has won her wide popularity. She is starring in Fox productions.



Photographed by Edward Thayer Monroe

MARY EATON, above, stands out even among the famed beauties of the Ziegfeld Follies that most popular—and justly so—of annual reviews. This year's passes all previous records—it is unquestionably a "great show."



Photographed by Edward Thayer Monroe

ANOTHER of the boys of lovely girls in the Ziegfeld Follies is Frances Renesau who is winning deserved popularity for her charm and naturalness. Her dark beauty is of a very unusual type, as you see above.



NORA BAYES, at the left, has added new laurels to her credit in "Ina Snap" this fall. The review under the management of the Selwyn and Lew Fields Shubert with her are Lew Fields and De Wolf Hopper as audiences are assured of beauty and talent that can not be excelled.

ALL the right as shown Eleanor Painter, the piquant prima donna of "The Last Waltz," produced by the Shuberts. The music by Oscar Strauss is most delightful, the staging is splendid in its magnificence and the cast supporting Miss Painter has helped to make this one of the outstanding successes of the season.



THE unusual comedy "The Ghost Between" defied even the hot weather. In addition to being a very clever play it has an excellent cast headed by Arthur Byron. Snapshots him as Laura Walker shown below. Her talent is at its best in this part and her continued success predicted by all who have seen her.

Photographed by Byron Company Studios



THOSE who have seen "The Whirl of New York" produced by the Shuberts have voted this between acts comedy ever staged at the Winter Garden in New York. Its eminent in the cast is the English star, Dorothy Ward who already has established herself in the country by her acting as a prima donna and for her beauty. Below

Photographed by Campbell Studio



Photographed by Sarony



Photographed by Ira D. Schwarz

OF all the vivid personalities on the stage, none stands out more prominently than Gilda Varesi, above, appearing in "Enter Madame."



Photographed by Ira D. Schwarz

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Five things to fight

The film on teeth.
The germs that breed there.
The dingy coats which film forms on the teeth.
The starch deposits which ferment and form acids.
The acids which attack teeth.

Pepsodent combats them all in new, effective ways. Make this ten-day test and see.

One Week Ago

those pretty teeth were clouded by a film

We ask you to see, as millions have done, what one week can do for your teeth.

Your teeth are now film-coated—clouded more or less. Combat that film in this new way, and watch results.

Then you will know a way to whiter teeth, to cleaner, safer teeth. And that knowledge may bring life-long benefits to you.

Beauty marred by film

The beauty of countless women is marred by dingy teeth. And that dinginess comes from film.

The film is viscous. You can feel it with your tongue. But it clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush, used in old ways, fails to end it. So the film absorbs stains, and eventually forms a cloudy coat.

That is why teeth discolor. The stain is in the film-coat, not the teeth.

Danger lurks there

But film does more than that. It forms the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. Despite the tooth brush, they have been constantly increasing. Few people have escaped them. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this great tooth enemy.

Two effective methods have been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Today the two are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste. And leading dentists everywhere now advise its daily use.

Other protections

Pepsodent also meets other modern requirements. It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. This to digest the starch deposits. With modern diet, rich in starch, these often remain to form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's agent for neutralizing acids which cause tooth decay.

Pepsodent twice daily stimulates the forces in a natural way. Modern research proves this necessary. In all these ways it is bringing about a new era in teeth cleaning.

Millions employ it

Millions of people now employ Pepsodent, largely through dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth. And those clean teeth mean safer teeth—protected as never before.

Every woman owes herself a test. A 10-Day Tube is offered for the purpose. Get it and see what it does.



The night attacks

Film on the teeth or between the teeth may attack them during sleep. So may starch deposits. Acids form in such coats, and the acids soften the enamel.

Countless people who brush teeth nightly fail to remove all the film. And trouble frequently results.

You will not do this when you know the facts. You will use a film combatant. You will fight the acid and the starch. Modern dental science has evolved the ways to do this. Prove them out, for your sake and your children's sake. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube, and a book which tells the reason for each new effect.

Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Each use brings five desired effects. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Quick changes

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Watch the other good effects. This short test will convince you.

10-Day Tube Free

612

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Dept. 13, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

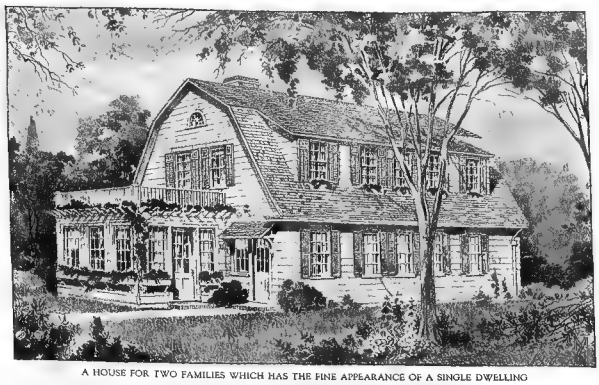
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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

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A HOUSE FOR TWO FAMILIES WHICH HAS THE FINE APPEARANCE OF A SINGLE DWELLING

COMMON-SENSE HOUSE DESIGNS

The Ideal Two-Family Dwelling

BY N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

FOR many months we have been receiving requests for designs for apartments for two families, but there is such a variety of forms in which such a building may be laid out it has been hard to decide just where to begin.

Another difficulty lies in the fact that these combination homes are largely matters of local custom, in some localities their erection being an every-day occurrence, while in other sections they are almost unknown.

In Philadelphia and vicinity the single house is the novelty, the owning of a home in that district usually suggesting a narrow slice of a city block, one unit in a row of twenty or thirty. Such buildings being usually erected by speculative builders, rather than by the individual home-seeker, are hardly suitable for discussion here.

The semidetached dwelling—that is to say, a building where two families live side by side in a sort of double house—forms an attractive solution, but naturally requires considerably more land area, and also a greater construction cost.

The accompanying drawings show what is popularly termed a "duplex" dwelling, housing two families, one above the other. This requires a minimum lot size, a width of about 35 feet being all that is needed, or about 40 feet if a driveway is desired. Also the construction cost, in comparison with two separate buildings, is greatly lessened, since the roof and foundation of the size of one house answer for both; and also the ceiling-beams of the first-story apartment serve as the floor-beams for the one above.

These items of economy of land and of the improvements have made this a very popular type of combination dwelling, and many an owner has paid for the entire investment with the rentals which the second apartment has brought him. Also there are many women, living alone, who have appreciated the feeling of security due to the proximity of the other family in the building.

There are many duplex buildings which can be recognized a block away on account of the two symmetrically arranged entrances and double walks. This has been avoided in the design here shown by having only one front walk which leads to both entrance-doors, that to the first story being opened from the front porch. Also the second-story front porch has been treated as a balcony only, the two-story porch idea being a difficult one to disguise. This balcony, however, can be attractively shaded by means of a large canvas awning, which can be designed in a suitable color-scheme so as to add greatly to the appearance as well as the comfort of the second-story apartment.

It has been assumed that the duplex house is of interest chiefly to those who are endeavoring to lower the cost of living; and for this reason I have chosen a plan requiring only a narrow lot, which means a rather oblong building, which I believe will be in keeping with the requirements of the majority. The width of the building has been made 28 feet so as to work even lumber-lengths. Hallways have been practically eliminated, and the design has been made otherwise as compact and economical as possible.

No butler's pantry has been shown, but an efficiency kitchen has been arranged with breakfast alcove, folding ironing-board, and all of the other conveniences usually considered practicable in a home of moderate cost.

Only two bedrooms are shown, but two alternate plan arrangements have been made which provide for three and four bedrooms respectively. These alternate schemes will be mailed free upon request.

The exterior has been worked out in a simple Dutch Colonial design, this being, apparently, more popular to-day than any other; altho, of course, it can be varied almost indefinitely. Four designs for single houses for the narrow lot appeared in PICTORIAL REVIEW for February, 1921, one of them being very similar to that here shown. And any of the others, with slight alterations, can be used with these duplex floor-plans.

One serious question to be determined in any building which houses more than one family is that of the heating system. Shall there be one plant for all apartments, operated by the owner or by a janitor, or shall separate systems be installed for each tenant, with separate coal-bins, entrances, etc., for each? I would, by all means, recommend the latter, particularly if the owner is to occupy one of the apartments.

If your tenant is inclined to be critical he will be likely to attribute any excess of heat on a mild day to your general ignorance of heating-plants, and if he is not exactly comfortable on a cold day his thoughts are sure to dwell upon the fact that "some people certainly are stingy with their coal." So it seems wise to furnish him with his own heating-apparatus and a place to keep his own fuel.

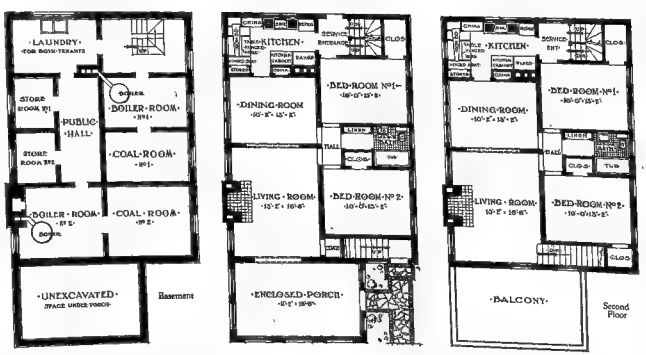
THIS recalls a conference I once had with a large operator in speculative buildings. We had discussed for days every possible means of reducing costs, for a large number of houses were involved and a dollar saved on one was multiplied many times. Every sort of material had been considered, with the sole object of determining what would give the very best appearance while costing the least—lasting qualities being with him a matter of secondary importance. Like most of those who build houses to sell, he was looking for big talking points for his salesmen, things that make a big showing at little expense.

But when we came to the subject of heating he surprised me. After trimming down everything else to rock bottom, he took the radiation figures made by a well-known radiator concern, and told me to add 15 per cent. to them, saying, "Give them plenty of heat." His years of experience in selling houses had taught him that if a man is cold he can easily see all sorts of defects in every other feature, but if he is comfortable it is easy for him to become absorbed in a good book, and he will not worry about other possible shortcomings in the construction.

With the above thoughts in mind I have shown two separate heating-plants and coal-rooms, with convenient access from each apartment. The second-story system had best be either steam, hot water, or hot air.

EDITOR'S NOTE—On July 15th Mr. Woods's own home burned to the ground. It contained his workroom wherein were filed all his correspondence, plans, books, and accounts. Absolutely not a single paper was saved from the wreck. This will explain the delay in correspondence at that time. A large force of draftsmen was immediately put to work on new plans, and every effort is still being made to straighten out all irregularities in correspondence. Knowing this, we ask the patience and indulgence of all subscribers who have been in communication with Mr. Woods.

Editor's Note: We will be glad to answer, free of charge, any questions regarding the plans shown on this page. Address the House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.



PLANS FOR A TWO-FAMILY HOUSE, SHOWING AN ARRANGEMENT OF ENTRANCES AND BASEMENT

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Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ten or fifteen years of life—

Will you add them or subtract them?

Science has discovered why thousands of men and women die needlessly while still young.

A FAMOUS doctor has kept tissue cells of animals alive outside the body for long periods of time. These cells have been kept clean of poisonous matter and properly nourished. It would seem as if their life and growth could thus be maintained indefinitely.

If we could keep our human bodies clean of the poisons which accumulate in them daily and give them the full benefit of proper diet we also ought to live forever. That is an attractive theory.

But it is a known fact that we can add to our span of life or subtract from it. Many men and women choose to subtract.



Messages of startling importance from the laboratory of the scientist

Under forty—yet dying of old-age diseases

Yearly thousands of men and women still under forty die from old-age diseases. Faulty eating has lowered their vitality so that they easily get infections which prove fatal—they get diseases normally coming only with old age. It is now known that lack of only one food factor—vitamine—always causes this lowered vitality.

This new knowledge has given a profound importance to Fleischmann's Yeast, for yeast is the richest known source of this health-essential vitamine.

Fleischmann's Yeast builds up body tissues, makes the body resistant to disease.

In addition, because of its freshness, Fleischmann's Yeast helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter. You get it fresh every day.

A noted professor and doctor of medicine says that fresh compressed yeast is more or less of a stomach and intestinal antiseptic, that it increases the action of the intestines, cleans a coated tongue, and stimulates the production of white corpuscles.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a food, assimilated like any other food. Only one precaution: if troubled with gas dissolve the yeast first in very hot water. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

Eat 2 to 3 cakes a day of Fleischmann's Yeast, before or between meals. Have it on the table at home. Have it delivered at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. *You will like its fresh, distinctive flavor and the clean, wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.*

Place a standing order for Fleishmann's Yeast with your grocer and get it fresh daily. Keep it in a cool, dry place until ready to use.

Send 4c in stamps for the valuable booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." So many requests are coming in daily for this booklet that it is necessary to make this nominal charge to cover cost of handling and mailing. Use coupon at the right, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. GG-21, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Scientific tests of the value of Fleischmann's Yeast

Laxatives gradually replaced by this simple food

A noted specialist, in his latest book, says of fresh, compressed yeast: "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance, especially if it is associated with constipation. . . ."

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food, always fresh, and better suited to the stomach and intestines than laxatives. It is a food—and cannot form a habit. In tested cases normal functions have been restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks. Remember that Fleischmann's Yeast is not a cathartic; it is a fresh food which gradually makes the use of laxatives unnecessary. Eat from 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

Skin disorders cleared up

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It has yielded remarkable results. In one series of tests forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

As Fleischmann's Yeast has a laxative action and as it acts very beneficially on all the digestive organs it helps correct the basic causes of these common ailments—so often due to wrong eating.

Digestion aided

Fleischmann's Yeast furnishes a large amount of the vitamine which makes every ounce of nourishment count in building new stores of energy and health. To improve digestion and get full benefit from the food you eat add Fleischmann's Yeast to your regular diet—2 to 3 cakes a day.



Eat Fleischmann's Yeast plain, spread on bread or crackers or dissolved in milk

Mail this coupon with 4c in stamps

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Dept. GG-21, 701 Washington St., New York, N.Y.

Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

(Please write plainly)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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FREE

A valuable book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," will be sent free to those who mail the coupon below.

The Food-Iron of Raisins

May Be Just the Touch

That brings sturdy strength to children and the bloom of youth to mothers' cheeks



NEW!
Little Sun-Maids
"Between-Meal Raisins"

In a handy little 5c pocket-package!

New energy for office workers who, according to efficiency experts, slow down about 3 o'clock each afternoon—5c.

A little munch-lunch with big nutrition—a luscious bite between meals that everybody needs—5c.

A natural candy for little folk—to satisfy a normal craving for a healthful sweetmeat—5c.

An ounce-and-a-half of "pick-me-up" rich in food iron which brings rosy cheeks.

All for *five cents!* At all drug, grocery, candy and cigar stores. Try Today.

You want the kiddies to be healthy and to have the foods they like. But some *nutritious* foods are not *attractive* to us all.

Use raisins to put the *appetite appeal* in oatmeal, stewed prunes, boiled rice, whole wheat or bran bread and in other foods that children would be better for.

Raisins are rich in food-iron, an essential to good blood. No rosy cheeks for little folks—or their mothers—where there is deficiency in iron.

You need but a small bit daily. And that amount from raisins may be *just the touch* that will turn the scales and bring the good looks of good health. There is nothing so attractive as the bloom of youth. Get it for your children. Have it yourself.

Scores of luscious dishes

Raisins add nutrition—1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound. Appearance and flavor add an irresistible charm. And there are several hundred delicious recipes. A new dish for every day—a new food delight.

By making plain foods more attractive you make them easier to serve. So save on bills. Try them. Learn the possibilities of raisins. They are almost indispensable when you know them.

Sun-Maids are made from California's choicest table grapes. Cured in the sun. Packed in sanitary packages in a great, glass-walled, sun-lighted plant.

They are *clean, sweet, wholesome American* raisins—the kind you know are *good.* All dealers sell them. Insist on Sun-Maid brand.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem).

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 13,000 Growers
Dept. A-310, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Raisin Biscuits

(as illustrated above)

1 cup Sun-Maid Chopped Raisins
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift flour, salt and baking powder into bowl, add the shortening and rub in very lightly, add enough cold milk to hold together, add the raisins and mix. Place dough on floured board, roll or pat with hands until 1 inch thick, then cut with biscuit cutter and brush tops with cold milk. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.



Cut This Out and Send It

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Dept. A-310, Fresno, Cal.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

SUN-MAID RAISINS

WHY NOT LET THE CLEANER DO IT?

BY CLARA H. ZILLESSEN



BUYING a cause and paying for an effect! That's what you do when you invest in an electric cleaner. It's like buying an automobile—you don't pay for just so much metal, machinery, and fabric. You are really buying the *service* which that combination of material and workmanship affords—out-of-doors, the joy of adventure, the wonder of touring. And when you invest your money in the electric cleaner, you are not purchasing an unfamiliar combination of metal, a whirring motor, and fabric bag. It's really the idea of a clean, sweet, fresh house at all times for which you are putting out your money.

So when you invest that money, you must be sure that you are going to get a 100 per cent. cleaner value for the purchase price. What are the requirements of a really good electric cleaner? Four really fundamental essentials: It must be an efficient cleaning-machine; it must be simple and fool-proof in construction; its cleaning appliances must be easy to attach and use; it must be a reliable machine, easily "serviced" if necessary.

When I say your electric cleaner must be an efficient cleaner, I mean it must be well equipped to do the work in hand; that is, cleaning the house. It must get the surface dust, the ground-in dirt which cuts the woof of the carpet, the surface litter, such as crums, lint, threads, cigar-ashes. It must get into the out-of-way corners—it must clean rugs, carpets, linoleum, hardwood floors. Keep that end in view when buying your cleaner.

ELECTRIC cleaners of the portable type may be broadly classified in three divisions; those without brushes which clean by air alone, those having motor-driven brushes, and those with friction-driven brushes. It is beyond the purpose of this article to pick out any one definite type as the best. They are all good, and all serve certain definite purposes.

And that brings us to the much-discussed point of the cleaning attachments which are part and parcel of every good electric cleaner. "Is not the labor involved in using them much harder than the labor of doing that kind of cleaning by hand?" asks the busy housewife. Certainly not! These cleaning attachments should be considered as fundamentals and as much an integral part of the cleaner as its nozzle and bag. They should fit the cleaner as easily as the parts of a percolator fit the pot.

These attachments do all sorts of cleaning stunts. Not everybody will use them to take fleas off the pet dog or potato-bugs from the potato-plants. Personally, I wouldn't use the blower-tool to dry my hair after a shampoo, as has been successfully done many and many a time. These stunt uses are merely indicative of their versatility and of the wide field in which they may be called for practical, labor-saving work.

There's a certain knack about using these things, just as there is to using any kind of a device, and the house-wife will soon find out for herself how she can make splendid use of them.

Some of the more usual housework jobs easily done by the cleaner's attachments are visualized in the accompanying photographs. They are particularly useful in all those hard-to-get-at places, such as radiators, railings, corners and other inaccessible places, stairs, and bookcases. There is a tool especially designed for cleaning draperies as they hang, as well as upholstered furniture, cushions, mattresses. And they really do not only a thorough cleaning job, but freshen and liven up as well. Remember that the busy little motor whirling the fan creates a tremendous rush of fresh, clean air, than which there is nothing better for cleaning and adding a new lease of life to articles of this nature.

Clothes and furs, too, take on an added look of youth after a session with the cleaner's brush. Usually this brush is an interesting and effective combination of brush and suction. No chance for Mr. Moth to find an abiding-place in clothes and hangings after the suction-brush attachment has drawn out the larvæ and cleansed the garments of dust and dirt before being put away.

THERE are just two simple directions to be kept in mind in the use of an electric cleaner. They are so obvious that it seems almost unnecessary to repeat them, but any electric-cleaner dealer will tell you that neglect of these two simple little points is the source of most electric-cleaner trouble.

Oil your machine as often as directed by the manufacturer's instructions.

Clean your dust-bag after each using.

It seems an insult to the average housewife's intelligence to tell her to keep her dust-bag scrupulously clean; but so many people neglect it. They seem to feel that the dust and dirt collected by the machine magically vanish or fly to the birdies, and they don't give the dust-bag any attention until it becomes so full that the motor growls and sparks complainingly and finally refuses to function at all.

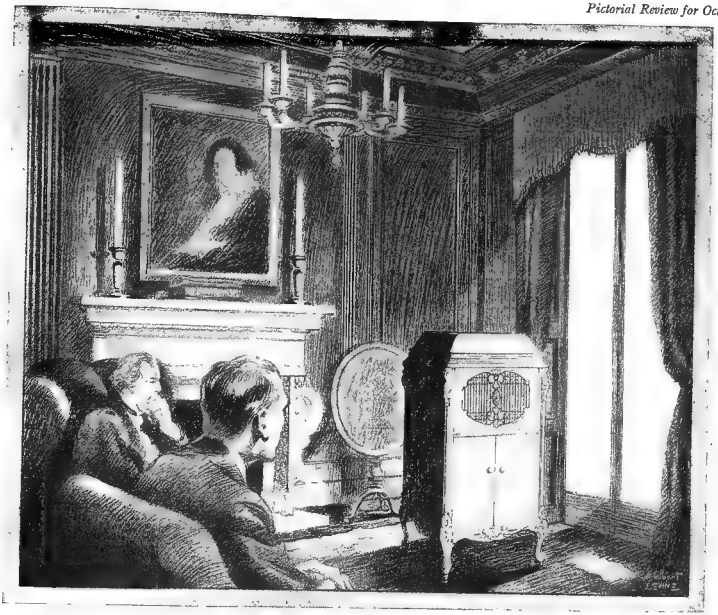
If you're building a new home, or remodeling your old home, be sure to have electric outlets placed waist-high in the wall, so that you can use your electric cleaner with the greatest possible convenience. Keep your cleaning attachments in one of the popular paper shopping-bags which can be bought in almost any five-and-ten-cent store, and they will always be right at hand for instant use.

Be kind and considerate to your electric cleaner. Remember that it's a willing and economical servant—its operating cost hardly ever exceeds $2 50 per year. Oil it as directed, keep its bag free from dirt, and you will have a friend and labor-saver ready to give you many years of service.



FOUR ODD JOBS FOR THE VACUUM CLEANER ARE SHOWN ABOVE

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What They Say
in High Musical Circles

ASK musical authorities which phonograph they prefer. Ask music teachers, musicians, critics. And the number who say The Brunswick will surprise you.

Ask which *records* they prefer, and again you will hear The Brunswick.

And they will tell you, too, that while these records are sweeter and more beautiful, on *any* phonograph, the *ideality* is attained with a Brunswick Record on a Brunswick.

All phonographs, all records have been weighed on the delicately balanced scales of musical knowledge. And in the homes of great musicians, both in Europe and America, you will find Brunswick—the musical world's accepted ideality in phonographic expression.

Exclusive methods the reason

Due to *exclusive* methods of Reproduction and of Interpretation, Brunswick achieves perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult" tones—the piano, the harp, the human voice; attaining even soprano High "C" without "metallic" intrusion, "chatter" or vibration. *Methods which apply to no other phonograph or records.*

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is *exclusively* Brunswick. The Brunswick Method of Interpretation, in producing records, has not been successfully imitated.

Hence, buying any phonograph, without at least hearing The Brunswick, is a mistake. And to be without Brunswick Records is to miss much of what is best in music.

Special demonstrations now

Brunswick Dealers, everywhere in the United States, are now holding special, daily demonstrations of Brunswick Phonographs and Records. Call at the one nearest you. *You will not be urged to buy,* merely given the opportunity to hear. The Brunswick plays all makes of records, and Brunswick records can be played on any phonograph. Hear, *compare*—then judge for yourself.





Hear These Brunswick

Super-Feature Records

A revelation of what the new Brunswick Method of Interpretation is doing for phonographic music.

30011—Ave Maria, Florence Easton

30010—Di Provenza il mar (Thy Home in Fair Provence), Traviata, Act II, Scene I
Giuseppe Danise

25001—Hungarian Rhapsody
Vessella's Italian Band

The above records can be obtained in conveniently packed envelopes of three at any Brunswick dealer's—price $4.50. Or singly, if desired.

Any phonograph can play Brunswick Records

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., Chicago
Manufacturers - Established 1845

NOTE:—New Brunswick Records are on advance sale at all Brunswick dealers on the 16th of each month in the East, and in Denver and the West on the 20th

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BRUNSWICK
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

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Rubens

Ask Baby's Doctor—



Warmth Here Means Health

Insufficient protection over baby's chest and stomach is a common cause of illness. Any doctor will tell you this. And tell you, too, that the Rubens Infant Shirt supplies this needed protection in a common-sense, practical way.

Double thickness over chest and stomach. Cut with the simple convenience of a coat. No tapes, no buttons. The adjustable belt fastens with a single safety pin. Made of the softest and finest materials for infants and children. Now sold as low as 25c.

Insist upon the genuine Rubens. Standard for more than 30 years. *There is no satisfactory substitute.* Look for the Rubens trade-mark, and be sure before you buy. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

Manufactured only by
RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
18 N. Market St., Chicago
Established 1890

RUBENS INFANT SHIRTS

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.
PERFUMES YOUR BATH—SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY
Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At all drug and department stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample
Bathasweet imparts the softness of rainwater and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.
THE C. S. WELCH CO. DEPT. P-R. NEW YORK CITY

Why Risk The Life of Your Coming Baby?



WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY

Send **FREE** for inspection

IGNORANCE on the part of expectant mothers causes many thousands of still-born children.

Not knowing what to do, how to live, what to wear—can mean suffering, sickness, yes, and even death.

Are women to blame? Those who don't know what to do and can only *guess* are terribly unfortunate. But here is help—and comforting guidance.

Know—Don't Guess

Mistakes may prove fatal. The tiniest blunder may cause the death of your coming baby—and untold suffering for yourself.

Why risk your baby's life? Why *guess* when it is so easy for you to *know* the correct thing for you to do at all times?

Save the Baby's Life

Experience is a dear teacher. Knowledge is easily gained. This book, "Before the Baby Comes," published by Harper and Brothers, and costing only $1.00, tells everything the prospective mother should know.

No one is better qualified to advise the prospective mother than Marianna Wheeler, the author of this book. She was, for years, superintendent of the Babies' Hospital, New York.

Her book is not at all theoretical or technical. It is written in simple language as one woman would talk to another. It answers the thousands of questions which mothers have asked. Endorsed by physicians and nurses everywhere.

This book contains just the information that you need. 176 pages, 4½ x 6¾ inches. Cloth bound. Illustrated. Publisher's price, $1.25. Special price to expectant mothers. $1.00

Some Things This Book Tells

How the New Life is developed.
Signs of Pregnancy.
Disorders of Pregnancy.
Determining the Date.
Food, Clothing, Recreation.
Correct Kinds of Exercises.
Painless Childbirth.
Preparations for Confinement.
What to Buy for Baby.

Send No Money Now

Just fill in and mail the coupon for a post card. The book will be sent at once—in a plain wrapper. You need not pay one cent unless satisfied that the book is worth many times its price to you—and then only $1.00.

Young Mothers' Institute
234 East 59th Street, New York

Young Mothers' Institute, 234 E. 59th St., N.Y.

Please send me "Before the Baby Comes." After 5 days I will send you $1.00 or return the book.

Name_____

Town_____

State_____



A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

BY EMELYN LINCOLN COOLIDGE, M.D.

A Word of Introduction

How to Join the Pictorial Review Mother Club

WE HAVE decided to give a personal correspondence course in mothercraft with the mother's own baby as the model. Every young mother who has a baby under six months of age may register him in this course.

Books and bulletins are valuable in a way, but every baby is just a little different from every other baby. Every young mother has many problems to meet that are peculiar to her alone. It is for this reason that a personal letter, which will answer questions about individual problems confronting the special mother in question, is many times more helpful to the mother than simply a booklet would be.

Young mothers are often so inexperienced that they do not know how to apply information given to them in books, but they do know how to ask questions in a letter, and when these questions are clearly answered it is very easy to help baby with the expert knowledge gained.

In order to answer a mother's questions intelligently it is necessary to have a little history about the special baby. We have gotten up two sets of blank forms with questions on them which the mother is to answer. One blank is called the "Admission Blank" and the other the "Monthly Report Blank." When a mother wishes to take this correspondence course in mothercraft, she should write for an Admission Blank and give the baby's age; also *always* enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelop for the blank. She should not ask questions until she has received the blank form. After carefully reading over all the questions asked on the blank, the mother should answer these as briefly as possible, then ask any questions *about the baby* she may wish, on the part of the blank devoted to this purpose, and mail the filled-in blank, together with another self-addressed, stamped envelop, back to the Mother Club.

The mother's questions will then be answered, and any special advice will be given that the special baby seems to need. A leaflet of general instruction will also be enclosed, and a blank form for the next monthly report. All these will be mailed back to the mother as promptly as possible.

Every month, a few days before the baby's monthly birthday, the mother is expected to fill in her Monthly Report Blank, ask any more questions she may like, and send it with a self-addressed, stamped envelop to the Pictorial Review Mother Club. If the baby is fed by the bottle, a new formula will be mailed every month after the report has been received. If a breast-fed baby, other instruction will be given.

This method of monthly reporting is continued until the baby is one year old, then quarterly reports are sent in until the baby is two years old, when he graduates from the special correspondence course. At this time, if it is found that all previous reports have been sent in promptly, a little certificate will be sent to the mother.

IF THE mother does not send in her regular monthly reports promptly it will be necessary to take the baby's name from our list. All the reports are filed in the office so that a full record of the special baby is always on hand to be referred to as occasion requires. By having these complete records it is possible to answer the mother's questions intelligently, just as a physician can prescribe by referring to his history cards that are filed in his office.

We can never attempt to treat a sick baby by mail, however. When any acute illness arises the mother must at once call in her family doctor. What we try to do is to teach the mother how to keep her baby well, and answer individual questions about nursery hygiene.

The leaflets, diet-lists, and charts that are sent each month when the report blank is returned to the mother comprise a very complete little printed course in mothercraft. Mothers are advised to save all these leaflets and to file them in alphabetical order in a filing-case so that they may be instantly turned to in case of need. They will not be sent all at one time. We wish to keep in monthly touch with the mother and baby and send just the special information she needs each time.

We have just one leaflet which may be sent for before the arrival of the baby. This tells how to prepare the layette and other essentials which should be ready when the baby arrives. We have taken great pains to make up a special layette set of patterns for members of the Mother Club. The leaflet describes the garments and gives the number of the set of patterns, so that the mother may know what to order. The leaflet will be sent on request provided a self-addressed, stamped envelop is enclosed.

If another little one comes along before the first baby has graduated from the mother-craft course, the second child may also join. There is no limit to the number of children in one family that may be entered, provided each child is under six months of age when the mother registers his name and sends for the Admission Blank. We set this age limit in order to give the baby the right start in life as early as possible. Mothers may apply for the Admission Blank even before the baby comes, and have it in the house so that the very day he is born it may be filled in and sent to the Club. Useful information will then be sent immediately, and there will be no time for a wrong start for the baby.

As the course in motherhood is conducted by a specialist for babies, questions about the mother herself can not be answered by this department.

In the magazine we plan to give timely articles on the care of babies and children which will be of interest to all mothers. We will begin this month by answering a few questions sent to us in a letter by a mother of six children, but who still has many problems to confront and is eager to learn new thoughts and ways every day.

"PLEASE answer the following questions which have puzzled me for some time: 1. Can a mother 'mark' her child? 2. Just what are birthmarks? 3. What diseases is a child most likely to inherit from his parents? 4. Does the care a mother gives herself before the baby is born, and the mental condition of the mother, have any direct effect on the baby afterward?"

1. The best physicians and scientists have decided that a mother can not "mark" her child. Coincidences may happen, but there is no such thing as "marking a child" in the sense that laymen mean it. The Government booklet "Prenatal Care" discusses this question at some length. I advise you to send to the United States Department of Labor, Children's Bureau, Washington, D.C., for this booklet, as it is very helpful to prospective mothers.

2. So-called "birthmarks" are little capillary hemorrhages that take place under the skin. They are usually due to the weakened walls of the blood-vessels, and the mother has no control over these. In many cases a skin-specialist can remove these birthmarks very successfully.

3. Diseases most apt to be inherited are the following: syphilis, tuberculosis, rheumatism, gout, epilepsy, insanity, lead-poisoning, alcoholism, asthma, eczema, and the various forms of hay-fever. There are other diseases which the parents may have that will cause certain tendencies in the children, such as many nervous diseases, but by the right care during childhood a child may entirely overcome any such inherited tendency. Just because the mother has always suffered from attacks of nervous headache is no reason whatever for laying every fit of crying and bad temper the child may have to this inherited tendency. Such a child should be helped to overcome any such tendency from the time he is born. He should never be spoiled, but should be brought up with the greatest regard for regularity in everything done for him. He should lead a quiet, out-of-door life, free from all violent excitement. Great care should be given to his nutrition and all nursery hygiene.

4. The care a mother takes of herself during the prenatal period no doubt influences the health of the baby after birth. If a mother does not eat the right kind of food, takes too much or too little exercise, or does not attend to her excretory functions, the baby will not be as strong or as vigorous as the one the mother had received the proper care herself during the waiting period.

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Your Child's Health



Ready for Bed

This picture is on the trade mark tag attached to every genuine Dr. Denton Garment.

Depends on the Fabric

used in making the garments in which the little one spends the long, recuperative hours of sleep.

Dr. Denton *Soft-Knit* Sleeping Garments

are made of our *hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached* cotton, with which is blended some soft, natural-colored wool.

Every Mother Should Know

that *bleached* and *unbleached* cotton are as different as black and white.

Bleached cotton is COLD, absorbs and holds perspiration like a sponge—a ready conductor letting the vital body-heat escape, and conveying cold to the skin. It is ideal for summer, but clammy and cold for winter wear.

Unbleached cotton, used in Denton fabric, is WARM. Each fiber is still covered with the natural cotton wax and will *not* absorb water. Perspiration is carried off *on the surface* of the loose-spun fibers and the child's skin is always *dry and warm.*

To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade cotton and wool, *double carded.* Not an ounce of waste or shoddy is used.

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling.

The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. Our washing process avoids stretching. Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but keep their original shape *and elasticity.*

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Dentons are ideal for fresh-air sleeping.

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They have a distinctive, mottled, light-gray color that does not readily show soil.

Each size is amply proportioned.

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Our prices are always low in *relation to quality* as we are the largest and only exclusive makers of knit sleeping garments.

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PINEAPPLE BUTTERFLY PARFAIT

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups hot boiled rice
1 cup sugar
1½ cups milk
1 cup cream
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped nut meats

Soak gelatine in milk ten minutes, dissolve in hot rice. Add sugar and salt; when cool fold in cream, beaten stiff. Add nut meats and flavoring. Turn into wet mold; pack in ice and salt. Cut round slices of canned pineapple across center; decorate mold with these before serving, placing curved edges together to imitate butterfly wings. If possible decorate wings with cut cherries and pour pineapple juice over all. White, maple or brown sugar may be used, the latter preferable. Brown rice is delicious and has more nourishment than white.

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"WE NEED EDUCATION IN ALL THE THINGS THAT GO TO MAKE AN IDEAL AMERICAN HOME"



IS YOUR DAUGHTER GOING TO MARRY?

Careers in Home Economics That Fit A Girl to Manage Her Future Home Successfully

BY
MARIE SELLERS

DEEP down in every mother's heart is a picture—a charming little home, well furnished and equipped, with *her* girl one of a happy pair in a new partnership of home-making. How easy it is to imagine further and see the young home-maker going about her new business—budgeting her household allowance, scheduling her work, marketing, cooking, cleaning, and sewing! And then to carry the picture on a few years to the time when a lively little granddaughter is running to meet grandma when she comes visiting.

Pictorial Review mother, what is your girl doing to prepare herself for these responsibilities? Are you seeing that she takes the home economics courses offered in her school? Have you encouraged her to join a girls' club where some home-making training is a part of the program? Has the thought of taking special work in home economics when she leaves high school in order to fit herself for a profession? Have you ever thought that in doing this she will be accumulating a fund of information and receiving a training that will be invaluable to her when she takes her place in that home of your dreams?

Opportunities in the field of home economics are opening up so rapidly that there are not enough trained girls in the country to-day to begin to fill the needs in this one line. It is estimated that ten thousand women are now engaged in some kind of home economics work in the United States. Through the colleges, schools, clubs, extension work, and various health and business organizations these pioneer workers have been establishing a standard for home economics that in the last few years has caused this subject to be recognized as a great science.

Mrs. Flora Hartley Greene, representing the club-women of the United States, spoke recently before a meeting of the American Home Economics Association and defined the new science in this way:

"Home economics is the science and art of bearing, training, housing, clothing, and feeding the human race in so far as these activities are confined to the family and to the home. The goal of home economics, as I see it, may be expressed in the following: The nation that twenty years from now has the most citizens with efficient bodies and trained minds will lead the world."

And so the girl who takes up this field of work may do so with the knowledge that she is building not only the foundation for her own livelihood, but also that for her own home and a better nation.

If She Doesn't Want to Teach

A CIRCULAR recently published by the University of Chicago gives briefly an excellent survey of the various lines of opening to women with special training. Under the title "Some Opportunities in Home Economics" it outlines just the things that the girl who wants to fit herself for the best possible service to the community should know: that it includes far more than the old-fashioned idea that home economics, or "domestic science," as it used to be called, is just cooking and sewing.

The opportunities are classified under seven heads: Teaching, Extension Work, Social Work, Dietetics, Work in the Dietician in a Hospital, Writing, and Home-making. The teaching field is the oldest and therefore the most familiar. It ranges from the teacher of children in elementary and high schools to members of college and university faculties. Under the Smith-Hughes Act, supervisors of home economics have recently been appointed in every State. They formulate the general plan for the courses of home economics in the schools, and advise and direct teachers in their work.

Extension work offers a real challenge to the girl with a compelling personality and an abundance of health. Most of this work has been developed in rural communities through the State and Federal Governments in order to help women and girls with the many problems of home life in the country.

Down in South Carolina they have published a little handbook for home demonstration agents that gives a true picture of this type of extension worker: "A successful home demonstration agent has facts at her finger-tips, sunshine in her face, the courage of conviction in her heart, and in her shoes, and steel in her backbone, which she uses as a lever to pry pessimistic ploders and organized opposition out of the path of progress."

It is the woman with that kind of gumption who succeeds in extension work, whether she is a home demonstration agent or a home management, nutrition, or clothing specialist. She organizes clubs and classes, gives talks and demonstrations, and develops local community activities. The trend of the rural work is summed up by Miss Marie Sayles, State leader of home demonstration work in Ohio, when she says: "Never have we known a time in the history of extension work when the demand for organized home economics project work for the farm women has been so great. Previously there may have been a greater demand for single demonstrations and lectures, but the women to-day ask for help in planning a community program."

Altho only a little within this work has reached the cities it looks as if it would be only a matter of time until similar help for the city woman is established. In Syracuse, N. Y., the success of the city home bureau as a home-making information center has been proved. This should lead the way to the founding of other service of this kind in large cities. Now the nearest approach to it is the health centers, or clinics, in the crowded districts.

To quote again from Mrs. Greene: "We need education in all things that go to make an ideal American home: fitted citizen-children who will grow into adult citizens with efficient bodies and trained minds. We need training-schools and information bureaus where the adult woman can find answers to her problems."

Many Kinds of Social Work

IT IS in the cities and towns, however, that most of the opportunities in home economics social work are found. A great demand has lately developed for women well trained in nutrition to conduct classes for undernourished children. The Elizabeth McCormick Memorial Fund in Chicago has been doing some excellent things along this line, and the American Red Cross is including this malnutrition work as part of its program. Home demonstration agents in the rural districts have given fine co-operative help in the local development of child nutrition clinics.

Visiting dieticians from welfare societies look after the preschool child. Dieticians from charitable organizations supervise the expenditures of families, and visiting housekeepers also give assistance to those to whom the organizations furnish relief. Public health dieticians take charge of special dietary instruction for some diseases.

The work of the hospital dietician may be largely that of managing and supervising the purchase and preparation of food, or it may be more especially the planning of food for patients. Either phase offers an interesting field to the girl who has the desire to contribute to the cure of the sick.

The growing recognition of the needs for such nutrition work has been presented to the American Home Economics Association by Mr. Bailey B. Burritt, general director of the New York Association for Improving the Conditions of the Poor. The nutrition factor is a large and essential factor in the public health program. It has not yet reached the recognition it should. The nutrition worker should be an element in every staff of teachers or of field workers and our training-schools must see to it that more adequate provision is made for field-training of nutrition workers with this in view."

The business field for home economics women is offering tempting work that, in the last few years, has brought a new type of girl into the special training-schools. Whether it is some institutional enterprise like the school lunch-room, college dormitory, cafeteria or hotel, or a commercial line with a manufacturer of foods or household devices, or in advertising, the requirements are for a woman with sound business judgment as well as scientific training. Appreciation of the work of the home economics women in the business field has recently been indicated by the creating of a special committee in the American Home Economics Association composed of women of recognized standing in commercial lines.

The banks are the latest institutions to profit by the home economics woman in business. Not in the amount of her savings, as would at first be thought, but in the savings of others which she turns into the bank through her expert advice on budget-planning.

The Society for Savings in Cleveland, Ohio, which was the pioneer in having a home economics consultant in the bank, has demonstrated the value of this kind of work. Miss Sarah MacLeod, who organized the bureau in Cleveland, tells many interesting stories of the help that has been given and the reaction of the depositors. People bring their problems of personal and family finance to the bureau. Each case is treated individually, and, where desired, blanks for household or personal expenses are given. The girl does the rest. Each case is studied, the account-book, but the advice and plan for the use of the income.

Miss Martha Van Rensselaer of Cornell University hits the nail on the head when she says of home economics writing "There is a large body of facts which home economics people know which the world has a right and need to know—the facts that our laboratories and field investigators are constantly discovering. The War quickened home economics knowledge by decades, and now magazines and the weekly and daily press are largely taking the place of the reading courses and bulletins through which we formerly disseminated home economics instruction—and they reach millions, whereas the classrooms serve comparatively few."

The girl who wants to write along this line should remember this point of view and realize that home economics journalism of a high standard is extension work with far-reaching possibilities.

There are still bulletins to be written in the universities and agricultural colleges and articles for technical journals, but the widest field is in the newspapers and popular magazines.

"Home economics" is growing up. Just as it has grown from "patterns and dress-making" to principles of clothing efficiency and recognition of quality, from "cooking" to food selection and nutrition, and from "canning" to production and preservation, it has developed accordingly all along the line.

The growing strength of the American Home Economics Association was pointed out by its president, Miss Mary E. Sweeny, at the recent annual meeting when she outlined the contacts that have recently been established by the association in becoming affiliated with the General Federation of Women's Clubs, League of Women Voters, Social Workers' Exchange, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., National Housing Association, American Social Hygiene Association, American Academy of Political and Social Science, American Dietetics Association, and the National Child Health Association.

She also called attention to the great forward movement for home economics as the association stands side by side with every woman's organization of great force and power in backing the Fess Home Economics Amendment to the Vocational Education Act, upon which much of the future training for home-makers of the country depends. (See page 53 of this issue.)

Home-making Is a Business

AND that brings us back to the Pictorial Review mother and her girl. Even if when all is said and done not one of the opportunities outlined offers as large a field as that of the mother in her own home. Under "Home-making as a Profession" the University of Chicago's leaflet says:

"Modern women are more and more appreciating that successful home-making is a profession requiring special training. The efficient home-maker must know enough of sanitation and of house-decorating to select a fitting and beautiful home. She must know enough of household equipment to furnish and manage it in the way most economical of her time and money. To clothe and feed her family properly she needs definite knowledge of textiles and of food selections, as well as of sewing and cooking; to make her cooking an intellectual process she must apply many details of physics and chemistry, of bacteriology and biology.

"The successful mother requires a knowledge of child nutrition, child care, and child psychology. The modern home-maker wishes to understand the many community activities vitally affecting her home. She wishes to understand enough of such ventures as co-operative housekeeping to maintain a clear outlook and to distinguish between the legitimate and the valueless in new home management."

So looking forward to a great army of daughters trained in these essentials of modern home-making we can believe what Dean Sarah Louise Arnold of Simmons College, a recreation, a reconsecration of the life of America."

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KEEP A HOUSEHOLD FILE

By AGNES ATHOL

A COOK-BOOK such as my mother used to keep was, I supposed, an extinct method of wasting time peculiar to a bygone generation. But I have had occasion in the past few months to visit more than usually other people's homes, where the need for helping took me right into the kitchen. I have been perfectly amazed at the number of hard-working housekeepers who were clinging to their old, dog-eared blank books—you know the kind I mean—with recipes hastily scratched in on both sides of the pages, and newspaper clippings pasted here and there, or, more often, waiting to be pasted in, along with baking-powder booklets and the recipe from the raisin-box. Every time any one took down the alleged cook-book most of this miscellany fell out.

There would be a particular pet recipe for chocolate frosting, or eggless muffins, written on half a sheet of note-paper, almost illegible from much greasy handling, which somehow could never be located till the whole book had been thumbed through. Most of these books would be astonishingly alike in their promiscuity. "Clam Chowder" would be written on the back of "Wedding Cake," and even if there were originally a feeble attempt at indexing, it was long since blurred out in the eagerness to get down Mrs. Somebody's marmalade or Aunt Nellie's butter-scotch pie.

"I know I'm slow finding mother's rule," one of my friends responded when I stood ready to make the gingerbread for her, "but it's so much better than anything in the cook-books. Everything in this old book is extra good because it has been personally recommended by some one."

Which was very true, as I had reason to know. But in the minutes my friend wasted many times over hunting for elusive directions she could have copied the recipes neatly on cards and put them together in good order, accessible to any one. There was no reason why she should have had to find me the recipe at all, since I was taking charge of her kitchen for her. In a card-file I could have put my hand on it instantly.

"But, my dear," she objected when I suggested converting her cook-book to a card system, "it would take ages and ages! And all those newspaper things! They're plainer the way they are than they would be in my handwriting. And lots of them I've never tried out. I don't really know whether they're good or not." It would be a waste of time to copy them.

It would. It had been a waste of time to accumulate them and not use them, or only to paw them over whenever she wanted to do some baking. Clippings antedating the War were practically worthless, in view of the newer materials, standard proportions, and better knowledge of cookery and diet developed in the last few years.

Typewrite the Recipes

"THE ones you really want could be pasted right on cards," I ventured. "You ought to take an evening some time and fix them up. The rest should be thrown away. If you haven't time to copy off the handwritten ones yourself, with ingredients legibly listed instead of muddled together, it would pay you to have a stenographer do it for you. You could dictate the indistinct recipes. Typewritten, anything could be easily read by servants. As it is, your Aunt Lydia's handwriting is so shaky I can't make all of her recipes out."

I had been looking over the book as I talked, wondering what she could possibly want with cakes taking ten eggs, of which there seemed to be a variety.

"But I don't like cards much, anyway," was her final and obviously weak protest. "I know the book's falling to pieces, but I don't want to part with it. I have a special feeling about the old recipes just as they are. I can't think of any other good way to keep them. And I've so many of these little Government folders and advertising booklets."

"Well, then, why don't you use a regular letter-size office file, with a folder for each kind of cooking: bread, cakes, eggs, ice-creams, and so on—a folder for each kind of food and for each common food material, like rice, ham, oysters, flour, potatoes—so that when you come across a group of recipes such as 'Ways of using coconut,' you can keep the set together? Such folders could be big enough to take all sizes and shapes of papers and leaflets. Any business stationery house has them, as well as the large booklike boxes to put them in, alphabetically indexed.

"You could then file the preferred blank-book recipes in one of several ways. Take the book apart, file the favorites under the right group heading, and file reference-cards elsewhere to show where the recipes on the reverse pages could be found. For instance, in the 'Pickle' folder I might find a card saying, 'Bertha's Chow-chow—see back of Chocolate Cake in Cake folder.' It wouldn't take very long to make those little guide-post cards. Or you can keep all recipes as they are on one side of the page, and cross out the others after copying and filing them. Collections of recipes for one food could either be cut apart and filed under titles, with a single card in the main folder recording, for instance, 'Ways of using peanut butter,' or filed intact with a reference-card under each kind of cooking—Peanut Biscuits, Peanut Cookies, Peanut Soup, Peanut Salad.

"The more you think of it the greater the possibilities of a household file like that, because you don't need to limit it to cooking. Take these clippings with hints on cleaning and easy ways of doing household tasks. Some belong in a folder marked 'Cleaning—Clothes,' and others should be filed under 'Cleaning—Household.' There could be a 'Short-cuts' folder, or a special 'Short-method' folder under each department of housekeeping. If the idea is at all extended it would be well to have two such files, and keep the miscellaneous information separated from the cookery.

"If you have any trouble planning a helpful file like this, a business girl could give you a few suggestions. In fact, after working with home information in this systematic way, a woman is far better equipped to take hold if unexpectedly thrown into the business world than she would be if she had always clung to her old hit-and-miss rag-bag of information. Mothers ought to collect ideas for their daughters in this usable form. Girls should, of course, be interested in doing so for themselves, especially engaged girls, who are always the recipients of so much gratuitous information which can not possibly be absorbed and retained as fast as it is given."

Practising What I Preach

"DO YOU practise what you preach?" suddenly demanded my friend, with the belligerent eye of one still unconvinced.

"I certainly do," I laughed. "It's so extensive now it takes two drawers in an office filing-cabinet. I'm always starting new folders for it when anything unusual comes into my hands, or I cut out good magazine articles that interest me.

"Of course I have a card catalog for my ordinary daily tested recipes. I use the cooking-folders more to put together ideas and recipes I might want, or variations from the routine flavors. There are agricultural bulletins about almost every common food. Sometimes they are devoted mainly to processes of cooking, but often they give recipes which I do not want to cut apart or copy. If I try a recipe in one of these bulletins and like it, I put a reference-card about it in the file. For instance, we like 'Honey Bran Wafers' in the honey bulletin. Under 'Cookies' I have a card telling the exact page where the rule is. I do the same with a few printed cook-books, because I can never remember offhand whether the lemon pie in the 'Universal' is the one my husband likes or not.

"The way to do is to keep a supply of blank cards on hand and make a reference-note the minute a recipe is used. It is worth while to note down, too, the *quantity* produced—twelve muffins, three layers, seventy cookies, pudding for six, and so on. Even an experienced cook is sometimes misled by new combinations of materials."

"I believe you've converted me," my friend confessed somewhat reluctantly. "But you'll have to start me off right."

We didn't wait to buy folders. A quantity of cardboard sheets that had come in laundered shirts were found, saved for a possible rainy-day amusement for the children. These were creased, not quite in the middle, so that the back was an inch higher than the front, to serve for an indexing-place. A convenient flat box was found to keep the file in. As I thought the regular cards that come for the purpose would be more durable and uniform than home-made ones, we did not plan to work on the entire card catalog of tested recipes, but by cutting some heavy note-paper—the backs of wedding invitations—into pieces three by five inches, we made a start and got rid of the previously unsorted newspaper clippings. I wanted to be sure that my convert made a real beginning!

Meantime, "mother's" gingerbread had been slowly getting itself cooked, and after I tasted a piece I slipped out to the kitchen with a borrowed card to copy the recipe.

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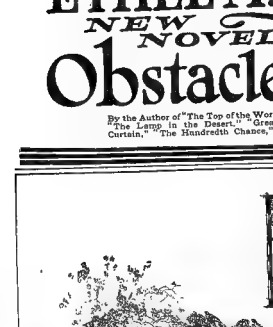
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BITS ABOUT BOOKS

By AUGUSTA AYRE

ENGLISH publishers expect to have very little to offer their fiction readers this Fall. It is understood that the authors of the British Isles have taken to writing for the movies, tempted by prevailing high prices. There is to be a dearth of new books, we have been told, but why should that be any reason for us to worry? Surely all the fiction that was published last year could not be consumed by any public, no matter how voracious. Most of us, of course, read the books which were widely advertised, but to devour all the good things that came our way within this last twelve months has been an utter impossibility.

Incidentally, have you read the six best novels of the year that the critics generally are agreed upon?

"Alice Adams," by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

"Zell," by Henry Aikman (Alfred A. Knopf).

"Miss Lulu Bett," by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt, Brace & Co.).

"Main Street," by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt, Brace & Co.).

"Moon Calf," by Floyd Dell (Alfred A. Knopf).

"The Age of Innocence," by Edith Wharton (D. Appleton & Co.).

Are you a member of the anvil chorus that believes in "knocking" things that the other fellow likes, or do you belong to the booster club whose working motto seems to be "Yes, indeed-y"? And do you know that two of these books, "The Age of Innocence" and "Alice Adams," appeared serially in PICTORIAL REVIEW? We take great pleasure in announcing this fact in the face of the accusation of a certain literary supplement of a big metropolitan newspaper that the modern magazines generally are indifferent to novels of distinction. We fail to understand whether they lack a sense of discrimination and a real knowledge of what the public wants.

We think we are justified in stating that, altho we like good stories of murder, mystery, and sudden death, we do not confine ourselves to printing sensational flapdoodle or sentimental twaddle that can be bought by the bucket. Last year we published more short stories of distinction than any other magazine according to the eminent critic, Edward J. O'Brien, who each year sums up the magazines' output in his book, "The Best Short Stories of ——" (Small, Maynard & Co.). Taking this fact into consideration and the two novels mentioned above, we think we have made quite a record. We are proud of it.

Old books in new editions are ever on the market, and new books in old editions can always be rented, bought, or borrowed. We believe in the slogans "Buy a Book a Week—and Read All the Others You Can," "Lay Your Hands On," "Become a Bright Young Man and Get Busy," or, if you are a member of the gentler sex, "Extend Your Horizon by Education." "You Don't Need to Go to College to Acquire Knowledge. Read Things Worth While and Your Battle Is Fought and Won!"

We can recommend the following books. They are some of the most interesting of the year and deserve attention.

"The Man Who Did the Right Thing," by Sir Harry Johnston (Macmillan Co.)—a moving tale of mysterious South Africa, concerning diplomats and missionaries and their homely ways of life. Just as interesting as the author's other books, "The Gay Donnybrook" and "Mrs. Warren's Daughter."

"The Lost Girl," by D. H. Lawrence (Thomas Seltzer)—an unpleasant portrait of an extraordinary female by a man who understands the psychology of sex.

"Blind Alley," by Kay Scott (George H. Doran Co.)—a realistic study of American life by an American man—a first novel.

"A Son of the Hills," by Ricard Lodin (Doubleday, Page & Co.)—a significant contribution to contemporary fiction from the pen of a celebrated Spaniard, who writes of the modern Gil Blas, seeking through France and Spain a world that is lost.

"Green-Apple Harvest," by Sheila Kaye-Smith (E. P. Dutton & Co.)—a drama of the countryside—primitive rural Sussex.

"Tamarisk Town," by this same author, is another Sussex tale, dealing with the town and a woman's jealousy of her husband's interest in it.

"The Brimming Cup," by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)—a domestic drama. The problems of a modern married woman who controls her own fate by real insight and fine vision.

"The Narrow House," by Evelyn Scott (Boni & Liveright)—a tale of one's neighbors, unpleasant people who would be better dead than alive—a strange book.

"The House of Lynch," by Leonard Merrick (E. P. Dutton & Co.)—a book in which the author is not playful as in his sparkling comedies. A serious study of an artist whose ideals do not suffer in his conflict with materialism.

"Children of the Mist," by George Madden Martin (D. Appleton & Co.)—a volume of short stories, dealing with the negro from the time of his freedom until to-day, from the sympathetic pen of a Southern woman who is probably best known by her "Emmy Lou." These stories are distinctly valuable from a literary point of view.

"Half Loaves," by Margaret Culkin Banning, the author of "This Marrying" (George H. Doran Co.). Here life in our modern Middle West is described, and general problems of love and marriage and of social intercourse are discussed. The novel has a decidedly dramatic and emotional quality.

"The House by the River," by A. P. Herbert (Alfred A. Knopf)—an unusual murder story by a young Englishman, a war veteran and the author of two other books.

"Goshen Street," by Wayland Wells Williams (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), tells of life in New York and London, as seen by a young reporter who achieves greatness through the power of the press and his own romantic experience.

"The Moon Maid," by Mary S. Watts (Macmillan Co.), the author of "The Rise of Jenny Cushing." Mrs. Watts writes with power and insight. This latest book is a "gripping story of American life."

"The Chestermarke Instinct," by J. S. Fletcher (Alfred A. Knopf)—another mystery story by the author of "The Middle Temple Murder," the book that ex-President Wilson sat up at night to read. This one also holds the reader's interest to the end.

"Hills of Han," by Samuel Merwin (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)—a mysterious tale of the China coast by one who understands the country and its customs.

"The Seeds of Enchantment," by Gilbert Frankau (Doubleday, Page & Co.)—a romance out of the ordinary—a strange exotic fancy about Inner Indo-China by the author of "Peter Jameson," another absorbing novel.

"Snow on Elden," by Thomas Moult (George H. Doran Co.)—a first novel by an Englishman that strikes a new note in literature. It is a description of the countryside in Derbyshire and the homely, simple people that dwell there.

"Potterism," by Rose Macauley (Boni & Liveright)—a modern satire by an Englishwoman which has made a tremendous hit on both sides of the water.



"The Romantic Woman," by Mary Borden (Alfred A. Knopf)—a study in contrasts. The story of an American womanhood incarnates into the British aristocracy. It is written with skill and a deep understanding of life—a big achievement.

"One After the Other," by Stacy Aumonier (Macmillan Co.)—an interesting novel by an English writer who is best known by his excellent short stories.

"Mainwaring," by Maurice Hewlett (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—a quiet story of mid-Victorian England.

"The Light Heart," by Maurice Hewlett (Henry Holt)—a medieval romance of the Norse country, full of color, force, and action.

"Noa Noa," by Paul Gauguin (Nicholas L. Brown)—the celebrated French artist who shook off the shackles of civilization and went to live in the South Seas. The Mystic Isles of the South Seas" (Century Co.).

"The Tragic Bride," by Francis Brett Young (G. P. Putnam's Sons)—a story of a young Irish girl forced into marriage with an older man. Hugh Walpole thinks this author writes better prose than any Englishman save Conrad.

"Sheila and Others," by Winifred Cotter (E. P. Dutton & Co.)—"The Shrimp Annals of an Automatic Housekeeper" who finds romance and humor in the daily grind.

"The Fourth Dimension," by Horace Annesley Vachel (George H. Doran Co.), describes a woman's search for happiness. Does it come through self-expression or self-immolation?

"Coquette," by Frank Swinnerton (George H. Doran Co.)—a keen spots an absorbing psychological study. One can "learn about women from her."

Tahiti—a strange, simple story set in the land that Frederick J. O'Brien has so delightfully described in his "White Shadows in the South Seas" and "The Mystic Isles of the South Seas" (Century Co.).

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OLD MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

raspberries were pieces of string—their lunch-box string, no doubt—some stones, some grass, moss, a few dandelions and grass-hoppers—every thing. Jim had thought, except a top and a jack-knife. Then had followed a fine case of kleptomania. Since over those unhappy moments, he remembered how limp the puppy head had hung against Hannah's shoulder.

Jim pulled his pipe smartly against the stump on which he sat, and got up. The sooner he got out the requisite number of feet of timber, the sooner it would be Hannah and home! Every blow of his ax sank clean and deep into the wood and seemed to swing the light with it. And then before Jim knew it, the light of the Winter day was going. The clearing had become so still that the cries of a bird's wing crossing it was an invasion of sound. The light fell away; the dark closed in quickly about them. The birches and maples in the valley below became every second less distinct, the song of the chickadee fainter.

"Home, Old Man!" he shouted across the clearing.

Where had he put his coat and snowshoes? He began circling the beaten-down edges of the clearing. The Old Man was up and following him. There were his things.

AS HE stood there motionless, what had happened came to him. This was one of Boutelle's traps and he was caught in it. This was his foot had been crushed in its iron jaws. He looked about for help. The Old Man was trotting rapidly toward him. He stooped to pull at the spring. The Old Man was there beside him, whining and growling. He pulled harder; in his anger he pulled against his own foot. He could have bitten at the trap, struck it, screamed, snarled like any other tortured animal.

When his mind began to work more clearly he groaned. At that sound, never heard before, Old Man fell upon the trap, bit at it again and again, snarled, dug helplessly in the snow. Jim ordered him to stop. The dog paid no attention until the master gave him a smart blow. The Old Man looked up, puzzled, muttering. Jim. The dog, too, was beginning to think. Even with both hands, Jim had not strength enough to open the trap. Slowly, hurt, so, pulling against his own crushed foot! The dog ordered away, sat down on his haunches, lifted up his head and howled with the cry of a wild beast in agony.

The trap was riveted low to the trunk of the hemlock. Jim's ax was over by the stump where they had eaten lunch. He must have it. He pointed over to the stump and told the Old Man to fetch his ax. The dog searched his eyes, trying to understand. Then he looked at the stump and trotted off. Had it was the chimney-pull he picked up. Jim commanded him to drop it. Bewildered, he did. With the next order, he started out on a hunt for the ax. Another command. The dog glanced at the ax, hesitated, then took the handle in his teeth.

"Fetch it, lads Jim.

The Old Man's jaws closed promptly on the handle, dragging the ax, blade cutting the snow, across to his master.

Jim took the ax, gave the dog's head one pat, then twisted himself to back out the blade. He set his left leg against the hemlock as he could. The teeth of the trap had bitten through moccasin and socks, down into the bones and tendons of the instep. Pain was shooting all the way up his leg to his thigh. It was work twisting thigh and ankle at the short angle, then, for the blow of the ax and the ax-handle knocked his shin-bone. The Old Man by this time, no matter how patient he was driven back, bit angrily at the chain, at the tree, even at Jim's leg. Any clumsy pull on the chain by Jim's master sent the teeth deeper into his foot. Some of the time he was cutting across the chain that held his left foot. To cut it longer the low-angle he had to kneel on his right knee. But Jim got the rivet dug out, and staggered sidewise to a sitting position.

The dog sat down beside him, his great eyes never leaving the foot on which the master now had the power to use his own teeth. With the ax-blade Jim pried at the spring, trying at the same time to put his free right foot across the trap-jaws. When he groaned, the dog winced. At last Jim got it. The trap snapped open, and with his hands he separated teeth and crushed foot. God, how it hurt! Tears were rolling down Jim's cheek. And tears that had rolled out of the dog's eyes unnoticed were frozen on his eyelids. The Old Man was holding up his paw, holding it up silently, helplessly. Pulling Jim free, he dropped it.

Jim felt ill all over, too ill to move. No matter how he felt, they must make the cabin. Thank God, it lay down-hill! With the thermometer where it was, it meant certain death out there in the clearing with no fire. He took out a cotton handkerchief, binding it about his torn moccasin and foot. He sent the dog to find the coat and snow-shoes. He had good enough rea-

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The Girl Who Stayed Home

By EILEEN SHERWOOD

Illustrated by Alice Seipp

"CORINNA, what are you going to study at college next year?"

It was Irene, the "sensible twin," talking. Rather hard on Corinna, that adjective. Yet a few said it was because she happened to be contrasted, twin-like, with Irene.

"Oh, just the regular course," absently. "Madame's going to put those new lace rosettes on my dress."

"But students don't take regular courses nowadays," persisted wise Irene. "They specialize. I'm going to be a private secretary. Miss Crane said to study business law and economics—would you like that?"

"Of course, if I could have clothes like hers. Didn't she have the stunningest suit Sunday? But she looked too tired to really enjoy it. No wonder—it's taken her ten years to climb to her present position."

"I don't suppose you'd like teaching?" doubtfully.

"Awfully low salaries, considering the years of preparation, and you get old and frumpy so soon. But Miss La-Grange sends home to Paris for clothes."

Irene shrugged exasperatedly.

"You might try trained nursing. The uniform is universally becoming. On newspaper work—Kathleen Boyd, on the *Star*, has a good-looking coat."

Corinna only laughed. On a day a dream comes true, one is not easily disturbed by trifles like careers and caustic young sisters.

There it was, spread out on her bed! In her heart's desire, a lovely graduating dress—her first really nice frock.

Irene, of course, had "sensibly" chosen an inexpensive ready-made one, a surprise to be applied on next winter's coat.

But even Irene exclaimed in admiration as the cloudy mass, descending over Corinna's white shoulders, fell into lines of youth and beauty.

"And did I tell you?" Corinna's eyes shone. "Madame liked my idea of the lace rosettes and all! She said I have 'ze eye of ze artiste.' I should study. But what I asked her where and how, she just waved her hands. Said it took her years—and then, all indefinite in Paris. She told the most entrancing tales, all about Worth and Paquin and the rest!"

"I believe you'd like to go right in her workroom."

"I would," admitted Corinna. "But you know how dressmakers guard their secrets. They make the apprentices pull basting for months."

"Speaking of careers—!" began Irene.

"If you don't look out," admonished Corinna, "you'll develop a career—a prim stiff-collared one, with typewriter keys for fingers and a filing cabinet for brain."

"Corinna, I should think you'd be serious! You know it was surprising in Uncle Jonas to look for the will, after mother offended him by marrying a poor minister, after he'd sent her checks normal! She's had a hard time."

Irene's voice trembled.

Corinna became suddenly grave. "Honestly, I don't know what to do. It's worrying me more than you think."

"What would Uncle Jonas say the things we did in our leisure hours furnished a clue. What do you like to talk about? Or look at? What magazines do you like best?"

"Those with a good fashion department."

"Well, I give it up, unless you could be a buyer, like Mrs. Hildebrand."

"It would be lovely, buying pretty things for shops. But Mrs. Hildebrand says it's frightful scrambling for bargains, and it took her ten years to become a buyer."

"Molly Kane makes loads of money in her little Kandy Kraft Shop," suggested Irene.

"Oh—a business!" Corinna's first sign of animation. "That's why she's quick-tempered. You're going, too!" Corinna hugged her ecstatically.

"Thanks. But my new ball costumes haven't come from Paris."

From her bag Corinna took a rosy armful. "With your dark skin you need vivid colors. Aren't these organdy roses sweet?"

Corinna, at the dance, in pale pink and silver, her cheeks flushing as softly as the chiffon of her own gown, was a picture that set more than one masculine heart pounding, and she was the center of attention.

Even quiet Irene glowed and sparkled in her organdy roses.

The remainder of Corinna's visit was a whirl of engagements. From the wonder bag came the exquisite frock, afternoon toilette that ever wrought havoc on a campus. White chiffon paneled in delicate thread lace, over black taffeta and sashed with black maline, which ended in a huge heart-smashing bow. A big white lace hat, wreathed with black maline poppies.

One by one, too, Black Georgette, banded in blue and lovely with embroidery of pomegranate red.

"Where—?" besought Irene, but the telephone summoned her sister. At last the train whisked her, smiling sphinx-like, away.

In August Irene came home. Alighting from the car, she glanced down the suburban business street.

"A new shop! What a pretty window."

Others evidently shared Irene's enthusiasm, for few passersby failed to stop before it.

The proprietor evidently understood the effectiveness of the one-color scheme. And this must be sunshine week!

Yellow blooms in a brass bowl, yellow



Corinna's visit was a whirl of engagements

girls at whom everyone looks twice. It was partly the sheen of honey-colored waves and puffs beneath the smart little traveling hat, partly the "chic" of her softly blousing top coat of black silk jersey—but not a little the grace and poise which held one's eyes—that poise which comes from the consciousness of being perfectly dressed.

The girl turned—

"Corinna!"

As they started toward Irene's boarding house, her eager questions yet unanswered, came a voice—

"Good morning, Miss Irene." Tommy Sullivan, popular fraternity man, calmly insinuated himself between the serene Corinna and the astonished Irene.

Mastering footsteps overtook them. Young Professor Bell, of all people! Glumly Tommy gave him faculty presence with Corinna, but managed to whisper in her ear before they left the girls at Irene's door.

"Tell me—wherever did you get—!" began Irene in her room, staring at Corinna's pretty taffeta frock.

"No time now. Mr. Sullivan is going to show me the campus.

"And the dance tonight, with a faculty escort! You're going, too!" Corinna hugged her ecstatically.

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Irene elected to stay for summer session, whereupon Corinna invited herself down for Commencement Week.

"Afraid you won't have a good time," wrote Irene, but she met the train eagerly.

Laughing students crowded the station, meeting the happy well-dressed folks arriving.

"Corinna won't be fashionable, but she's prettier than most of them," thought Irene, loyally

A girl was descending, one of those the gray silk curtains. A primrose organdy flaunting its multitudinous ruffles next a sports dress of orange linen. Five neat sports dress of orange linen. Five neat a sports dress of orange linen. Five neat a sports dress of orange linen. Five neat sports dress of orange linen. Five neat a sports dress of orange linen. Five neat sports dress of orange linen. Five neat a sports dress of orange linen. Five neat

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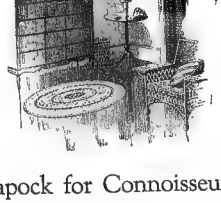
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WITCH MARION'S PARTY

BY
LYDIA LE BARON WALKER



WHEN the last stroke of eight was sounding on Hallowe'en, nearly every guest had arrived at Marion's. We were a curious and jolly company, who were greeted at the entrance to the living-room by a witch in a pointed black cambric bodice over a full, short skirt of yellow crêpe paper. On her head was the typical peaked hat, black and high. She carried a crooked branch stripped of its bark. This was her magic wand, and she used it to advantage during the evening. For all her disguise we recognized our hostess. Before we crossed the threshold she greeted us by name, so every one knew who we were, and she tossed over our heads chains of yellow and black paper links. As she did this she said, "Welcome to the magic circle," "I cast the spell of Hallowe'en," "A talisman from a witch," or something of the sort.

As soon as all the guests had arrived, Witch Marion led the girls into an adjoining room and presented them with fairy slippers. Half the slippers were black with yellow pompons and half yellow with black pompons. I examined my slipper and saw it was made by pasting a semicircle of crêpe paper across one end of a strip of cardboard shaped like the sole of a shoe. The pompons were fringed tissue-paper. We were told to put on the slippers. When we heard three raps we were to stick the toes of our slippers under the curtain so that the colors would alternate. By a magic spell each would be claimed. All this was said so low that the men couldn't hear.

Then she returned to them, and we could hear the sound of her voice in an undertone, but we couldn't hear what she said. She must have put the candles on the table down on the floor as footlights, for we could see points of light appear. Then we heard the raps. Out went our slippers. We could hear the boys guessing who wore them, but they couldn't tell correctly. Then we felt something tucked into the rosettes; the footlights disappeared, and the witch's wand rapped as she said to us, "Enter, with your magic slippers in your hands." We hastily snatched off the slippers, brushed aside the curtain, and entered the living-room. We found slips of paper in the rosettes with numbers on each. The men holding corresponding numbers claimed us as partners.

BY THIS time Witch Marion was passing a basket of rosy-cheeked apples for each to take one. We were told that on Hallowe'en the goblin sprites in apples could be released by mortals. We were to be seated at tables, accommodating four each, and see what sort of sprites our apples held. They would appear as we cut the apples, and fashioned the goblins with the aid of toothpicks for legs and arms, and coffee-beans for eyes. Everything needed for the work was on the tables, and we started our unfunny task with a will, since we were urged on by hearing that if the sprites weren't released when seven magic raps were heard, they couldn't be liberated, for we must stop, and the goblins would catch us if we didn't watch out. The witch kept us on the alert, for she rapped several times at intervals, but it wasn't until fifteen or twenty minutes had passed that the mystic number seven was rapped out.

To judge by the army of hobgoblins we had, these apple sprites certainly are odd. Some had locks of curly apple-peeling, while others were bald. Some had arms and legs and waistcoats and bean buttons, while others ventured to show their heads only, but all had queer expressions. We voted which was best, and the fortunate partners won prizes of tiny lucky charms.

Jack-o'-lantern had taken Witch Marion into his confidence, so she told us, and confessed that he was desperately hungry. So before asking us out for refreshments she felt we would like to know his appetite was appeased. She would ask us to feed him. With this she took a huge Jack-o'-lantern from the corner, extinguished the candle, and set Jack on a center-table, beneath which was spread an old sheet. On the table were a bowl of crums and a teaspoon. Each of us was invited in turn to be seated in the chair drawn up in front of the table. We were blindfolded. Then we were given the bowl of crums in the right hand, the spoon in the left, and were bidden to put three spoonfuls of the crums into the grinning mouth. If you haven't tried this jolly stunt, you have no idea how few spoonfuls ever get into Jack's mouth.!

As soon as we were through feeding Jack-o'-lantern we found partners for our own refreshments by fitting together witches' caps jaggedly cut in two. When we marched into the dining-room we found a fantastic table. The cloth was of pumpkin-colored crêpe paper, with black Hallowe'en decorations of paper pasted on it. There were witches' black-pointed caps with fluffy tufts of fringed paper sticking from the peaks. Grinning Cheshire cats winked at us mischievously as the flickering candle-light shone on their bead-eyes. Pumpkins with the yellow shining through the cut-out features looked quite as if the Jack-o'-lanterns were lighted.

In the center of the table was a dish labeled "Ghost's ambrosia." It consisted of gum-drops wrapped in waxed paper, with the ends twisted about a central wire to form bunches of grapes. Light-yellow drops made Niagara grapes; deep-purple ones were Concords; red ones were Tokays and Delawares; green ones were Malagas. Paper grape-leaves framed the foliage, which gave realistic touches. The dish was surrounded by thirty small green candles, celebrating the date of Hallowe'en.

THE scooped-out shell of a large pumpkin formed the bowl for what was labeled "Jack-o'-lantern's favorite punch." On top of the deep-colored orangeade floated a few cloves. The foam was flecks of marshmallow whip.

On the opposite end of the table another placard stated that the plates held "Witch's salad." Slices of pineapple had features crudely fashioned from strips of pimiento, with noses of bulging maraschino cherries. The ghostly faces were framed in frills of lettuce-leaves, like caps. Bread-sticks, buttered, served as broomstick-wands.

There were great plates of hobgoblin doughnuts and dishes of cheese. The hobgoblins were made by cutting doughnuts without the center holes, pinching up the noses, cutting wee slashes for eyes, into which were firmly pressed whole allspice, and slashing mouths and imbedding specks of pimiento for tongues before frying.

So the party ended as uniquely as it began. Witch Marion said when we returned to the living-room that as it was the witching hour of twelve, when ghosts walk, all the girls should have friendly ghosts to escort them home. As she talked she went about putting all the lights out except the one in the great Jack-o'-lantern. When she had finished, none of the boys were in the room.

Across the doorway into the hall a sheet was soon stretched. Then from behind it there were silhouetted on the screen grotesque ghosts. The boys had been given, we found out afterward, a number of things with which to disguise themselves. It was not easy to tell who was who as they appeared one by one, but finally every one's identity had been found out. Then these lively ghosts took down the screen and came to claim us for the walk. How did they know which girl to claim? Witch Marion had told them. As the boys were named correctly she, by the light of the Jack-o'-lantern, had written each name down by the side of the girl first recognizing the "ghost." When a girl had a partner, she was "out," but Witch Marion alone knew this, which kept the guessing lively. It was the next person guessing correctly whose name was taken, and so on down the whole list.

It was in the company of these "friendly ghosts" that we went home.



CRÊPE PAPER HALLOWE'EN FAVORS THAT ARE EASILY MADE AT HOME

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OLD MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

son to think he had dropped them absentmindedly elsewhere. After some hesitation the Old Man found them, bringing them back one by one to the master, first the coat, then the snow-shoes. Jim lashed his left foot down securely to the snow-shoe. He would have to swing that foot and that shoe entirely from the knee, dragging them all the way to the cabin.

When they first started out, the Old Man walked with head lifted, eyes on Jim's swaying back. Seeing Jim could go down-hill, even with so unsteady a gait, his head dropped and he walked slowly, dejectedly in the crooked herring-bone of the snow-shoe tracks. Every time his weight splayed out the crushed bones of his foot, Jim suffered. But as from wounds, cinched thong, and freezing the foot became colder, the pain lessened. There was no longer any play of torn bones and ligaments he could feel. The whole thing was a stump, a heavy, cold, hard thing that burned intolerably at first and then ceased to do even that. He knew his foot was freezing. But the momentary relief was all he cared about.

Occasionally on the way back he stopped to lean on his ax or to cling to an overhead tree-branch for support. Up through the trail flowed a moist, full river of wind. The Old Man, padding along behind, sniffed the air and knew what its moisture meant—snow. It was dark now. The leaves on the trees rattled like free icicles. In the snow-light the dead oak-leaves and pine-needles glittered. The snow was brunished metal. Here and there were dark patches, black, gleaming mirrors of ice. Evil things, they seemed to approach and recede. If they would only stay to one side or the other of the trail Jim did not mind. But if one should lie across the trail, Jim knew he could never travel over it. Never!

The Old Man padded along behind, head drooping. Jim twisted around to see what he thought about it. But the Old Man had given up studying the master. He was thinking, and he did not lift his head.

THE foot lay just where Jim had chopped it off with a clean blow from the ax. A blackish-green thing, it had flopped a little to one side, each toe discolored and swollen with gangrene. Jim, resting on one arm, Jim leaned back studying the tourniquet he had put on below the calf. It was made of Hannah's dish-towels he had found after all in the pack and of some slender pieces of cedar. It held. There was no hemorrhage. Down the windowpanes trickled melting flakes of snow, big, heavy flakes which had been falling all day. The stanks of meat looked like blood. Snow had no right to look that way, thought Jim. When Jim lifted the ax, the Old Man had merely scented him. But as the ax had cut through Jim's foot, the dog had leaped forward with an angry growl, his fangs bared. He still stood snarling over the severed foot.

For two days they had eaten nothing. Jim because he could not and the Old Man because he did not want to eat. Jim's eyes opened and closed, opened and closed, too weak to rest steadily on the tourniquet. From the first his foot had been growing worse, the poison spreading upward to the thigh. Now the torn foot was thawing out in the warm cabin he had suffered deliriously, shouted, cried, prayed, sung, beaten his arms. The Old Man, trembling in a corner, had watched. If, Jim thought, he had only chopped it off before it had thawed out! Now he knew he was fighting for the barest chance to get home to Hannah.

He watched the oozing stump with the tourniquet just above it. And the Old Man watched the severed foot. Crouching, he was creeping up on it, just a few inches at a time. Jim saw him. Where had he seen him creeping along like that before? Yes, he had it! The dog was flop-eared and lanky then, slipping along on his belly after a load he wanted. It had been a late June night and he and Hannah were sitting on the porch steps watching the Old Man creep cautiously after the dark, moist, warty thing. Then he had lit in his mouth; then he spat it out, rubbed his nose, and shook his head.

Now through half-closed eyes Jim saw the Old Man slipping forward on his belly, slowly toward the dark, moist, severed foot. The dog wasn't to be trusted! No dog was to be trusted! If he once got a taste of that—God! With a yell Jim flung himself toward the food, seized it, tossing it into the fire, where it blazed up like sputtering tallow.

He lay back shuddering. A thing like that, he thought, would send Hannah to the madhouse. She must never know. She must have her share of what life was like. She mustn't even dream that such things could happen.

But what had the dog actually done? What was he afraid of? What had happened? What separated them, now when he needed the Old Man most? Why couldn't he tell him all about it, about Hannah, about what might happen? He couldn't! He couldn't! The dog was not to be trusted. It was the smell of meat separated them—he knew now what it was. It was raw flesh—his own flesh. He must hurry before the awful thing happened.

Jim dragged himself to the cupboard, took out the last of the bacon, and, thinking to appease the dog, threw it to him.

The Old Man looked at it, raked it in with his paw, and lay eying it.

"Eat it!" begged Jim. "Eat it!"

But the dog had no thought for food and turned faithful, wondering eyes on Jim.

The master lay now in his bunk, the blankets half over him. It was a queer thing about thoughts, human or dog: they went just so far to meet and then they stopped. Jim had always known the Old Man could go a very short way along that path of thought. But Hannah's thoughts were coming out to meet him—sure to be! Yet even they did not travel far enough. Otherwise no power could keep her from reaching him.

Jim looked suspiciously at the Old Man. As if in answer to his gaze, the dog got up and came toward him. Afraid, Jim wanted to push him away. But the dog stood beside him, looking straight into his eyes, whimpering a little. Jim half felt that something comforting was touching him. But he was afraid of the Old Man, and it could not be the look in his eyes. Maybe it was the heat from the fire. He was freezing. Part of him was freezing, part of him was burning up! Oh, God, oh, God, how he had stumped in and out to get that wood! The Old Man was going in and out with him, too, each time fetching a mouthful.

What was he thinking even then? Well, something was touching him, touching him deliriously. It was not the Old Man's eyes. They were calm, too, but—yes, God, oh, God, it was touching him just the same, like a warm paw! The dog was licking the master's hand, trust, companionship, understanding in his eyes. He knew now what it was. It was the dog's tongue was warm. Jim tried to lift the hand the Old Man licked. It weighed more than the torn, frozen foot had ever weighed. Now he got it up where he could see it. There was blood on the wrist. That was why the dog licked it. In his fear Jim shouted wildly and drew back into the bunk. Then the Old Man put his fore paws onto the edge of the bunk. Jim struck at him, knocking him violently down. The next minute he stood in the center of the floor, studying Jim. After that he lay down beside the bunk, thinking. Right there on the floor, on the soft, white bacon melting on the floor.

For a while the cabin was very still, nothing breaking it but stillness except an occasional sinking ember or a moan from the bunk or the wistful lifting of an old dog's head in the direction of the man. It was cold in the cabin—growing colder. The heavy, moist snow was thinning out, becoming finer, sharper, more cutting. Occasionally snow slipped off the roof. Whenever the snow slid off the roof the dog stirred, looking at the fire, looking at the fire, listening to the wind. Finally he got up, sniffed at the bloody ax still lying on the floor, and raised himself quietly onto the door, bunting the latch with his nose. After that he stuck his paw in the crack, opened the door, and went out.

The wind swept in with a whine. Jim, conscious of its sound, rose cautiously on his elbow and looked at the fire. The Old Man was gone. Best thing to do was to lock the dog out. Before he could get out of bed the Old Man was coming in, the door carrying as many cedar kindlings as his jaws would hold. Next best thing to do was to get to the door on his sleep. Jim threw his blankets on the floor. But the Old Man looked at the blankets, looked at Jim, and refused to lie down. Jim sank back.

The door slammed, the latch caught, snow slid down the roof. Jim started up again. What was all that noise? The Old Man stood uncertainly by the pile of kindling he had brought in. He did not know what to do. He pulled out a stick, then swung his glance toward the bunk and watched Jim.

NO USE, thought Jim, lying there watching him. He was not safe in that cabin with that dog—not enough food in it for two. Horrible thoughts crawled toward him—quick-scurrying creatures that ran across his mind and were gone before he knew it. A thing like that would kill Hannah. He must keep unharmed for her the picture she had of the Old Man. Always sunlight in her pictures. She needed sunlight. Jim pulled himself out of bed. Phew, how the room stank! He unwound the cloth from the bloody end of his leg and studied it. Yes, the whole thing, almost up to his thigh, was turning the same color—last stages of gangrene. It might be partly the tourniquet, but Jim knew that the poison was creeping up to his belly—was already there. That, he supposed, made his head feel queer. Jim sat on considering. Yes, no mistake about it, Hannah must never know.

Suddenly he looked up and said with conviction, "He's all love, Hannah!"

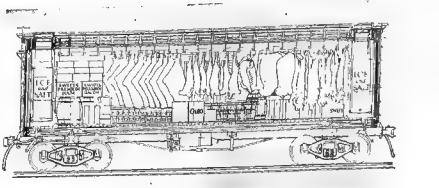
After that Jim felt with shaking hands in his pockets.

Outside thin, icy snow rang like dry sand against the cabin window-panes. It was driving slantwise. Occasionally with the wind came a slant of pale light as the moon raced through the cloud-rack.

Jim had found what he was looking for: a thick pencil of indelible blue used for marking lumber. He had pulled out an old envelop and was writing carefully. "Han-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

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Every housewife knows the importance of keeping an ice box clean and cold—spick, span and scoured; free from every least scrap or crumb or stain that could lead to the contamination of food; and plentifully iced.

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Then three tons of ice and eight hundred pounds of salt are put into the ice chambers to cool the car before the meat is loaded. It takes all of this to get the car chilled; it is iced again when the meat goes in.

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Drawings by Shirley Kho

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S LITTLE COOK-BOOK

BY EDITH M. BARBER

DIRECTOR OF SYRACUSE HOME BUREAU



EVERY month of every year brings its crop of new housekeepers with their home-making problems. Among these problems there is none which looms larger in the three-meals-a-day round than that of cookery. At present, also, with the scarcity of household help, the cooking question is an issue in the lives of many older housekeepers who are for the first time obliged to undertake the preparation as well as the marketing of food for their tables.

From "young and new" and from "old and new" housekeepers have come again and again such questions as "Where can I find a little cook-book?" "Is there a cook-book which contains only a few standard recipes?" "Isn't there a miniature book with six recipes for salads and seven for soups and eight for eggs?" "When I try to find a recipe in a cook-book I am lost among the many different methods for preparing the same food. How can I choose a cake recipe, for instance, when there are fifty or more sets of directions, each looking more attractive than the others, staring me in the face?"

In an attempt to answer these "cries for help" from these "amateur" cooks this little collection of A-B-C recipes from the primer of cookery has been gathered, not to take the place of the complete cook-book, but to serve as a household convenience and a labor-saving device. Each recipe, with a few exceptions, which have been made for special reasons and which are noted, will make five ordinary servings, and may be halved by the young housekeeper with her two in family or increased to correspond to the size and the appetites of the large family.

The "leaves" in this series will follow each other in alphabetical order, beginning with "B" for beverages, as there is no "A" in this miniature alphabet. They will be arranged in a form that will make them easy to save. The three Rs to success in using the primer of cookery as in using any standard collection of recipes are

1—Read and follow accurately the recipe.
2—Make all measurements level.
3—Have in your kitchen the necessary well-arranged equipment.

The Key to a Recipe

LEARN to read a recipe accurately and to follow the directions as given. If a recipe is worth using at all it is worth using well. Give it a chance to do not try to improve upon it by addition or subtraction until you have tried it once. Remember that some one has probably spent some time experimenting in order to formulate directions which will be easy to understand and whose results will be the best possible. Therefore by the labors of some one else and save your own.

The one exception which as usual proves the rule to following a recipe as written may be made in regard to seasonings and flavorings, which may be increased or decreased, or changed to suit to suit the well-known tastes of your family. Nutmeg versus cinnamon in apple pie, for instance, has fought many a family battle.

ACCURATE measurements are necessary for standard results. Do not scorn to measure carefully because some excellent cook of your acquaintance "uses her eye." Most of us need a quart-measure, two half-pint cups of glass, aluminum, or tin, two tablespoons, and two teaspoons, all standard size.

Level measurements are accurate measurements.

To make level measurements, fill the cup or spoon more than full and level with the edge of a case-knife.

To divide a spoonful use the sharp edge of the knife and divide lengthwise for a half and crosswise for a quarter spoonful.

In measuring dry materials by the quart or by the cup never shake the utensil after filling.

Sift flour before measuring.

When measuring more than a cup, time will be saved by using a quart-measure.

Before measuring sirup or molasses wet the cup.

When measuring less than half a cupful of fat, waste will be prevented by measuring by the tablespoonful, according to the following table:

1 Quart—4 Level Cupfuls
1 Level Cupful—16 Level Tablespoonfuls
1 Level Tablespoonful—3 Level Teaspoonfuls

SCALES should be part of the kitchen equipment of every household. Materials as they come from the market should occasionally be weighed to be sure that the grocer is giving honest service. It is also convenient when cooking in large quantities to weigh instead of to measure. Scales equipped with weights are more accurate than spring-scales.

Table of Weights

3 Apples (Medium Size)	1 lb.
2 Cupfuls Butter or Other Fat	1 lb.
4 1-3 Cupfuls Ground Coffee	1 lb.
4 Cupfuls Cocoa	1 lb.
9 Large Eggs	1 lb.
4 Cupfuls Flour	1 lb.
2 Cupfuls Meat (Chopped)	1 lb.
2 2-3 Cupfuls Oatmeal	1 lb.
4 Potatoes (Medium Size)	1 lb.
4½ Cupfuls Rolled Oats	1 lb.
2 Cupfuls Rice	1 lb.
2 2-3 Cupfuls Brown Sugar	1 lb.
3½ Cupfuls Confectioner's Sugar	1 lb.
2 Cupfuls Granulated Sugar	1 lb.

Equipment

MAKE your kitchen workshop efficient. Proper furnishings and tools make the kitchen tasks easier.

Linoleum on the floor will save labor as far as cleaning is concerned and will help to prevent that footsore feeling which makes housework a drudgery. A high stool should be in every kitchen.

The kitchen table should have an enamel top or should be covered with zinc in order that hot dishes may be set upon it without harm. Such a table may be used instead of a pastry-board to knead and roll bread, biscuits, and cookies, as dough does not stick to metal. The table should be on casters so that it may be moved as desired.

A kitchen cabinet is useful, especially if conventional cupboards are not built into the walls. Small glass jars with screw tops are excellent containers for spices and other supplies.

Aluminum cooking-utensils wear well and are easily cleaned.

Agate mixing-bowls are light, but earthen bowls which do not chip are preferred by many housewives.

Choose aluminum, block tin, or iron rather than agate as muffin-pans.

New baking-pans should be tempered by greasing and heating for several hours in a moderate oven.

Baking-sheets for biscuits and cookies are convenient.

Glass and earthen custard-cups and casseroles will make one dish do the work of two, as they may be used for both cooking and serving.

A heavy iron or aluminum frying-pan is more satisfactory than a sheet-iron pan.

Be sure to include among your utensils double boilers of various sizes—a large size for cereals, a medium size for puddings, and a small-size boiler for sauces.

A "one-egg" as well as a standard-size beater should be on the utensil list.

A flexible spatula is indispensable for the thrifty scraping of batter from bowls, and for the easy removal of cakes, cookies, and molds from pans.

Flat wooden spoons are excellent for mixing and also for use in cooking.

A potato-ricer makes lumpy mashed potatoes a thing of the past.

A "spring" ice-pick is a great improvement upon the ordinary "screw-driver" type of pick.

A food-grinder is first aid to the housewife in using left-overs for luncheon dishes and sandwich-fillings.

If bread is made at home a bread-mixer will halve the usual work involved.

A confectioner's thermometer leaves no element to chance in the success of boiled icing or fondant.

A fireless cooker lowers gas bills and encourages the use of the cheaper cuts of meat.

A pressure-cooker makes home canning easy and cuts time for cooking all foods from one-half to two-thirds.

"B" FOR BEVERAGES

A CUP of coffee may make or mar a meal for one of its devotees. How often have we heard the reputation of a restaurant or a hostess established by the judgment, "Such wonderful coffee!" or blasted by the verdict, "Muddy water!" What is the secret which insures the perfect cup?

Coffee

THERE is no magic, but there are a few pointers which will establish good coffee-making as a habit instead of a bit of luck. Buy coffee freshly roasted and therefore not in large quantities. The flavor depends upon the blend rather than upon the price, and a medium-priced coffee in general makes an acceptable beverage. To produce a sparkling cup be sure that the water used for brewing it is freshly drawn from the cold-water faucet.

A percolating coffee-pot is a boon to the inexperienced housekeeper as it is practically fool-proof. While it may cost more than the ordinary pot, it will usually pay for itself by the uniformity of the beverage which comes clear from its spout morning after morning. An agate or acid-proof metal pot is usually preferred for boiled coffee, but we all know how good picnic coffee made in the big tin boiler tastes, and there are some epicures who insist that the tin pot is the magic vessel.

And after the coffee is made—in whatever kind of a pot—serve it as soon as possible!

Boiled Coffee

½ Cupful Coarsely Ground Coffee
1 Cupful Cold Water
2 Egg-shells or ½ Egg (May Be Omitted)
5 Cupfuls Boiling Water

MIX the egg-shells with half the cold water and add to the coffee. Add the freshly boiling water, and boil five minutes after it begins to bubble. Add the other half-cupful of cold water to settle the grounds and let stand a few moments where it will keep hot, but not boil. The egg may be omitted if the coffee is tied in a cheese-cloth bag. Egg or egg-shell is used to clarify coffee, but an acceptable beverage can be made when the egg is omitted if it is allowed to stand long enough after the cold water for settling is added.

Percolated Coffee

¼ Cupful Ground Coffee
5 Cupfuls Cold or Freshly Boiling Water

PLACE the coffee in the upper compartment of the percolator and the water in the lower compartment. Let come to a boil, and boil fifteen to twenty minutes, depending upon the strength desired.

Filtered Coffee

¼ Cupful Powdered Coffee
5 Cupfuls Boiling Water

PUT the coffee in the strainer top of the "filter" pot after heating the pot with boiling water. Pour the boiling water slowly through the coffee once or twice according to the strength desired. Filtered coffee has an entirely different flavor from boiled coffee, and is preferred by those who have acquired a taste for it.

After-dinner Coffee

¼ Cupful Coffee
2½ Cupfuls Water

USE any of the above methods to prepare after-dinner coffee, which is usually served in small cups without cream.

Left-over Coffee

LEFT-OVER coffee may be poured if from the grounds and used to flavor gelatin or ice-cream. It may be used as the liquid in spice- or ginger-cakes and will improve the flavor of either. Use it also for cake icing.

Tea-making

AN EARTHENWARE or china pot is, without doubt, the best utensil for making the perfect cup of tea.

There are many blends and brands of both green and black tea from which to choose. Some persons like a blend of the green and the black.

Water must be freshly boiling to draw out the flavor and to give the desirable sparkle.

Tea must never be boiled and should not stand long on the leaves, for the tannic acid, which tea contains in even larger proportion than coffee is more easily drawn out, making a bitter as well as harmful beverage.

"Teapot Tea"

2 Teaspoonfuls Tea
2 Cupfuls Boiling Water

SCALD the pot. Tie the tea in cheese-cloth, or place it in a tea-ball. Place in the pot and pour on the boiling water. Let it stand three minutes to steep, remove the tea-bag or -ball, and serve at once.

Tea-ball Tea

TEA is sometimes made by putting the tea in a tea-ball or strainer, placing this in the teacup and then pouring the boiling water over it. Tea made in this way does not do justice to the flavor of the tea, which is drawn out by steeping.

Afternoon Tea

BOTH lemon and cream should be served at afternoon tea for the choice of the guests. Sometimes half slices of oranges are also served, and occasionally whole cloves are placed in the slices of lemon.

Iced Tea

POUR freshly made tea over cracked ice. Serve with sugar and lemon. Sprigs of mint if added will improve the flavor. A combination of iced tea, lemon-juice, and ginger ale makes a particularly good cold drink to serve with sandwiches for tea in hot weather.

Chocolate and Cocoa

A DOUBLE boiler should be used in preparing either beverage, unless it is to be served at once.

The flavor of cocoa is improved by standing, but chocolate should be served as soon as possible, as the fat sometimes separates from the beverage if it is allowed to stand.

When preparing cocoa for little children, use one-half or less the amount of cocoa required by the recipe.

Adding sugar to cocoa after the cocoa and water have been cooked together insures a better blending of cocoa and liquid.

Marshmallows or whipped cream may be served with cocoa or chocolate.

Cocoa

5 Tablespoonfuls Cocoa
1 Teaspoonful Flour
1 Cupful Cold Water
3 Cupfuls Milk
¼ Cupful Sugar
Salt

MIX the salt and cocoa and the flour, add the water, and cook in the top of a double boiler over the direct heat for five minutes after the mixture begins to boil, stirring constantly. Add the sugar and milk; heat until it begins to look foamy. Beat with an egg-beater to prevent the scum forming on the top, and serve at once or place over hot water and cook until ready to serve. Left-over cocoa may be reheated and served and will improve rather than deteriorate by standing.

Chocolate

1½ Square Chocolate
1 Cupful Cold Water
3 Cupfuls Milk
¼ Cupful Sugar
Salt

CUT the chocolate into pieces; add the sugar, salt, and water. Stir constantly over the direct heat until smooth and let boil two minutes. Add the milk, heat until foamy, beat with an egg-beater to prevent the scum forming, and serve at once. If for any reason the beverage must stand, place over hot water, but do not let the water boil.

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3 x 3 feet	1.20	3 x 6 feet	2.40

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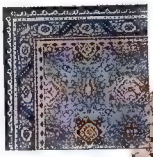
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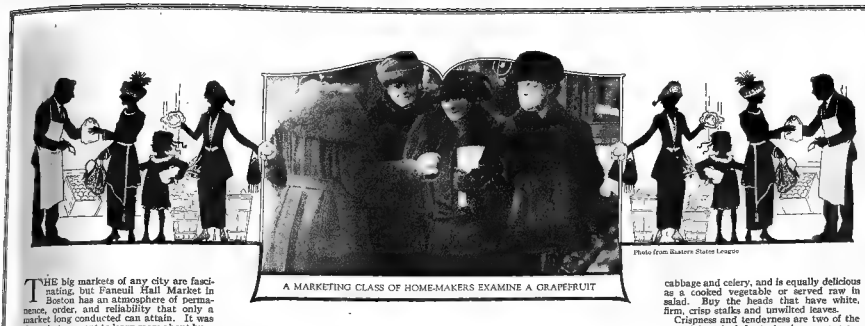
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A MARKETING CLASS OF HOME-MAKERS EXAMINE A GRAPEFRUIT

Photo from Eastern States League

THE MARKETMAN TELLS US HOW TO BUY

He Gives Sound Advice on Selecting Fruits and Vegetables

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

THE big markets of any city are fascinating, but Faneuil Hall Market in Boston has an atmosphere of permanence, order, and reliability that only a market long conducted can attain. It was there that we went to learn more about buying fruits and vegetables, to obtain, firsthand, knowledge gained by long experience, for many of the marketmen boast that they are of the second and even the third generation.

These marketmen have a code of marketing ethics which should be respected by all housewives. "Never pinch fruits or vegetables. Lift a fruit or vegetable to get its weight in relation to its size; that is your marketing privilege. A hard pinch or nick with the finger-nail means a bruised spot, deterioration of the fruit, and consequent loss to us," said one fruit man. And, "You have the right to know if the berries or other fruit in a basket are uniform in size and quality, and any obliging marketman will lay the basket and let you see."

Another dealer, who supplies large hotels and restaurants as well as the retail trade, said: "No honest marketman resents the housewife making her own selection of fruits and vegetables. Why shouldn't she have the best fruit and lettuce in the box if she has made the trip to market and knows enough to select it and if they are all the same weight and variety?"

One of the marketmen gave this general rule for buying fruits and vegetables: "The largest fruits and vegetables are by no means always the best; they are often forced produce and lacking in flavor; but if fruits and vegetables are large and feel heavy in the hand in proportion to their size, they are a good purchase. Take grapefruit, for instance. A smooth, fine-textured skin indicates a thin-skinned fruit, and no housewife wants to pay for heavy peel on fruit; the same thing is true of oranges. Heft the grapefruit in your hand, and it should feel heavy for its size; that indicates that it is rich with juice, and juicy citrus-fruits are always finely flavored."

"Women seldom smell fruit," said one man. "They do not realize that a fragrant odor is often an indication of the freshness and sweetness of a fruit."

Some days our wholesale markets are flooded with certain fruits and vegetables which are very cheap. Our marketmen tell us that if they could only depend on their customers to take advantage of such bargains the price of fruits and vegetables in general could be greatly reduced.

Make a Flexible List

WHEN marketing the housewife should be willing to buy the best that is offered at the most reasonable prices. A market list is worth while, but a woman should not go with a fixed idea of the exact fruits and vegetables she must purchase regardless of quality or price. If she goes to market thinking that asparagus and only asparagus will do as the succulent vegetable for dinner that night and finds the asparagus shriveled, woody, and hard, she invariably blames the marketman for an unpalatable dish, tho she bought the vegetable knowing its poor quality. If, however, this same woman had gone with a variety of possible vegetables on her list and selected the best one available she would have spent no more money and have been satisfied.

The best of the pineapples sold on the Eastern coast come from Egypt. They are juicy and of fine texture, but just because of their juiciness they are difficult to ship and are higher in price than the Hawaiian, Brazilian, or Southern States pineapple. The riper a pineapple is before picking the sweeter it will be, as this fruit does not develop its sugar content and flavor after it is picked. The odor is a fair indication of its flavor; if it freely gives off a sweet fragrance, choose it. The usual market test for ripeness is to pluck a leaf from the center; if it comes out freely, the pineapple is ripe enough for table use.

Unlike the pineapple, the banana develops flavor and sweetness after the bunch is cut from the tree. Pass by the hard, yellow-green bananas and select those that have the skin mottled with brown or black spots, or choose those that are almost wholly discolored if you want them for immediate use. As long as the pulp inside is cream-colored and firm, you will have a fruit far superior in flavor to the hard kind, and often it can be purchased at a much lower price.

Melons are still in the market, and every one of us would like to select one that is juicy and sweet. Before the muskmelon is ripe it is green on the outside and covered with a gray tracery of lines. As it ripens the green groundwork turns yellowish and the stem and blossom ends become soft and springy. Cantaloups are usually larger than muskmelons and oval in shape.

When selecting Casaba and honey-dew melons choose the larger ones, for as a rule they are better-flavored. These melons have the same tests for ripeness as the muskmelons. A watermelon that is prime for eating should sound hollow when rapped with the knuckles or struck with the forefinger. As the marketman said, "They ought to sound 'punk.'"

Tip the Berry-box

SELECT fresh, firm berries. Strawberries have a finer texture and flavor if they are medium-sized, plump, and fully ripened, and they should be fragrant; an odorless berry is apt to be stale and watery. Loganberries, blackberries, and raspberries should be large, full, and juicy. Have the marketman tip the box so you may be certain that the berries are uniform throughout and the box is not just "salted" on top. Buy berries only for your immediate needs, as they are very perishable. Empty the berries upon a large plate or platter and spread them out so that the weight of those on top will not crush those underneath; keep them dry and cool.

Peaches are at their best from August through October. Choose those that seem to fill their skins almost to bursting with juice, for this is an indication that they have been ripened on the tree before being picked. A shriveled, pale skin means a tough, leathery peach lacking in flavor and one that probably was picked while still green.

Vegetables should always be selected with a thought as to how they are to be used. Large carrots, outer stalks of celery, soft tomatoes can all be used for the soup-kettle, and often can be bought at a saving. The freshest, firmest, and finest of vegetables should be kept for the table. It is never economy to buy badly wilted or decayed vegetables at any price, for the waste in preparation will more than overbalance the difference in cost.

Many housewives have been prejudiced against some of the choicest vegetables because the first time they ate them the quality was poor. The French or globe artichoke is one of these. It is in season through the Fall and Winter months. The outer leaves should be crisp and fresh, and the base of the leaves should be plump with flesh. The avocado or alligator-pear has not attained the popularity it should have because it is too often found in our markets hard and green, the marketmen themselves not appreciating the necessity for the fruit being mellow and ripe before it is ready for table use. It should be as soft as a Bartlett pear when ready to be eaten, and is best served as a salad with French dressing, or as a cocktail with a highly spiced tomato-dressing.

Watch Out for Wilted Things

EGGPLANT may be prepared in such a variety of ways that it seems unfortunate that it is not more freely used. Select eggplant that is heavy for its size, plump, thick-meated, and with a glossy, dark-purple skin; pass by any that is shriveled and faded-looking, for it will be wilted and tough. This is also true of other meaty vegetables, such as tomatoes and cucumbers.

Brussels sprouts are a delicious Fall vegetable. They usually come to the market in quart baskets, and each little head should be free from worm-holes and have crisp, green outside leaves.

A new vegetable on the market is Chinese cabbage. It has the combined flavors of cabbage and celery, and is equally delicious as a cooked vegetable or served raw in salad. Buy the heads that have white, firm, crisp stalks and unwilted leaves.

Crispness and tenderness are two of the essentials to look for in buying green vegetables. Green peas and string-beans should have pods that snap; the peas should be small and uniform in size and the beans free from coarse strings. The tip ends of asparagus should be full and fresh, the stalk plump, and the cut ends moist. Beware of any dry, woody-looking stalks; they will be tough when cooked.

Any of the green-leaved vegetables, such as spinach, Swiss chard, and beet-tops, should have small, fresh, crisp leaves and tender stems. Green leaf-lettuce is only good for salad when the leaves are two or three inches long. Buy head-lettuce that is firm and heavy for the size of the head, with crisp, fresh outer leaves and white heart. A loose, light head of lettuce has a small, poorly blanched heart. Escarole and endive need to be well bleached. Choose escarole that has white, crisp hearts, as the green leaves have a bitter taste that is sometimes not acceptable. Endive grows in short, white stalks, which should be crisp and firm and with leafy tips of a delicate yellow.

These are only a few suggestions on marketing for fruits and vegetables. There are but few of us who can not learn much from experienced dealers, and it is encouraging to find that they are willing to help the customer who is willing to listen.

Perhaps as good advice as any that we received on our visit to Faneuil Hall Market was this. Not to start out with a fixed idea as to the exact fruit and vegetable to buy, regardless of quality and price, but to get the best buy for the money. The woman who is open-minded enough to do this will find that she has appreciably cut marketing costs.

The Book-shelf

"THE American Home Diet," by E. V. McCollum, professor of chemical hygiene, and Nina Simmonds, instructor in chemical hygiene, Johns Hopkins University, is primarily for the housewife. It gives in a very clear and simple way the fundamental facts of nutrition which the authors feel that the woman should know who is responsible for the feeding of a family.

The results of faulty nutrition are emphasized in Part I, and stress is laid on the value of the protective foods—milk, leafy vegetables, and eggs. One chapter is given to the discussion of "The Relation of Faulty Nutrition to Early Tooth Decay." Another chapter is called "The Dietary Properties of the More Important American Foodstuffs." This shows the place in the diet and the relative value of such foods as the cereal grains, the legumes, potato, edible roots, leafy vegetables, fruits, meat, milk, and sugar.

Another chapter discusses "Dangerous Foods and the Care of Food in the Home." Special consideration is also given to the feeding of expectant and nursing mothers and to young babies.

Part II furnishes menus for 365 days which "comply with the requirements of modern scientific knowledge in the field of nutrition." While it is only the very exceptional family that would follow exactly a set of menus for this length of time, they will be found full of suggestions, and call attention to the outstanding faults in the eating habits of many families. "The meat, bread, and potato type of diet"—which is "not satisfactory for the promotion of health when confined to exclusive use over a considerable period." (F. C. Mathews Co.)

New Government Bulletins

HAVE you these recent Government bulletins in your collection? If you want them write to the Bureau of Publications, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. They will be sent you free of charge.

House-cleaning Made Easier. Farmers' Bulletin 1180.

Home Laundering. Farmers' Bulletin 1099.

Removal of Stains from Clothing and Textiles. Farmers' Bulletin 861.

Farm Kitchen as a Workshop (revised). Farmers' Bulletin 607.

Farm Home Conveniences. Farmers' Bulletin 927.

Baking in the Home. Farmers' Bulletin 1136.

Milk for the Family. Department Circular 129.

Rice as Food. Farmers' Bulletin 1195.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN TO YOU?

Are you pushing the Fess Home Economics Bill? Every woman in America who has the welfare of children and the establishment of a high standard of national life at heart should back this measure. Its passage will amend the Vocational Education Act in such a way that vocational training in home-making may receive as much aid from Federal funds as vocational training in agriculture and industrial pursuits. Home economics now receives only one-fifth as much as either of the other two.

This is no time to urge any expenditure upon Congress unless we convince our representatives that it will be a saving in the end and of great benefit to the nation. See or write your Congressman and the Senators from your State, emphasizing the importance of this amendment and urging the immediate passage of H. R. 21.

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We will send you a full-sized 50c. jar of La Creole Cold Cream free with any purchase of La Creole toilet preparations amounting to a dollar or over. Fill in the coupon and mail it with your money order. You will receive the preparations you order and a 50c jar of La Creole Cold Cream without charge. The coupon must be mailed to us to get the free jar.

So charmed will you be with thequality, the "caprice de fleurs" of these French-Creole toiletries that you will demand them always. They embody the "secrets de toilette" of the beautiful Creoles, the aristocratic descendants of the French and Spanish cavaliers who settled Louisiana.

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Complexion Soap	$ .25
Almond Lotion	.50
Hair Dressing	1.00
Hair Color Restorer	1.50
Hair Tonic	.75
Shampoo	.50
Vanishing Cream	.50
Massaging Cream	.50
Cleansing Cream	.50
Talcum Powder	.25
Lip Stick (Light, Dark)	.25
Eye Brow Pencil (Brown, Black)	.25
Double Compact (Gold Box, mirror, two puffs, 1 rouge, 1 powder)	1.00
Single Compact (Gold box with mirror and puff. Either in powder or rouge.)	.50
Light, medium or dark rouge. Flesh, brunette or white powder.	



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Complexion Soap	Hair Tonic	Talcum Powder	
Almond Lotion	Shampoo	Lip Stick	
Hair Dressing	Vanishing Cream	Eye Brow Pencil	
Hair Color Restorer	Massaging Cream	Double Compact	
	Cleansing Cream	Single Compact	

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Dealer's Name .....

Write in shade of powder, rouge, lip stick or eye brow pencil desired.

OLD MAN: BY JEANNETTE MARKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

nah. Foot caught in a trap,. Blood-poisoning. Kind of outward for the Old Man to have me in the cabin. Never was a better dog than the Old Man. Jim." As he lifted the envelop and read aloud the message, he was again fighting off the loathsome, myriad-crawling thought. No, the message did not sound right. He turned it, watching the edges of the envelop curl up, char, and fall off. He pulled out another envelop and began rewriting it, "Hannah, Foot caught in trap. Blood-poisoning. Not enough food for two. Old Man best dog ever lived. He's all love, Hannah. God bless you both. Jim."

THE loathsome thought was crawling toward him again. He fought it off and stumbled over the cupboard. She must think he had left the food out to keep the Old Man alive, not other thought! He took out what was left, some bread and baked beans, and set them on the floor beside the bacon, which still lay there, a white, oozing pile.

"See, Old Man, see!" Jim pointed.

The dog merely lifted his dark, shining eyes, in which on this night lay all the sorrow of the lonely, and stirred his tail a little, acknowledgment of a kind for the most-loved, the master, with whom he had spent his life and with whom he knew all too well his life was now over. More attention the dog would not give the master.

Jim, delirious, was afraid of the eyes that would not look up. The dog intended something. He was just waiting. He was going to do something. He knew Jim's every thoughts and knew them as his own. Jim stumbled about the room hastily, hopping on his right foot to steady himself and catching at a table or chair with his left hand. He must hurry; he must not lose any time. He needed several nails and found them. Into his pocket he put them, a flat piece of cedar kindling. He looked for his jacket, that was part of the picture for Hannah. He himself would not paint it out there. The snow would make a warm blanket, no doubt about that! He found the jacket and placed it on the bottom of the bunk, patting it as he did so.

"Here, Old Man, coat!" he coaxed.

But the dog lay with averted face. He would not even look at the master any more.

Jim sank onto the bunk, staring. What came over the dog? Why wouldn't he look at him? What was he thinking? What was he thinking? The loathsome thought was racing toward him. Would he ever be able to get past that and the Old Man and out into the open? If he reached the porch he would have to crawl on all fours, a little way off through the snow. Not too near the cabin! But with the door nailed up he could crawl in peace. Not far! And when he lay down out there in the snow, Hannah would be safe, the beautiful, sunny pictures would be safe, and for him sleep would come. He was doing this for Hannah. He was keeping this picture for Hannah, keeping it beautiful to the last. For her Life must be what she thought it was, not the thing Jim knew it to be. He must try not to think of her suffering; he couldn't do a thing if he did that. Pictures were comforting. He hadn't ever thought much about it before. He supposed men made pictures because they brought comfort. They were just an outgrowth of what we were doing all the time in the life we lived, making pictures.

Well, he could give back the Old Man to Hannah, not as he really was, but as Hannah had always thought he was. It was almost the same thing—for you thought so. That would be his last gift He had always wanted to give everything to Hannah. He didn't know he was giving his biggest opportunity now. And then she would have, too, the old house and the apple-tree and other memories of the land.

Now he must take his last chance in his hand. He stepped toward the Old Man. To get to the door he would have to pass him. The loathsome thought was racing with him on its myriad terrible legs.

"Good old fellow!" said Jim, softly, trying to pass the dog.

THE Old Man stared before him, eyes unlifted. He did not turn his head. Jim was almost past him. Another hop and another hand-swing and he would be. He stooped, keeping his eyes on the dog, and picked up the ax. He would need it. It would help to protect the picture. Jim swung past and leaned against the cabin door, gasping. Why didn't the dog move? What was he planning? Why was he crouching there, eyes unlifted? Why was he crouching for? Why wouldn't he look at him? Was he going to spring before Jim could get the door open, get out, hold it to, nail it up?

Quick! Jim wrenched the door open, half hopped, half fell, clinging to the wooden latch, closing the door. Then came the sound of two nails being driven straight through a cleat. The door shivered under the blows. There followed a third lighter blow in the center. After that silence.

A gust of wind drove some dry snow like sand against the cabin windows.

From the door came a whisper, dry, faint. "Good night, Old Man!"

From within came a sigh. At the beloved voice the dog did not lift his eyes. Once his ears pricked forward and he whimpered for a few seconds. Then he was still. Hour after hour he lay there till not a coal of the fire was left. Two feet away from his haunches lay the white, greasy lump of bacon untouched. Behind him, untouched, lay all the food upon the table. The cabin, dim, silvery, was flecked with shadow and racing moonlight.

NIGHT passed before that cabin door and day followed. After that might have been heard a paw delicately picking at the crack of the door which would not open, followed by an occasional whine or snuffle. Then against windows, one after one, a black muzzle flattened and large, dark eyes stared out, searching the snow. Again and again, eyes and muzzle made the round of those little windows. At last through the window by the door, there by the porch, they discovered a mound. The Old Man studied that heap, whimpered a little, turned around uncertainly. After that he went over to the bunk, took Jim's slippers, and brought them to the porch window. Then he snuffed about the floor, past the bacon, past the food-laden table, till he found the soiled moccasin Jim had separated from his torn foot. This he dropped on the slippers.

Sighing a little, trembling much, he lay down, his muzzle across the moccasin and slippers, his nose pointed toward the mound.

Once, hours later, his eyes opened wide, ablaze with welcome, his tail thumping faintly. For an instant he raised his head. Then it dropped sidewise back onto the moccasin and slippers and lay motionless. And night and day and night and day moved in slow phases past those silvery cabin windows, that closed cabin door, circling about each other and all silent places forever. But the Old Man moved no more.

LINGER LONGER LINGERIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

you get me. So I spilled the storage warehouse on him.

"See here, Mr. Fall," I says. "This specialty shop business is all right at bottom," I says, "or would be if run on a decent basis." I says. "The reason there is so many genuine bankrupt sales in this line," I says, "is because the goods we carry won't wash in any sense!" I says, "and because the prices ain't right. You are selling hysteric and imagination here, I tell you, at chiffon camisoles worth a dollar, if anything, at six-fifty and tax. You sell negligent negligées that are thrown together, and that you buy at fifty-eight dollars a dozen, for twenty-eight dollars apiece! You are selling wash-satin pants and gowns that are so full of dressing that after the first wash they come out mosquito-netting —you can't see anything less than a thousand per cent. on the stuff. It makes me sick, I'll say it does! You got a warstandard for prices and you just won't believe the break has come. You won't buy and you won't sell and you won't let your help do either!"

"How can I cut prices and then raise wages?" yells Ed.

"It ain't only the money end of it," I says; "it's the line of the goods I'm also kicking about. I guess more innocent women is robbed in this business in the course of a year, then in any other. And I'm fed up with it!"

"A woman shouldn't have attractive things—is that the big idea?" shouted Ed "She shouldn't wear goods from a specialty shop!"

"YOU don't get me, Mr. Fall," I says.

"I think it is the moral ob—ob—well, anyways, the duty of every girl to wear the cutiest, simplest stuff she can get a hold of. But when it comes to underwear, it had ought to at least dry-clean satisfactory—and most of our stuff don't. If we can't stock a line of decent quality here, I'm going to quit. In fact I'm going to quit anyways, if I don't get a raise."

"Nix! Don't you do it!" says Ed. "Think that over, child! I don't want I should loose a good salewoman, Miss Gloria. But a raise? Not now! I couldn't do it!"

"Then I'm through!" I says. "I want to go into some business with a future to it, and as there's no future to our stuff except to become inferior dish-rags in a week, why, the same is true of the business itself. To say nothing of the highway, hold-up stuff we pull here. Do we charge 'em? You tell him, Venus, you got the figure!"

"Say, listen, Miss Gloria, you are all excitement!" says Ed. "Business is slow, so you just take the afternoon off for a rest—see? And in the morning I'll bet you decide to stay."

"Well, all right, Mr. Fall!" I says. "I never felt better in my life. But if you are willing I should stay, I'll quit for today. But I can't stand being in the yeggame any longer. If I was interested in that line I would of joined the police force long ago!"

JUST get this, Gertie! I felt real good by then, but I thought there was no harm in feeling even better, because I had made up my mind I would examine into a business that had always attracted me, but I never had the nerve to go after it in the right way before—I mean the Beauty-parlor business.

And so, then, dear, I wanted to look it over from the outside, see? Not as an operator first off, but as a patient. I wanted to go to one of these places and get a treatment of some kind and get a line on the best concerns and how they was run, and what money was in them, and everything. You see, the Beauty-business looked to me like a real, scientific line, that made money and done good at the same time, and it attracted me very strong, altho I knew practically nothing about it, and had never been in a real Beauty-parlor as yet. Of course Mary Maloney, my roommate, which works in Crustelle's, has often asked me over, but I never had went because of having so little time and they are closed on Sunday.

But, Gertie, it wasn't to Crustelle's I headed when I left the Chic Shop that afternoon. I thought I would get the real dope better by going some place where I was a stranger and where nothing would be staged for me, see, except to the usual degree, and where they would take me for a daughter of wealth and luxury and etc. I'll say it took some nerve, because I wanted to be very up-stage when I got there. And so, Gertie, I stopped in a drug-store and give myself a glass of orange-juice, in which I mashed up one of my East-cakes which I had brought along, and this time I drunk it like a old toper, having lost some of my feeling of excitement over taking them by now, and feeling instead real enthusiastic over East and wondering why hadn't I discovered this simple, marvelous remedy and pep-giver long, long ago, and been for years lapping up a few regularly to keep full of the confidence which health and vigor gives, and just think, so much kick for so little cash, and ain't it really a great discovery, and a whole lot of wild mental statements, like that, which a person always makes to theirselfs about the third cake.

Well, Gertie, after I gulped it down with determined enthusiasm I threw out my perfect thirty-six bravely, and headed for La Jolie Visage, which is French for Rubin's Beauty-parlor, since they moved over onto Fifth Avenue and opened up that palegray cold-cream Palace, which, as you know, Gertie, is undoubtedly the highest-class face-factory and hair-henna-ry in the city.

Just get this, Gertie, this joint had all the outward and invisible signs of exclusiveness that is the indications of class in our day and admitted age. In other accents, Gertie, its outward signs were as few and invisible and expensive as possible, the both showwindows showing only loose-made curtains of heavy home-made lace, in front of which languished a few false curls and the inevitable stuffed rose of modern-mode curtains. The hall-marks was all there, dear, and also in the hall itself, where one in gray trousers and a pink coat was waiting to catch the final outgoing tip.

INSIDE, the place was a fair imitation of the kind of drawing-room sets you often see on the stage and in the department store—you know, Gertie—black carpet, blue and coral furniture, round mirrors, hung up by bath-robe cords, tassels and all, blue china spittoons, and all the violent simplicity which is now the propah thing, old deah! In fact, it would put your eye out, Gertie, and get a person sort of hypnotized and scared to be their true natural selfs right at the start, and of course this leaves a client in the right condition to be worked upon, the same as in a spiritualist parlor. All the customers is called clients at the Visage, the same as if it was a high-class dentist, see, and high-class dentists never pretend to be painless, Gertie, so it's a good word for the Jolie Visage to spring.

I wish you would of seen the up-stage manner of the water-waved siren at the appointment desk! Just insulting enough to be in perfectly good form, do you get me.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

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FIT YOUR OWN FIGURE

THE NEW HOME-MADE FORM MAKES DRESSMAKING EASY



Fig. 1.—The Finished Form

AN EPIDEMIC is sweeping the country! Dress-forms for grandmas, dress-forms for mothers, and dress-forms for daughters. "Fit your own figure" is a new slogan for the home dressmaker. A shirt, some gummed paper, a little work, and presto! there is your own figure right before you with every little curve just where it ought to be. Thousands of these forms have been made during the last year by women working with home demonstration agents of the United States Department of Agriculture and the State agricultural colleges.

As the person for whom the form is to be made must stand during the process, the dress-form should be made quickly. To do this, the services of two to three people is needed. It is essential to have all materials at hand and conveniently placed before beginning to make the form.

Materials: Cheap, tight-fitting, knit underwest with high neck and short sleeves. Material to form collar foundation. (Muslin or knit pieces from bottom of shirt or sleeves may be used.) Large roll of gummed paper one-half to one inch wide. ("50-lb." quality is most satisfactory.) Piece of cardboard about eighteen by twenty-four inches. Water-container and sponge. Pencil. Needle and thread. Scissors. Yardstick. Wash-basin and towel. Tape line.

Directions for making:

1. The model should wear comfortable shoes with heels the height she usually wears. She should remove her outer garments, see that the underclothing is smooth and well-fitting, then put on the tight-fitting underwest.

2. Cut off the buttons and buttonhole strips from underwest and sew up the opening.

3. Record waist-measure.

4. Cut half the roll of gummed paper into 6- to 18-inch strips with diagonal ends. Cut four longer strips to define the long lines of center front and center back and an additional long strip for the waist.

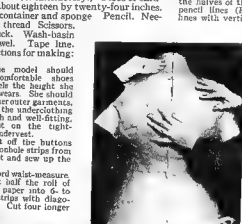


Fig. 2

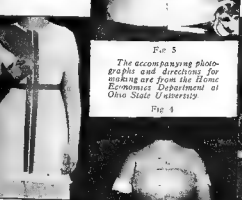


Fig. 3

The accompanying photographs and directions for making are from the Home Economics Department at Ohio State University

5. Paste a strip of gummed paper around the waist to form a tight belt. Paste a strip vertically on each side one-eighth inch from center line of front and back (Fig. 2). The quarter-inch spaces thus made may be left partly uncovered so that it will be possible to cut through them easily.

6. Except for these quarter-inch spaces, paste strips of gummed paper over the entire vest. When pasting the strips, let them overlap from one-half to two-thirds the width of the strip (Fig. 2) Make the strips smooth and press them firmly in place. It may be necessary to clip the edges of the strips in some places to make them smooth. Extend the form to cover a small portion of the upper arm, leaving the under hold her arm away from her sides, resting her hands on the lower part of the hips.

7. Add a second layer of paper, placing the strips at an angle to the first strips. Make the dress-form firm enough to retain its shape by adding as many more layers as are needed.

8. Unless the shirt already has a collar attached, cover the neck with a piece of material, fitting it carefully and attaching it to the form with gummed paper (Fig. 3). Cover this collar foundation with strips one-half inch wide, placing them perpendicular to the neck-line. Allow them to extend one or two inches below it.

9. Mark the hip-line so that it will be an equal distance from the floor all around (Fig. 3). Measure the distance from the hip-line to the floor and record this measurement. Draw short lines at intervals across the center front and back as a guide for joining the halves of the form (Fig. 4)

10. Cut through the quarter-inch spaces left uncovered in the center front and back of the form (Fig. 4) Carefully remove the halves.

11. Cut along the marked hip lines

12 Hold the halves of the form up to the light to find the thin spots Reinforce them with additional paper.

13. Measure the waist-line on the halves of the form

14 If the waist-measure of the form is larger than the recorded waist-measure, cut a strip equal to one-quarter of the difference from each side of the front and back.

15. With short strips of gummed paper join the halves of the form, matching them at the pencil lines (Fig 5) Reinforce the center lines with vertical strips of gummed paper.

Fig 4



Fig 5

16 Trim the edges of the neck and arms and bind them with short strips of paper one-half inch wide (Fig. 6)

17. To make a base for the form, place it upright on the piece of cardboard and trace around the bottom of the form Cut the cardboard on the line and fit it into the bottom of the form, trimming off the edges of the cardboard if necessary

18 Attach the base to the form with short strips of gummed paper.

19. For use in fitting waists the form may be placed on a table. To make it convenient for fitting dresses or skirts it is necessary to mount the form on a standard. Make the standard the exact height of the distance measured from the hip-line to the floor

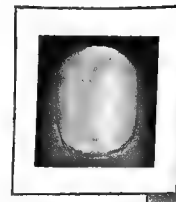
In selecting a shirt for the foundation of the form be sure that it is a very snug fit. Size 36 is large enough for a figure with a 42 bust, and a 16-year size will be about right for a 38 figure. A cotton gauze undervest of any weight will be satisfactory, but be sure to use one long enough so that the tail extends below the fullest part of the hips

After the form has been put together, a good coat of shellac on the outside will give it an excellent finish For a standard, saw out a wooden disk the shape of the cardboard base and attach it to a strong vertical stick supported by crosspieces.



Fig. 6.—Bind the Neck Neatly

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When you cut the cuticle—a microscope would reveal it frayed and raveling, like a rope that has been hacked with a dull knife.



Mary Nash posed for this photographic study of her lovely hand. She says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut. Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so much better. They are really lovely."

The wrong and the right way to manicure

NO matter how careful you are, you simply cannot cut the cuticle without piercing through to the living skin.

Over these tiny cuts nature quickly builds up a new covering that is tougher than the rest of the cuticle. This makes the nail rim more uneven than before. If you should examine it under the microscope you would see that it was frayed and raveling, like a rope that had been hacked with a dull knife.

Yet when the cuticle grows up over the nails, dries, splits and makes hangnails, it must be removed somehow. The safe and easy method is to do it without cutting. With Cutex Cuticle Remover you can remove surplus cuticle quickly, harmlessly.

Just how to remove the cuticle

Dip the end of an orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover and work around the nail base. Wash the hands; then when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe off.

This has made manicuring so simple that any woman can now keep her own nails always looking lovely.

Cutex Manicure Sets come in three sizes, at 60c, $1.50 and $3.00. Or each of the Cutex products comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemist shops in England.

Marvelous new Liquid Polish added to Introductory Set! Set now only 15c

A sample of the marvelous new polish, that gives an instantaneous shine—lasting and brilliant—without buffing, has been added to the Introductory Set, which also contains samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White and Cutex Powder Polish—enough of everything for six complete manicures—with orange stick and emery board. Send for it today—now only 15 cents—less, actually than you've been able to get it for before. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City, or, *if you live in Canada*, Dept. 210, 200 *Mountain Street, Montreal.*

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 15 CENTS TODAY

Northam Warren,
Dept. 210, 114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

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French Twist -
An ever-popular style of hair dress particularly refreshing in these days of extreme puffs over the ears.

How brushing your hair improves its appearance

Your hair must first of all be healthy. It can be healthy only by being *well brushed*. Use your comb only for dividing and parting the hair. Snarled hair should be brushed until it is disentangled. Combing breaks it, pulls and hurts the scalp and weakens the hair follicles.

Brushing your hair with the right kind of a brush gently distributes the natural oils of the scalp and gives your hair that rich, beautiful lustre you want it to have.

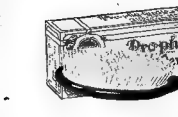
The stiff, strong bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush tightly set into its patented back make most women enthusiastic about this brush.

Made by the same people that make the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth-Brush. Always packed in the yellow box. Ask for it at your druggist's. It is a real first aid to hair health.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO.
Florence, Mass.

Canadian Address
247 St. Paul Street West, Montreal

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes



LINGER LONGER LINGERIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

Gertie? And to make the eager clients plead with her reluctance.

"Well, really, we have almost nothing open!" she says, tracing a rose-tipped finger across a big day-book—"but we might fit you in with—lemme see—Mister John for the hair—and Miss Krauss for the facial—and did you want a manicure while you are being waved, Madame?"

"I'll take a small piece of everything," I says, "if you can arrange it without too much effort."

Just get me, Gertie, if I would of known what I had ordered I would of beat it in time, but fools rush in where angels have been stung once, as the feller says, and I ordered the whole menu without looking at it, because I was after first-hand info., d'you see, dear? And I didn't want them to know I was green.

WELL, Gertie, they led me away to a private torture-chamber where my cries would not be heard, and commenced operations by removing my hat and coat as if I was a helpless child. And then they went on to remove many other things, Gertie, including the most painful removal of the rubber band off of my roll.

What that establishment did to me was enough. It seems there was nothing that they couldn't cure and that I had them all the matter with me. They had a remedy for everything from falling eyebrows to rising hips, or from straight hair to crooked toe-nails.

"Shall I shape your eyebrows?" says the face-wrastler as she bent over me solicitously—solicitously was right, as I found when it come to the tip, because no two per-cent. stuff got in this house, Gertie, the price of tips having gone up along with all the other necessities.

"Yes, thank you, shape away," say I, thinking at the time she was throwing in a personal favor—and so she was—to the house. She pulled ten hairs, Gertie, and Kid, that cost me just one berry, or ten cents a hair! But wait, that ain't all, sweetie—it was only a running start. Was it a hold-up? You tell her, compass, you'll be right to the point!

Just get this, Gertie! When she had them ten hairs all pulled out, talking gally the while, and me laying there helpless and unclothed in them with my waist, hat, and dolman all carried away by the maid, well, wile I lay there, that face-fancier jumped on my map with both hands and commenced to massdel it like it was modern Europe or something. First she slapped on a flat-full of axel-grease and then she smothered my screams with a scalding towel, and next she hit me square with a lump of ice. And all this time kept up a line of chatter that ran about like this.

"Do you use our Cream of Lilac at night? You ought to—I'll have them put you up a bottle—a dollar-fifty, yes, and you should have our Radish-juice rouge; it's wonderful—simply wonderful! Why not try a little? It's only ninety cents. You ought to have our Essence-of-Rhubarb Skin Lotion; it's three dollars a sample bottle!"

"Sounds like!—lotion!" I managed to murmur through the ice, but she never got it, Gertie—altho I did—it was all wrapped up in cotton when I come out of the Alley of the Shadow. In the meantime the skin-specialist went gally on slapping my face and pinching it and talking and, honest, Gertie, I wouldn't of stood it only she had me down and out.

"Do you use our perfect eye-shadow, lip-stick, and eye-pencil outfit?" she says. "You better have one, really. And we got the grandest enameline for evening dress. That's our Essence of Gold perfume on the shelf—you use it, don't you, Moddom? Have you enough? It's only eighteen-fifty, and the tax, for one ounce in them cute little gold bottles—"

"Augh!" I managed to get beyond the towel and she luckily understood it for "no." But she wasn't through; it was a long record and the needle was still good. Did she go right on? Huh! You tell her, dynamo, you got the power!

"We got a new hand-lotion," she says. "You ought to try it—a dollar-fifty a half-bottle; and I'd love to have you try just one jar of our Pineapple-and-Cucumber Cream; it's simply wonderful for the pores."

"Pause is right!" I says, emerging from the mask of beaten egg and putty which she had on me. "We will pause right here," I says; "I can't carry all them bundles I got already!"

And say, Gertie, all the girl done was hand me the laugh and a check for the facial, which was three dollars, plus war-tax and tip, and then she passed me on to the hair-dresser and manicure, who rushed in and seized me before I could seize my clothes and get out of that garage of taxi-drivers.

Well, dear, was what them two did to me plenty? You tell her, skirt, you're brief enough! The hair-hound waved two berries out of my head and a bottle of the firm's own brilliantine at the brilliant price of one bean for a ounce onto me, and the manicure let me off easy at a dollar for the shine and a two-bit tip. And then I was left in a pill-box of Black Beauty spots worth a nickel on me at seventy-five cents, but I escaped that, and when they had got me a hair-net as a finishing touch for half a bean, they let me have what was left to me—my clothing—whisked it off for my last dime and give me back a hard look for change, and let me go!

Say, get me, Gertie, when I staggered out of that dump I had been cleaned for a week's salary. What is further, Gertie, I had paid most of it for a bunch of bottles of stuff which might kill or cure, and on which there was probably not over a thousand per cent. profit. As for tips, they had netted about five dollars, Gertie, because nobody in the whole Polo Visage had more than one talent, and so it was a case of a tip a treatment or die of shame. Talk of robbery in the specialty shops—we lingerians are a flock of white baa hothouse lambs by the side of them Beauty-parlor wolves in stage-settings!

GOODNESS, Gertie, when I staggered out into the comparatively free air at a quarter to six o'clock I beat it for the Chic Shop as to a haven of refuge for the honest working girl. It looked like a charitable institution to me, dear, and when I reached its home like doors at last and its well-known windows with the modern-by-comparison priced things and the I was all set to ask for a reduction in wages if only I might stay on in that clean, honest atmosphere! But by good luck, Gertie, I was saved from expressing myself too soon by Mr. Fall falling first before I could speak.

Just get this, Gertie! I give me one admiring glance as I come in, pulling the gloves off my newly bleached and manicured hands, and his look also took in my two-dollar wave and my facial massage—and say, he kinda gasped, see—and did it work him—huh! You tell her, carpet, you got the floor! My investment in beauty done something I hadn't at all intended, Gertie—it got me something more than a clean pocketbook!

"Well! Well!" says Ed, coming forward as cordial as if I had been a customer.

"Well—we are going on a big bust to-night with our feller, I guess?" says he. "My, you look snappy, Miss O'Day—say, child, I'm glad you come in to-night, because I been thinking over what you says this afternoon and I don't wanner loose a good saleswoman."

"Well, what's the big idea?" says I, seeing at once that I had caught myself just in time. "What's the proposition?"

"Well, child, guess maybe I'll run another line in this store," says Ed. "You can select it, Miss O'Day—all high-class hand-made home-made stuff from the best manufacturing concerns only," says he.

"And we might as well hold a real, genuine clearance sale of the old line right away, might even buy a auto to deliver the stuff."

"Huh!" says I, retreating a little ways, but not too far—you know what I mean, dear. "Huh!" says I, "and how about my raise?"

"I couldn't give you a raise," says he, boss, "but I'll let you have a commission-basis as well as your salary if you care to stick along."

Say, Gertie, did I walk home on air, all full of joy and happiness? You tell her, booze, you speak easy! I felt life was worth while, almost. The only thing worried me now was my friend, Al Thompson, and his troubles.

WHEN I got home Mary Maloney was in ahead of me, but we had only time to say hello, dearie, before the landlady give a yell for me to come down-stairs, I was wanted on the phone. So I went, and it was Al.

"How are you, sweetie?" I says, sort of anxious. But his voice come back over the wire snappy as a new rubber band.

"Oh, I'm fine, sweetie!" says Al. "I got good news for you," he says. "I got rid of two cars this afternoon!" he says.

"Fine!" says I. "Did Ed Fall buy one of them?" I says.

"Naw—nobody bought either of them!" says he. "They was both stolen out of the garage, and if the cops don't recover them, which is pretty nearly certain, I can collect the insurance and pay my income tax. Leave us take in a picture to-night, to celebrate!"

Well, of course, I said, "Yes, sweetie," and hung up and rushed back to diesy myself up a little before he come around for me. And as I come in the door, Mary Maloney grabbed me by both arms.

"Gloria O'Day, you look simply wonderful!" she says. "I never saw you look so good! What have you been doing to yourself?"

"East-cakes!" I says triumphantly. "I been taking the East-cakes you left me this morning!"

"You *took* 'em?" yells Mary.

"I sure did!" I says. "And I'm gonner take another one right now to raise the standard of the show I'm gonner see to-night!"

So you took 'em!" says Mary, an alarmed look freezing her face. "My Lord! How did they make you feel?"

"Wonderful!" I says. "They really do work like magic! I felt better after the very first one, and the second just simply sent me up like a sky-rocket. They are the great little pep-producers, all right. I'm crazy over them—I ain't felt so good in years! Wait till I go get us a couple right now!"

"Wait!" screamed Mary. "Don't do it—I made a mistake and gave you the wrong box—you were taking our special five-dollar cream-shampoo cakes all day. Thank the Lord there ain't nothing in them but a nickel's worth of baking-soda!"

YOUNG: BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

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ence. She started dieting in earnest, then. Of course that meant giving up all of the goodies she cared most about—candy, pastries, cream, olives, oil in her salad-dressing. Well, she'd never been one to indulge heavily in those things, anyhow. If she could reduce just a little—

Varna dieted every day. She went without potatoes and fresh bread and heavy meats. Life was a little in the dieting. She found herself glancing at her wrist, wondering how long it was to the next meal, thinking of eating when she usually would have been thinking of something else. Dieting became, slightly, an obsession. Of course she couldn't tell the men she knew that she dieted. One doesn't tell men such things. Men you go with like to think of you as young, fresh, not troubled by such things as age and fat. So she had to fib slightly and say she preferred just a salad at luncheon, had quit caring for muffins and cinnamon toast with lots of butter, at tea.

Varna went to various places where they promised marvelous results in reduction, but she hated body massage and steaming and disliked intensely all forms of exercise, so she soon gave them up. She got back to her right weight at last, but her face showed the effects of it. The first signs of a double chin disappeared, but in their place came the tiniest resemblance to flabbiness. Around her eyes the skin darkened just a trifle, showing where, in years to come, bags would appear, eventually. She tried new beauty doctors, each with his specialty—chin-straps, new bleaches, plaster casts, new creams. Each helped just a little, but none quite took away all of the tiny blemishes.

HER gray hairs came in faster and frightened Varna, now. She consulted a new hairdresser about them and he advised that she stop pulling them out—her hair seeming too thin for that, and the gray hairs were coming in too fast. She should have her hair "restored," of course. That was the only thing to do. No, certainly it was not dyeing. Nothing like that. The hairdresser reassured her on that point. He used only a harmless wash, with sage tea in it—and henna—a few other ingredients. These things met the iron in the hair and restored the original color. Perfectly harmless, of course—why, it was almost a colorless liquid—colorless—and restored the color to the hair—didn't that show it wasn't a dye?

Varna felt better after her hair was "restored." It was a pretty, even, red-brown again. If it made her features look just a bit, well, harder, you could hardly notice. It really made her look years younger—she felt that. Besides there were no gray hairs to worry about—she'd been in constant dread of their showing, no matter how carefully her hair had been dressed.

Varna's cheeks weren't as plump as they should have been. She admitted to herself that, during the next year, they showed a decided sag. That would never do. Sagging cheeks do not go with youth. It wasn't as if she were middle-aged, settled. She was just a little over thirty, well, a bit over thirty-five. Other women of her age had a lot of worries, children, household cares; no wonder they looked old. They didn't care about life, staying young. She cared. Her household ran itself, practically—and she knew this was due to her own management and her ability in hiring servants. She didn't fuss over every cent they spent, either. And Joe—well, Joe seemed like an old man, definitely old—not pleasantly jolly and alive like the old men she went with.

If her cheeks worried Varna more and more as the next years passed. They sagged quite a lot and there were hollows in them

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YOUNG

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that even the most skilful massaging and rouging and powdering could not quite hide. She went to a new specialist she had heard about, finally, and he recommended his method—much better than the things she had been using—and lasting, too. A famous actress had had hers done, yes, Marie Warren, and a year ago she'd married a man twenty years her junior and nobody had suspected the discrepancy in their ages. The method consisted of raising the cheeks ever so slightly and cutting out little, new-moon-shaped pieces just in front of the ears and sewing the edges together. Skilfully done, you pull your hair over the tiny scars—and it never shows. Dangerous? Not at all. Painful? Why, you never feel it.

Varna "went to the mountains" for a few weeks to rest. The sanitarium was on a quiet street and she had her maid with her. The anesthetic made her dreadfully ill, but after the first week, during which time her face was in plaster and she had to drink broths and iced drinks through a straw, it wasn't so bad. In a month she was out again and she'd lost eight pounds, besides, and that was something, too.

VARNA looked much better after the operation. She knew that. In the mirror she saw that her cheeks had all of the roundness of a girl's. She'd been worried, after she had dieted so severely, that she'd never get rid of her wrinkles. This just shows what doctors can do, these days. Of course, if you have a stupid doctor you're liable to get blood-poisoning, but Varna knew she had chosen the best—he should have been good, from the size of the bill he sent her. Her cheeks felt and looked firm, a bit stiff, perhaps, but the wrinkles, the sag, had gone from them. How much better she looked! Young! Why of course she looked young, was young—was the sort who would stay young. Wasn't staying young the big thing in life, after all?

Varna knew that she was looking much younger, now, because awfully young men were being so nice to her. Not men of her age nor of her husband's age and not the really old men who had liked her, before. She'd grown tired of those old men, anyhow. They required constant flattering—you had to agree with everything they said, go where they felt like going. The men who liked her now were young, really young, chaps just out of college, some of them—boys, almost. Of course boys like that cared only for young women. They were just about to start on their careers, most of them, and they listened to her advice and followed it, too, and were always phoning her and taking her places, awfully nice. This was living! They listened to her, seriously, and then tried to make love to her, some so shyly. She had to remind them that she was much, oh, much older than they were, to make them behave properly at all. She was having good times, youthfully good times—why, of course, she was young.

Varna was fond of dancing. She spent many afternoons and evenings dancing in private homes and even in restaurants and tea-rooms. Now she found she had to be careful about her feet. They hurt her, awfully, sometimes when she just walked. Her fitter, the doctor said it was and that it was caused from wearing French heels—and shoes just a trifle too pointed and too short, perhaps, too steadily. He wanted to put her into stout, round-toed shoes, almost the kind she had worn, for a few years after her marriage, when she felt she was a very little girl. She refused these, now, indignantly. Flat-heeled shoes —why, they'd make her seem like an old lady! She continued to wear shoes with high heels, tho she hurried into comfortable house-slippers, the minute she was alone, at home. Her feet were short, tho rather broad, and she felt she looked well with high heels and extremely pointed toes. She ran the heels over so badly they had to be straightened after nearly each wearing and they hurt quite a little. To be sure, the years had broadened Varna's ankles, but there was a new stocking in the shops that helped this. It was woven of silk with peculiarly shaped lines in the weaving and it made her ankle look quite slender, if you just glanced at it. Varna didn't dare tell any one her feet hurt her—such an ordinary thing to have the matter with one—hurty feet—but she acquired the habit, almost unconsciously, of taking little short, slow steps, and leaning, rather heavily, on the one with whom she walked. Of course, with a car always ready, and a really good chauffeur, she didn't have to walk a great deal.

THE men she went with now, the "boys," as she called them, were a jolly set, tho of course Kittering didn't like them. How could he? Why, she was—well, over forty—to be really truthful about it, and Kittering was an old man at fifty-five. No wonder he laughed at—her playmates. She was young—didn't feel nor look her age, liked youthful things—Kittering was settled, hopeless. She had ceased, years before, trying to get along with him, nicely. They had quarrelled, when she was younger, about a lot of things, the people she went with—children. But they didn't quarrel, now. Varna was glad Joe saw things her way—or at least accepted things the way she saw them. She didn't like the way he spoke to her, sometimes, nor his smile, half a sneer. He ought to be satisfied, Varna thought. There weren't any children, of course, but she was better than most wives—she felt that. Never any real scandal about her—and the household always ran smoothly, meals on time and well served—an attractive home—things like that. Kittering was old. What if she was—forty, as long as she looked and felt younger. She had dropped her extremely youthful ways, of course, but she still had a gay way about her, a brightly interest in everything, a youthful, but gracious-lady air.

Kittering might laugh at her friends, if he liked. Varna was quite satisfied with them and with being popular and young. They had a way of coming in, her boys, and taking her places—and telling her their troubles. She enjoyed being with them. They brought her candy and flowers—tho she felt some of them really shouldn't have spent their money on her. They flattered her and she took them with her to tea and dinners and the opera—took a real interest in them, saw that they got started on their careers—she was awfully glad she was in a position to do things like that. Phillips wanted his own little decorating shop—a darling chap, just needed encouragement and a few customers and a little capital, in order to get going. A little plumping—and Jamison had his art exhibit. A note to a theatrical manager who was an old friend of hers—and Rodway got a chance to do the scenery for a new musical comedy. Wasn't it a compliment when one is—around forty—to have young chaps like that—well, rather mad about you?

Varna spent most of her time, as the years passed, trying, definitely, to keep young. There were special massage machines for her arms, painful, but efficient. Her hair, on account of the "restoring," was thin and did not take a permanent wave very well, so it had to be waved constantly and helped out by a transformation—not a wig, of course—a lot of her own hair still showed. At night she had to wear a special mask over her face to keep the wrinkles away from her eyes and the lines from getting deeper around her mouth. It kept her chin in, too, and was not very comfortable. For half an hour, each morning, after her bath and massage, she used a fiery lotion on her lips to restore them to a semblance of youth. The lotion left them burning and a trifle swollen, but, after applying, skilfully, her newest lip-rouge, they stayed brilliant and soft-looking for the entire day. Her eyebrows received the usual attention of shaping and plucking and massage, and at night another ointment was applied to them. Before retiring, too, Varna's eyes were bathed in a soft-water mixture which soothed them. Varna's eyes gained by it, sometimes, and caused her to frown if she didn't think of it. She needed glasses, but—she couldn't put them on. Glasses are so definitely middle-aged. Before going out at night, her maid dropped a solution into them which made them look bright and sparkling and bent the lids from getting red, nothing dangerous, of course; the doctor had told her it wasn't, if she was not to use it too often.

OF COURSE, her brassières and corsets were made to order, so as to keep her figure from "spreading," from assuming the lines of maturity that her age called for. They were quite stiff and uncomfortably tight, even in these days of the straight line and fairly generous figure.

Varna was looking for a dance, now, a little home dance—she liked that sort of party.

She had been massaged and had had her electric treatment and a nap during the afternoon. She was now, with her eyes bandaged—the drops had just been put in. Fifteen minutes of relaxation—she thought of her new gown and how well she would look—of all the clever things she would say—and men would say to her. Her maid removed the bandages, massaged her face lightly again, and made her up, a careful stage make-up, practically, cream powder and rouge, with a tiny pin-point of red at the corner of each eye—a touch of blue and mauve on her eyelids, the usual mascara on her eyelashes, a trifle harder than women generally need, as that it would not run, if her eyes should water at a trifle. Special liquid powder, then, on her neck and arms and shoulders, another trifle of rouge on her cheeks and chin and ears, then, then a bit more of lavender "evening" powder, and a touch of a darker powder just under her chin to turn a fulness into a shadow. Then her evening gown was slipped on, a charming gown of pale-green chiffon and silver, made to accentuate every youthful line possessed, and her figure, tho a trifle opulent, was quite good. The last thing, then, with a tiny powder puff, were pointed, silver slippers were put on. She was ready for the party.

She was going with a young chap named Farmington who was being awfully attentive. She would wait in her room, of course, relaxing, until he came—and so she could have just a touch of powder applied at the last second.

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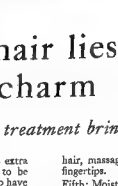


In your hair lies hidden charm

This simple treatment brings it out

In every woman's hair there is extra charm, extra beauty—waiting to be brought out, and the women who have learned how to bring out these added attractions have learned the real secret of beauty.

A new treatment—a hairdresser's discovery—has brought happiness to thousands of women.



It's making it possible for even the plainest woman to have more than usual attractiveness, even though her hair is dull, straight, lifeless and full of dandruff.

This treatment is more than just shampooing. For, while shampooing with the proper preparation does make hair clean and soft, it can never end dandruff—it can never bring out all the hidden charms which make women truly lovely.

The hairdresser's treatment

Try these directions today. See for yourself the results of this wonderful new treatment.

First: Wet the hair and scalp with warm water.

Second: Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and rub to a rich, creamy lather. Rinse with clear warm water.

Third: Apply more Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, massaging lightly, and rinse three or four times. Dry thoroughly.

Fourth: Apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the roots of the hair, massaging thoroughly with the fingertips.

Fifth: Moisten a sponge or cloth with Wildroot Hair Tonic. Wipe your hair, one strand at a time, from the roots clear to the ends. Dry carefully.

You will be surprised to see how quickly these few simple directions will make a real change in your whole appearance.

And your friends will begin to notice the results—they will begin to see how light and silky and full of life your hair is becoming, and you will become one of those few women who have more than usual attractiveness.

Send two dimes for four complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes for enough Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic to give you four complete treatments.

Or you can get Wildroot products at any good drug and department store, barber or hairdresser with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The shampoo comes in large 6-ounce bottles and the tonic in three different sizes 2½ ounces, 5 ounces, and 10 ounces. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.



WILDROOT

Liquid Shampoo *and* Hair Tonic

Wildroot Co., Inc., Dept. R10, Buffalo, N. Y.
I enclose two dimes. Please send me your traveller's size bottles of Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

YOUNG: BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

She heard Kittering pass through the hall and she called to him. She felt she ought to cheer him up, chat with him, occasionally. His life must be dull, always staying at home. She dismissed her maid.

"Come in and say 'hello' to me," she called, sprightly.

Kittering came in.

"Going out again, I see," he said, rather wearily. He'd had rather a hard day. The Kittering fortune had not multiplied the way he had hoped for it.

"Yes, a dance at the Montgomerys'. They've just done over their ballroom, you know."

"That so?"

"Yes. It'll be a nice little dance. Their things are always so jolly. It's for the débutantes. Just think, Anne Branch's daughter——"

"Uh huh——" quite bored.

"How do you think I look?" Rising and turning in front of the long mirror.

"Very well."

"You might say more than that. Don't I look—young?"

"Oh, yes—young."

"You—you never act a bit enthusiastic."

"My God, how can I? Don't I tell you you look nice—every time——"

"That's so—that's about all I can expect from you, I suppose."

She was bitter now, the sprightliness gone. Kittering was bitter, too, and tired and annoyed. Usually he let things go, did not quarrel.

"I suppose it is," he said; "I'm tired, tired of paying bills and of telling you, over and over again, how well you look—and how young. Vamp—God!"

"What do you mean, Joe? Don't talk like that to me. Don't yell!"

"Yell—I'll—I wonder I don't. Young—your life's been spent, wasted, in keeping young. We've no children—too old for them now—nothing but your youth—your beauty——"

"Oh, you shouldn't say things like that. At least I'm not old, sitting around—like you. At least I have to young, I get something out of life—friends—a good time——"

Kittering sighed, nodded a curt farewell, walked out of the room. Varna shivered slightly. She didn't like scenes with Joe. Well, she had to make allowances—Joe's age, things like that.

Her maid came in to tell her that Farmington had arrived.

SHE drove in her car to the dance with him. He was a pale, blond fellow, pleasant, effeminate, and a bit scheming, too. He was a musician and he felt that, if he had a concert or two or had a chance to play at some important affair, or have some of his music played—he had written several things—it would be the making of him.

"You must play your new things for me, Rodney," said Varna, playfully; "you know how I love to hear you. Your music seems to—to have so much in it—mean so much. You've written something especially for me? How nice of you! I shan't tell you about it now, but I've got a plan—I've thought of something—two heads are better than one, you know—we'll see what we can do——"

"You are a dear," he said, and squeezed her hand.

Varna's pride and good spirits were restored by the time she arrived at the dance. After all—why—Farmington was a very young man, twenty-five or so—and he liked her—he told her how wonderful she was, how young. Joe was an old man, jealous of the way she'd kept her looks, more than likely.

She stepped out of her car carefully and went into the house, greeting the people she passed with her usual graciousness, the sprightly, condescending graciousness of youth and of assured popularity and position. In the dressing-room, after the maid had hung her coat under the taffeta canopy with the others, she admired her figure in the glass, compared it with the other women. She started for the ballroom, got just outside the dressing-room door and remembered that she might need her vanity case, which she had left in the sleeve-pocket of her evening coat, turned back for it. The ruffled taffeta curtain of the dressing-room hung across the entrance to it and the door was open. She heard her name as she started to push aside the curtain. Of course she stopped to listen.

"DON'T you care," said a girlish voice. "How can I help it?—see how he's carrying on with her," answered another voice, high, a bit shrill—Varna recognized the speaker's voice as Viola Morrow's—Viola's father had been attentive to her—years before—before his marriage.

"Viola, don't be silly. Carrying on with her—with that old lady—she's as old as Colonel Raynor—mustn't you know why Rod goes around with her?"

"No—why? Maybe he likes her—doesn't she? Isn't she fun? You don't think he cares for her, after all?"

"Stupid. Of course not. They all go with her—why else? Because she helps them along, if they are nice to her, starts them in their careers, things like that—she's rich, likes spending money that way. She's three times older than you—old enough to be your grandmother—and looks it. She went to school with Mrs. Robert's mother, honest she did. Can you imagine a fellow like Rodney caring anything about her? Looks at her face! Rod'd be a fool not to take advantage of the fuss she makes over him. Why, the boys call her—now don't tell this, Billy told me—their—their—Great-godmother!"

The two voices mingled in high laughter. "Their Great-godmother!"

It was a good name, portrayal.

Varna felt very old, suddenly—older than Kittering with his nice, settled, middle-aged manner; older than the older men she had known, older than the women her own age. Her feet hurt, her eyes burned. She couldn't go back for her vanity case, now—couldn't go in that room. Instead she walked to where Farmington waited, met him with her usual smile, walked with little, slow steps, leaning a bit heavily on his arm, into the ballroom. There were mirrors set into the enameled, scrolled Louis Sixteenth walls. She glanced at herself in one of them. Was that she—there? They were right, then, the girls—

She was an old woman—that was she—in the mirror—she knew the green gown—a charming gown, too—an exquisite figure, slender enough, straight, even. But the face above it—a mask, wrinkled from dieting and age and massage and drawn with pain, eyes that squinted from the light—an older face than the faces of the women of her own age because it wore a horrible pretense, a semblance of youth—with old age peering out, behind. No children—nor husband who cared anything for her—a lonely house—no friends excepting those who wanted things. And the thing she had fought for, worked for—youth—that was gone, more surely than if she had never fought for it. The one thing she could not have had, no matter what she had done—. After all, we all get old in time—old—old—why, she was an old woman—alone, with nothing left.

"This is a charming ballroom, isn't it, since they've had it done over? Yes, young Williams did it—awfully nice—why, there's Colonel Raynor now——"

Little, hurrying steps, a gracious bow, a smile. How her eyes hurt—too many drops in, then—they hurt her—but today some one stepped on it—and the girls had said—their Great-godmother——

She couldn't keep on—this way—letting the girls laugh at her—being "used" and made fun of by the young men—her young men. The affection she felt for them—never very demonstrative had been, anyway, afraid of real emotions—suddenly left her.

She had an unpleasant, empty feeling. She hated them all—the girls—and men—and scheming—the girls—fresh and young. She had been young, once—had given up everything for enchantment—and now she was fifty—well—not quite sixty, anyhow. The years stretched out—vacant—ugly. What could she do? She must do—think of something——

Colonel Raynor, old but hidden, too, behind a horrible burlesque of youth, joined her.

"HOW do you do, Colonel Raynor?" she said, in her smoothest manner; "a wonderful evening, isn't it? Awfully jolly to see you—and looking so well. Rod I've been telling Colonel Raynor about your songs, the two you played for me, Tuesday. Colonel Raynor has charge of the music for 'A Venetian Evening.' I want you to tell him about them, some time. I'm sure he'll think your things are splendid—give you an opportunity——"

She put her hand on the Colonel's arm, ever so gently, smiled at him.

Why, of course—there was Colonel Raynor—men like him—at least the girls and the young men would wonder—stop laughing—she had nothing else——

"Colonel Raynor," she said, with her most charming smile, "I do want to tell you how wonderful the Blue Ball was. The way you manage things—genius—. Rodney—you run along like a good boy—there's Viola Morrow now"—she shuddered—"there're things I just must tell the Colonel——"

MOTION-PICTURES IN CHURCHES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

only to show that things change even in ecclesiastical matters, and we all know that the use of music during divine service was bitterly fought at the time being adopted Other times, other manners.

Even the Sunday-school, which we today consider an absolutely necessary adjunct to a church, met with considerable opposition when it was originally introduced.

This seems queer to us of this age, but will probably seem no more peculiar to succeeding generations than the tumult created when the first motion-picture machine was placed in a church. Credit for this daring innovation has been given to the Harlem Baptist Church at 123rd Street near Third Avenue, New York City, which opened its doors to the motion-picture as far back as 1904. This was an exceedingly bold step, because at that time the church looked upon all motion-pictures as just another trick of the devil to ensnare the footsteps of the weak.

The courageous and far-seeing minister who first used pictures in that church did so because he wished to keep his flock away from the cheap amusement-houses which made a specialty of sensational, crime-laden films. A storm of protest broke out at his action, but it was disregarded Later on the most rabid of his critics confessed that results justified the installation, and to-day, after seventeen years of experience and experiment, motion-pictures are a permanent part of that church's service to the community.

It is in accordance with human nature that anything new should be looked upon with suspicion and mistrust, and it is perfectly natural for orthodox people to avoid novelty in connection with a sacred thing like religion. Therefore, opposition to the idea of using pictures is bound to appear in some churches.

Just as in the case of many other things, the successful use of motion-pictures in a church depends largely on the method of procedure, and it can not be too emphatically stated that nothing is more important than the careful selection of the films. The minister or the pastor acts as sole judge of the pictures to be exhibited. In others committees are appointed to aid in the selection of films. Whatever plan a church may adopt it should be remembered that success depends primarily on the character of the pictures chosen. For instance, what may be deemed wholesome by a theater audience may not be so considered when displayed within the four walls of a house dedicated to God.

NOTHING should be left to chance. Every detail connected with the selection of pictures should be attended to meticulously. A church that has decided to install a projection-machine as a means of giving a spiritual impetus to its congregation had better devote Sunday evenings to this purpose and, at least, confine itself to the use of purely religious films. By this is meant pictures dealing with materil selected from the Old or New Testament, such as the Biblical pictures produced by The International Church Film Corporation of New York, which are in every way suitable for church use. Recently I inspected several of these films, including *The Widow's Mite, Blind Bartimaus, The Ninety-and-Nine, The Prodigal Son,* and *The Good Samaritan*—and a fair idea of the reverent way these stories are treated may be gained by a brief description of one of them—*The Good Samaritan.* In the first scene we are shown the badly furnished apartment of a poor man who, with his wife and child, has fallen on hard times. The scene changes, and we see a wealthy banker in his limousine on the way to church. As he steps out of his car he is accosted by the poor man, who has been robbed of his savings and is now begging food for his wife and child. The banker recognizes him as an old acquaintance, but pretends he does not know him.

We then see this modern Pharisee seated in his comfortable pew listening to the sermon, unwittingly hopeful that day to be on *The Good Samaritan.* As the banker listens to the old, old story of the man who fell among thieves and of the priest and the Levite who passed him by on his distress, he is visibly impressed by the similarity between the sermon he is listening to and his own unfeeling conduct of that very morning. He can stand it no longer. His conscience has been pricked. He rises from his seat and hurries from the church resolving to make amends if he can.

Just as he reaches the door of the church, his former schoolmate, overcome by hunger, has sunk down on the steps. Murmuring words of sympathy and friendliness, the banker, aided by his chauffeur, lifts the poor fellow into his car and swiftly drives him to his home. Once there, he provides the man's wife with money to satisfy their immediate needs, and as the picture ends promises to give her husband employment on the morrow. This, of course, is only a brief description and can give but a small idea of the actual presenta-

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MOTION-PICTURES IN CHURCHES

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tion. But the story of *The Good Samaritan* as told in this picture makes an indelible impression upon any one seeing it. The whole thing is beautifully done, and each man can take its application to heart for himself.

I do not think that the most devout religionist could possibly object to the display of films like this in a church. A brief sermon preached by an intelligent minister, after an exhibition of this nature had put his audience into a receptive state of mind, could be made most enlightening and affecting. Such pictures may be said to plow up the mind and make it ready for the sowing of the Word. Another thing too. Many men and women who resent being "preached at" would carry home a lasting impression after seeing Bible stories like *The Good Samaritan* illustrated by pictures.

However, it must be confessed that all clergymen do not think alike with regard to the kind of pictures to use on a Sunday evening. There is a great difference of opinion among them. This is but natural. Men of different environments, individualities, training, and experience will hold varying ideas on almost any subject. It may be said, however, that, after having communicated and held personal interviews with over one hundred clergymen who already have pictures in their churches on Sunday evenings, the majority seem to favor the use of purely Biblical films. And the reason for this is perfectly obvious. The church service is for the worship of God and not for entertainment. If whatever is introduced into that service adds to the effectiveness of the spoken word, it is right to make room for it. If, on the other hand, something is added to the service to distract the attention, to amuse or to cater to the frivolous side of humanity, it has no place there.

And, again, if the Sunday evening service contains purely entertainment features, there is grave danger that those who have been entertained will not look upon it afterward with eyes of respect. Once people become accustomed to using the church for entertainment, they will find it difficult to develop a real spirit of worship when they enter it at other times for other purposes. This is why, at the outset, at least, the church might do well to permit the use of only purely religious pictures on Sunday.

There are several non-theatrical companies which specialize in producing Bible pictures of a deeply reverential character which may safely be recommended to any church willing to try the experiment of using films. In New York, for instance, a number of progressive clergymen and laymen have organized a company headed by the Rev. Paul Smith, which produces and handles several motion-pictures dealing with Biblical subjects. The Methodist Church has indorsed the use of motion-pictures in its churches and has established a special department to handle films at the Methodist Centenary Commission of New York. The Industrial Departments of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. will also be glad to have any one see their list of pictures.

The National Board of Review of New York City will also be glad to provide free information on this subject. The Rev. George R. Bevans of Greystone Presbyterian Church, Elizabeth, N. J., has prepared a list of pictures too which he has found suitable. Besides these, most of the larger companies, such as The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, Goldwyn Company, Fox Film Company, The Vitagraph Company, and others, have films suitable for educational and religious purposes which they would be pleased to allow you to inspect.

WHEN setting out on a journey into a new country it is always a good thing to know how others have fared along the same road. For this reason it might be well to quote from a few letters received from some pioneers whose experience may be of help to some new venturer. The Rev. Bertram Brown, rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, Tarboro, North Carolina, says, "I conduct evening prayer using lantern-slides, after which we put on a five- or six-reel picture, which is often preceded by an explanatory talk. Free-will offerings are accepted to defray expenses."

The Rev. W. B. Lindsay, St. Stephen's Church, Richfield, Conn., says, "I am a great believer in the motion-picture as a means of giving right and wholesome entertainment and instruction. The great difficulty is securing proper films."

The Rev. Ernest M. Halliday, Ocean Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., says, "There is a great need of thoroughly religious films, both Biblical and otherwise, as cleverly conceived and as well staged and acted as are the regular pictures."

The Rev. James Pollock Lytle, the Second United Presbyterian Church, New York City, says, "We use Biblical pictures only on Sunday and entertainment pictures on Tuesday night, which have attracted large attendances."

The Rev. William Wood, the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Madison, Me., says, "The interest in the great religious pictures we use certainly increases."

The Rev. Charles H. Campbell, Trinity Reform Church, Wortendyke, N. Y., says, "I believe the motion-picture is a great asset to any church and feel that in the next few years it will be widely used."

The Rev. L. M. Hainer, North Baptist Church, Jersey City, N. J., says, "We will continue as long as suitable films can be secured. We use Biblical pictures in the church on Sunday only and week-day programs for entertainment."

The Rev. M. W. Wormer, Epworth Methodist Episcopal Church, Elizabeth, N. J., says, "Without the use of pictures our congregation decreases."

The Rev. Franklyn L. Artley, Methodist Episcopal Church, Millville, Penn., says, "Church attendance has increased considerably since the installation of motion-pictures, and I see great possibilities in their proper use."

The Rev. George R. Bevans, Greystone Presbyterian Church, Elizabeth, N. J., says, "I have been using pictures since October, 1920, of Biblical, moral, educational, and scenic characters. I use pictures on Sundays and occasionally on week-days. I am a great believer in the use of motion-pictures in the church."

The Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher, Temple Baptist Church, Los Angeles, says, "We run a show every Sunday night before the service. I am trying to give the public what it wants in the way of religion. If the churches are going to prosper and grow, it is up to them to couch their message in terms that will hold their congregations and which will take root immediately."

These gentlemen are convinced that motion-pictures provide an unprecedented opportunity for the church to increase the religious spirit throughout the community. With their old congregations grow overnight; good fellowship spreads; an atmosphere of loving service is fostered, and the church becomes the center of community activities.

AFTER a church has definitely decided to introduce motion-pictures the question of how to go about installing and operating a machine naturally occurs. The kind of projector to purchase depends on the character of the church-building you are going to use it in and the fire regulations governing such exhibitions. Some churches have installed standard machines of the same type as used in the regular theaters. Others are experimenting with small portable machines before buying the more expensive makes.

Projection-machines vary in prices from $175 to $600, and the very best machine, booth, and aluminum screen should not cost more than $1,000. Most equipment companies are willing to sell on easy terms. Of course, as in everything else, it is wisest to install the best possible equipment you can afford, and it is also advisable to use a projection-machine that can take a standard-width film. This will make available a great many more pictures for your use than the non-standard machine can provide. Then, wherever possible, install a booth to house the machine. This is advisable for many reasons. One, of course, is to eliminate fire risks. Another is to protect the operator from the curiosity of the congregation. Then, again, the temptation to tamper with the machine is removed from the mischievous small boy or those who are constitutionally inclined.

Be sure to consult some one well versed in insurance laws before attempting to install any kind of motion-picture apparatus. This is a precaution that can not be too firmly insisted on if a church wishes to avoid annoying and illegal smirs connected with fire laws. Some churches train an amateur operator to run the projector, while others refuse to employ but a professional and licensed cameraman. This is a matter that can only be decided by individual experience and the circumstances under which a church may find itself placed.

With regard to the expense, it has usually been found that voluntary contributions will permit you to operate on a self-supporting basis. Some churches charge for their apparatus and for leasing the films out of loose-change offerings. It has been found highly advisable not to charge for admission whenever pictures are to be shown in the church as an integral part of the service, one reason being that in doing so a church may be accused of competing with the commercial theater.

Do not let the congregation get into the habit of referring to the picture service as "the movies" or "the show." It will create a wrong attitude of mind, particularly among the younger members. There is no reason why the demeanor of your congregation should not be reverential when viewing a picture in a church than it is when listening to a sermon—provided the picture is of the right kind. In fact, on all is said and done, the success or failure depends almost entirely upon the pictures themselves.

EDITORIAL NOTE: Any one desiring further information on the use of motion-pictures during Sunday evening services may write to the Motion-picture Editor, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York, N. Y. Next month we will publish an article by Mr. Wasman dealing with the display of motion-pictures in the Sunday-school and for entertainment purposes on Community nights.

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9634—Ladies' Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch checked serge. No. **9646**—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch wash silk for blouse with round neck and long sleeves—3 yards plaiting to trim collar and cuffs.

9595—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—¼ yard 36-inch satin for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The skirt is embroidered in eyelet stitch in design 12595.

9603 Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch serge—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a band of embroidery in design 12596, worked with wools in Pompeian red and blue.

9605—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch satin—¾ yard 36-inch white satin for collar. The dress opens at the left side under a plait. Long sleeves are finished with cuffs.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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8612—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 42 inches. No. 9020—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4⅜ yards 54-inch velours—¾ yard 36-inch Canton crêpe for vest—¾ yard 54-inch fur cloth—4¼ yards 36-inch foulard to line jacket. The vest is embroidered in Oriental shades in outline and satin stitches in design 12322.

9377—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 28 inches. No. 9666—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4⅜ yards 54-inch duvetyn—¼ yard 54-inch fur cloth for collar—2½ yards 36-inch satin to line. The jacket has a small collar, round in back and finished with points in front.

Jacket 8612
Skirt 9020
Embroidery 12322

Jacket 9377
Skirt 9666

Jacket 9587
Skirt 8760

Jacket 9151
Skirt 9131

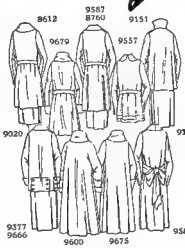
Coat 9675

Coat 9600

Coat 9679

Dress 9589
Embroidery 12575

Overblouse 9557
Embroidery 12283



9679—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch plaid coating—1⅝ yard fur banding—3⅞ yards 36-inch satin to line. The collar buttons high.

9675—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch diagonal tweed—4½ yards 36-inch satin to line. The coat is belted across the front while the back hangs loose. A smart touch is given by the high buttoned collar.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

9600—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch Bolivia—½ yard 54-inch fur cloth—4⅛ yards 36-inch foulard to line. A narrow sash ties in front.

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Tailored Suits and Top Coats Compete for a Favored First Place

9585—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 40 inches. No. 9579—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4 yards 54-inch velours—3 yards 36-inch satin to line jacket. A single linked button fastening marks the waistline and there is a suede belt. The fronts of the jacket are rolled with the notched collar forming revers, which extend to the waist-line.

9631—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 40¾ inches. No. 9579—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4 yards 54-inch diagonal tweed—1¼ yard 54-inch fur cloth—3¾ yards 36-inch foulard to line jacket. The convertible collar buttons high about the neck. The fulness at the waist-line is held in by a narrow belt.

Jacket 9585
Skirt 9579

Jacket 9631
Skirt 9579

Jacket 9633
Skirt 9666

Jacket 9682
Skirt 9408

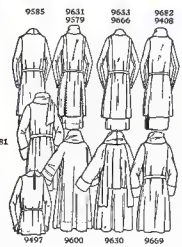
Coat 9600

Coat 9630

Overblouse 9497
Appliqué 12564

Coat 9681

Coat 9669



9600—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch Bolivia—⅛ yard 54-inch fur cloth—4⅝ yards 36-inch satin to line. The collar is rolled to give a narrow cape effect.

9630—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch casmerteen—5⅝ yards 36-inch satin to line. The coat has an applied back.

9669—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch velours—4⅜ yards 36-inch satin to line. The narrow belt closes at the side. The convertible collar is lapped and buttoned high at the neck, and the under end extends in a point down onto the coat.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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A Straight-Line Silhouette Still Predominates in the Fall Mode

9599—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch tricotine—¼ yard 36-inch satin for vestee—2½ yards braid to bind collar, sleeves, and lower edge of waist—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The skirt is embroidered in a running stitch with silk floss of matching shade in design 12612 which forms a deep border.

9642—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch serge—1¼ yard lace for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Bias folds of material finish the slashed front, the armholes, the sleeves, and the side seams of the skirt. The dress is slashed almost to the waist line and closes with buttons. Instead of bias folds braid may be used as a trimming.

9655—Ladies' Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch crêpe-back satin—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin for collar—2½ yards ribbon for sash. No. 9646—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch wash silk—1 yard plaiting to trim cuffs. The blouse has long sleeves and no collar.

9671—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe. The front panel and the flowing sleeves are embroidered in effective Oriental shades following design 12596. Elastic holds in the fulness at the sides, under the soft girdle of the crêpe.

9690—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—3¼ yards braid—2¾ yards ribbon for sash. The dress has a square neck outline, finished with a straight collar. The long, plain one-piece sleeves are slashed to flare slightly over the hands. Inset sections in front terminate in deep points well below the waist-line, which is marked by a narrow sash. The inserted sections may be of contrasting color or material.



9649—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge ut 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch tricotine—¾ yard 18-inch to [illegible] for vestee—⅛ yard 36-inch fur cloth for collar—10 yards

9640—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 9 yards 36-inch satin—10½ yards braid to trim. The collar, straight revers, and skirt are trimmed with braid.

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The Sleeves in Street Frocks Are Three-Quarter or Full Length

9590—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 9523—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6 yards 36-inch Canton crêpe—1⅛ yard 10-inch allover lace for vest—¼ yard 36 inch white Canton crêpe for shield—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The collar and cuffs are beaded with metal beads in design 12625.

9489—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch Moroccan crêpe—⅜ yard 12 inch duvetyn vesting for vestee—2¼ yards ribbon for sash—⅞ yard 36 inch lining for underbody. Large French knots in design 12608 make an effective trimming.

9640—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 6 yards 36-inch crêpe-back satin—4 yards braid to trim. This braid outlines the Tuxedo collar, vest, and cuffs.

9530—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 7¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—1¼ yard 15 inch vesting—⅝ yard 36 inch lining for underbody. The open front narrows to a V at the waistline and is outlined with braiding in contrasting color following design 12319. The panels at the sides are tucked.

9037—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch Poiret twill for overdress—3¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for underdress with sleeves—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery in contrasting silk floss and bugle beads forms an effective trimming in design 12492.

9288—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe—⅛ yard fringe. The round neck is finished with a long collar which extends to the waist-line. The vest is braided in silk soutache in design 12615.



9663—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 7⅞ yards 54-inch silk duvetyn—¼ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for vest—3¼ yards braid to trim. The long collar is tiny buttons. Braid outlines the trimming piece on the inset vest. Buckles trim the belt which may be of the material. Or one of the new leather belts or fancy link girdles may be substituted.

Google

For Evening Wear Neck-Lines Are Simple, Sleeves Are Negligible

9686—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 18 and 20 years. No. 9687—Ladies' and Misses' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette. Cascade draperies at the sides of the applied front and on the skirt are trimmed along the edges with crystal beads. Across the shoulders there is an unusual trimming used—small flowers of cut velvet, new and smart.

9676—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch silk duvetyn—27⅛ yards braid. The sleeves are an unusual feature. They are in two sections, the lower part gathered and finished with straight bands and the upper part set into large square armholes. Paris is emphasizing these wide sleeves and full skirts in many of the newest Fall models for afternoon wear and for the street.



Blouse 9686
Skirt 9687

Dress 9676

Dress 9562

Dress 9479
Embroidery 12576

Dress 9661

Dress 9667
Embroidery 12612

9562—Ladies' Evening Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch crêpe-back satin —1⅝ yard 36-inch velvet for girdle—16 yards narrow velvet ribbon for trimming—⅛ yard 36-inch lining. A smart lattice border of velvet ribbon and girdle with long wide loops are stunning features of this frock.

9661—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe. Sawtooth trimming-bands make an unusual finish at the side-front of this fascinating frock.

9479—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—1¼ yard 10-inch lace banding—3½ yards 9-inch brocade ribbon for sash—⅜ yard 36-inch lining. A very effective trimming in design 12576 is worked in contrasting silk, forming huge circular motifs on the skirt. Beads outline the embroidery.

Tunic Blouse 9644
Skirt 8295

9644—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4 yards 36-inch satin—1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette for tunic—6¾ yards monkey fur to trim —⅝ yard brocade ribbon for vestee —⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Monkey fur makes a fringe-like trimming that is frequently used for handsome gowns.

9667—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 7 yards 36-inch Canton crêpe—3 yards narrow velvet ribbon for sash —⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The flowing sleeves which are quite wide after the newest mode, and the tunic are trimmed with chenille embroidery worked out in design 12612. The tunic falls from a yoke and hangs in points at the sides. The U-shaped neck-line is finished at the back with a rolling collar.

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The Mode Takes Thought for the More Practical Needs of Life



9673—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch dotted percale. There is nothing more useful for the housewife than an apron of this type which practically covers the dress.

9626—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1⅞ yards lace edging to trim. The plastron front of the blouse which forms a girdle is beaded in design 12645. It may be worked in colored glass or dusk beads.



9677—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch voile—⅛ yard lace insertion—3⅜ yards narrow frilling. No. 9666—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 48-inch serge. The skirt closes at the left side seam and the inserted pockets are finished with straps of the material. Like the majority of skirts this is finished with a plain belt of self-material. It fastens at the side.

9474—Ladies' Four-piece Box-plaited Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 26 requires 3½ yards 44-inch plaid. The closing is arranged at left side-back under the plait, and pockets may be inserted under the shaped trimming sections. This is an admirable model for sports and general wear for plaid, check and plain fabrics.

9651—Ladies' Sleeveless Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch velveteen. No. 9646—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch voile—1¼ yards lace edging.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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Panels and Drapings Give Individuality to These Youthful Frocks

9643—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe—3⅞ yards trimming for panels and sleeves—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The pointed front of the bodice fits down over the skirt, marking a low waist-line. Gathered panels are adjusted at the sides of the skirt. The sleeves are elbow length.

9641—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—12¾ yards braid to trim—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The dress is slashed and closed at the center-front with small buttons and loops. The collar, which finishes the V-shaped neck-line, is rounded in back and ends in points in the front.



Dress 9643



Dress 9641

Dress 9671

Dress 9645
Scallop 12567



Jumper Dress 9632
Blouse 9654

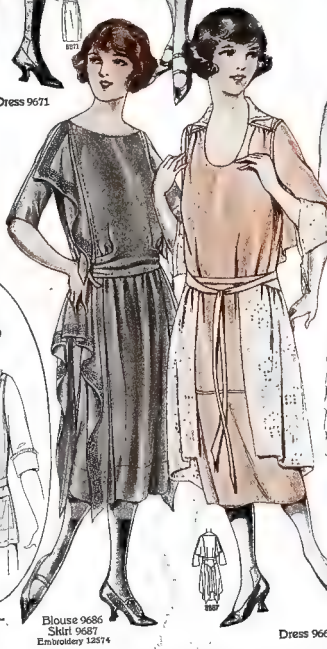
Dress 9639
Embroidery 12625



Dress 9676
Embroidery 12612



Sleeveless Over-blouse 9652
Blouse 9654



Blouse 9686
Skirt 9687
Embroidery 12574



Dress 9667

Dress 9591

Dress 9605

9591—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 18 and 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 18 requires 6⅛ yards 36-inch charmeuse—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Wheels of ribbon trim the sash across the front of the deep, wadded border.

9605—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch wool jersey—2½ yards braid to trim—1¼ yard monkey fur banding. The dress closes from shoulder to hem at the left side under a plait, trimmed with the braid and the banding of monkey fur. The waist-line is marked by a very narrow belt of the material, edged with braid, to match the collar and cuffs.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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Attractive Models for the Young Girl Adhere to Straight Lines

9678—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9392—Misses' Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch velours—2⅛ yards 8-inch fur banding—2⅛ yards 36-inch foulard to line jacket. The jacket is trimmed with a standing collar and a band at the bottom of gray caracul.

9620—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 8977—Misses' Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch broadcloth—3½ yards fur banding—3 yards 36-inch satin to line jacket. The jacket, like many new models, is long, straight, and unbelted, and is trimmed at the bottom with two bands of narrow fur.

Jacket 9678
Skirt 9392

Jacket 9620
Skirt 8977

Coat 9668

Coat 9683

Jumper Dress 9650
Blouse 9654

Coat 9680

Jacket 8923
Skirt 9392

Sports Coat 9674
Blouse 9654
Skirt 8977
Embroidery 12624

Jumper Dress 9636
Blouse 9654

Jumper Dress 9632
Blouse 9654

Jumper Dress 9658
Blouse 9654

[1] Sleeveless Overblouse 9656
Blouse 9654

9636—Misses' Jumper Overblouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen. No. 9654—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch dimity for blouse with round collar and long sleeves—2¾ yards plaiting.

9658—Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch Canton crêpe. No. 9654—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1½ yard 36-inch wash silk—2¾ yards plaiting to trim. The jumper dress has a square neck-line, and the patch pockets are trimmed with pocket flaps and rows of tiny buttons. The narrow belt of the material passes through square buckles at the sides and the side-front.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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8668—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1 yard 36-inch washable satin—1 yard lace insertion for shoulder straps—1⅛ yard lace.

Nightgown 9212

Nightgown 9503
Embroidery 11741

Camisole 8668

Camisole 8979

8979—Ladies' One-piece Camisole. Designed for 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch batiste—2½ yards lace insertion—1¼ yard edging.

9212—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch striped cotton crêpe—¾ yard 36-inch plain cotton crêpe—3⅜ yards rick-rack braid.

Nightgown 9129

Combination 9226

Combination 9556
Embroidery 13339
Scallop 13661

9503—Ladies' Sleeveless Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2½ yards lace insertion—2½ yards ribbon. Dainty sprays of embroidery in design 11741 trim this nightgown.

Negligée 9563

Negligee 9560

Negligée 9427

Bath-robe 9214

9129—Ladies' Slip-on Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch batiste—1¾ yards insertion—1½ yard ribbon.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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Useful Designs Including Some for Hallowe'en Costumes

8752—Girls' and Juniors' Side-closing Bloomers. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch sateen. The front of the bloomers is plaited, the back gathered to a band. These should be of the same material as the dress.

9072—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 32-inch flowered crêpe—⅝ yard 32-inch plain crêpe for collar and trimming—3¼ yards braid or ribbon to trim. Flannelet may be used when cold weather comes.

Bloomers 8752

Petticoat 8387

Combination 9613
Embroidery 11569

Bloomers 7256

7256—Girls' and Juniors' Side-closing Bloomers. Designed for 3 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch serge.

Bath-robe 9672

8387—Child's Petticoat. Designed for 2 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch longcloth—3⅜ yards insertion—2½ yards edging.

9613—Girls' Combination. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch nainsook. For the embroidery design 11569 is worked in cotton floss.

DESC. CONT. ON PAGE 76

Drawers 9619

Drawers 5783
Scallop 12567

Pierrot Suit 6298

Clown Suit 6385

Clown Suit 4486

Coat Collars and Cuffs 9691

9691—Ladies' Coat Collars and Cuffs. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires about ⅓ yard 54-inch material for any style collar.

Ladies' and Misses' Dress Sleeves 9689

9689—Designed for 34 to 44 and 16 to 20. From ⅞ to 1¼ yard 36-inch is required, depending on sleeves.

Apron 9211

Apron 9407

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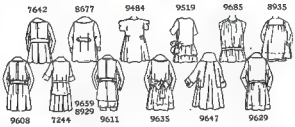
New Frocks and Smart Little Coats for Early Fall



7642—Boys' Overcoat. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch cheviot—2 yards 36-inch sateen for lining.

8677—Boys' Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 3 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch whipcord—1¾ yard 36-inch silk serge to line.

9484—Girls' Kimono Dress. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch chambray—2¾ yards wash braid to trim. The frock has a rounded neck-line and kimono sleeves cut in a wall-of-troy design.



9647—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch velours—⅜ yard 54-inch fur cloth for collar—2⅛ yards 36-inch foulard for lining. The coat closes to the neck and has a collar of opossum. The raglan sleeves have turn-back cuffs.

9629—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch linen—6½ yards trimming. The dress is slashed at the center-front and the edges are bound. The trimming may be of washable braid or uncut cotton fringe forming insertion effect.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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Smart Style Features Distinguish These Youthful Models



9618—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 32 inch chambray—2⅛ yards plaiting to trim collar, cuffs, and plait. The front is shirred below the belt

9482—Girls' Dress. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—3¼ yards washable braid to trim. The yoke and sleeves are outlined with braid matching the dots in color.

9004—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 36 inch poplin—⅛ yard 27-inch lining for underfront. Design 11453 is worked in soutache braid in a darker tone on the collar.

9624—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch velvet—⅛ yard 54-inch fur fabric—3 yards 36-inch satin for lining. The raglan sleeves are cut in one with the back.

9627—Girls' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch linen. No. 6851 –Misses' and Girls' Bloomers. Designed for 4 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 44-inch serge.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 76



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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

9649—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch tricotine—⅞ yard 36-inch wash silk for collar and sleeves—⅝ yards braid—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A simple trimming of embroidery in design 12623 outlines the slash in front. Wool or silk flaps of contrasting shade may be used for this motif. By making the sleeves and collar of contrasting material the dress takes on the aspect of a jumper frock, as the armholes are large and the sleeves are sewed into the armholes of the underbody. Because of the large armholes, which are loose and apt to show the lining of which the underbody is composed, it would be advisable to face back a few inches from the underbody armholes with the silk of which the sleeves are made. The slashed front edges and the armholes are bound with braid, and rows of braid form a smart trimming on the skirt. Narrow bias bands of satin could be substituted for the braid if preferred.

9648—Ladies' Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch twilcord—2¾ yards braid to trim. No. 9646—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch satin for blouse with round collar and long sleeves. Narrow leather belt that encircles the waist-line, large square patch pockets are applied. These are bound with satin like the blouse and boasts an added decorative feature in the embroidery, design 12645, which may be carried out in silk floss of contrasting tone combined with black. Solid satin and outline stitches would be correct.

9680—Ladies' Jumper Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool jersey. No. 9646—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse with pointed collar and long sleeves.

9591—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Poiret twill for dress without sleeves—⅞ yard 36-inch satin for chemisette, round collar, and long sleeves—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9601—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch silk duvetyn—¾ yard 36-inch white satin to face collar and sleeves and to make the vest—6 yards fur banding—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9657—Ladies' Jumper Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch plaid cotton homespun. No. 9646—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch habutai silk for blouse with round collar and long sleeves—3 yards plaiting. These jumper overblouses are very becoming as well as very practical for sports wear. They may be used with skirts of any sports type.

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9587—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 40¾ inches. No. 8760—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yard. The suit in medium size requires 5 yards 54-inch broadcloth—3¾ yards 36-inch foulard to line jacket.

9151—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 32½ inches. No. 9131—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4¾ yards 54-inch velours—¾ yard wide, ⅝ yard narrow fur banding—2¾ yards 36-inch satin to line jacket.

9589—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 18 requires 4½ yards 40-inch velvet—2 yards wide fur banding for bottom of skirt—⅝ yard narrow fur banding for collar. The dress has long sleeves, and there is an inserted vest in front. The straight collar and the trimming-band are of Persian lamb and the dress is embroidered with wool in contrasting colors in design 12575. The motifs are simple but very effective.

9557—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey—⅝ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and binding on cuffs. Wool embroidery in design 12283 is very effective. The overblouse is tucked below the narrow sash.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

9633—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 41 inches. No. 9666—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch duvetyn—3¾ yards fur banding—3¼ yards 36-inch satin to line jacket.

9682—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 38 inches. No. 9486—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4⅝ yards 54-inch tricotine—3½ yards 36-inch satin to line jacket.

9497—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch jersey—⅝ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and cuff bands. Appliqué of linen in design 12504 is very smart couched down with black wool.

9081—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch finely checked coating—4¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

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9665—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The front of the blouse is braided with soutache braid in design 12015. If preferred, chenille, wool, or rope silk may be substituted.

9677—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette—3⅝ yards plaiting. The fronts of the blouse are beaded in design 12545. The design shows oblong motifs and tiny glass, jet, or crystal beads may be used alone, or in combination with embroidery silk.

9637—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch tricotine for overdress—3½ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe for underdress and collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. In the underdress the skirt is joined at the sides and in back to the lower edge of the underbody, while in front it makes a long panel, extending from the neck-line to the bottom of the skirt.

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9570—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette—⅞ yard 9-inch lace for vest. The collar and cuffs are outlined with rows of small wooden beads.

9517—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The long collar is embroidered in silk floss in design 12576. Solid satin stitch may be used to work out the embroidery.

9690—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch twilcord—⅞ yard 10-inch vesting.

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9605—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3 yards frilling.

9584—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch batiste—2¾ yards frilling—1 yard ribbon. No. 9579—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tricotine.

9140—Ladies' Four-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yards drawn out about 2¾ yards. Size 26 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch prunella cloth. At each side below the hips a plaited section is inserted which gives freedom of movement without disturbing the straight silhouette.

9658—Ladies' Sleeveless Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch poplin. No. 9646—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen—3 yards plaited organdy for the frilling. The dress is made with large armholes and is cut down in deep U-shaping in front.

9670—Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Embroidery in design 12445 makes an effective trimming carried out in contrasting color silk floss, chenille, or wool.

9505—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tricotine for dress—2 yards 36-inch voile for blouse. The embroidery of design 12622 forms a pretty corner in the long rolling collar. It may be worked in lazy daisy stitch with strand cotton.

9646—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe.

9837—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch voile—3¼ yards narrow plaiting.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

9071—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 18 and 20 years, and 34 to 40 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 18 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch Moroccan crêpe—3¼ yards lace insertion—3 yards ribbon for sash.

9645—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch silk duvetyn—5 yards fur banding—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The bottom of the skirt is finished with bound scallops in design 12567.

9632—Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch satin. No. 9664—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yard 36-inch dimity for blouse with round collar and long sleeves—1¾ yard plaiting for collar and cuffs.

9639—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch satin for sleeves and yoke—1¾ yard 54-inch Poiret twill for overdress—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The overdress is embroidered in big French knots in design 12625.

9676—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch duvetyn—¼ yard 36-inch satin for undersleeves. Couching in wool in design 12612 forms an effective trimming.

9659—Misses' Jumper Overblouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch cotton homespun. No. 9664—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yard 36-inch batiste—1¾ yard plaiting to trim.

9656—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 18 and 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. No. 9687—Ladies' and Misses' Skirt. Designed for 18 and 20 years, and 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in size 18 requires 6 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Embroidery in design 12574 trims the edges of the draplngs worked in beads or French knots.

9667—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 18 and 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 18 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe—1 yard 28-inch filet lace—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

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9608—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch polo cloth—3⅝ yards 36-inch satin to line.

9680—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch broadcloth—3¼ yards 36-inch satin to line.

9658—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch casmerteen—3½ yards 36-inch satin to line.

9650—Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. No. 9654—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch China silk for blouse with pointed collar, no frill, and long sleeves—2⅛ yards lace edging.

8925—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 16 to 20 years. No. 9703—Misses' Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch duvetyn—3¾ yards 36-inch foulard to line jacket.

9074—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Sports Coat. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Size 16 requires 2 yards 36-inch velveteen. The collar is embroidered in wool in design 12024. No. 8974—Misses' Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch checked worsted. No. 9654—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch China silk for blouse without collar and with long sleeves.

9636—Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch wool Jersey. No. 9654—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch dimity for blouse with round collar and long sleeves.

9632—Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch satin. No. 9654—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1½ yard 36-inch dimity—1¾ yard organdy points to trim.

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9586—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard wide ribbon for shoulder straps—1⅝ yard narrow ribbon. Dainty sprays of embroidery in design 11339, carried out in raised satin stitch, and buttonholed scallops in design 11661, form an attractive trimming touch.

9220—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch batiste—7¼ yards net frilling—3 yards ribbon.

9565—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2¾ yards swansdown for trimming—2½ yards ribbon for belt.

9560—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch satin—2½ yard 36-inch contrasting satin—7¼ yards ribbon to trim.

9427—Ladies' One-piece Negligée. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch figured voile—1 yard Georgette frilling—2 yards ribbon.

9214—Ladies' Bath-robe. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch beacon cloth—1¾ yard braid.

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9619—Girls' Drawers. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch cambric—1⅛ yard edging—1 yard insertion.

8788—Girls' Drawers. Designed for 2 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch longcloth—1⅛ yard edging. Hemstitching done in scallops in design 12567 makes an unusually effective trimming above the frill.

9298—Men's Pierrot Suit. Designed for 32 to 44 chest. Size 40 requires 6¼ yards 36-inch sateen. The neck frill may be of plaited organdy and can be bought by the yard.

9385—Boys' Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 4 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch percaline. The neck frill may be of the material or of white organdy.

9486—Men's Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 32 to 46 chest. Size 36 requires 10 yards 36-inch sateen or percaline. The neck frill may be of self-material but it must be wired on the outer edge to hold it in position.

9811—Ladies' Kimono Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch check gingham.

9407—Ladies' Kimono House-dress. Designed for 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch dotted percale—5 yards organdy points for trimming.

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9519—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 3½ yards 32-inch chambray. The edge of the tunic and the skirt sections are finished with scallops in design 12567, bound with a bias fold of material in contrasting color.

9685—Child's Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch voile. The straight belt is slipped through an appliquéd piece matching that on the shoulder.

9608—Boys' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch tweed—3½ yards 36-inch sateen to line.

8935—Child's Pantalet Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 4 yards 27-inch chambray—¼ yard 36-inch linen for collar and pockets—3¾ yards braid to trim.

9659—Girls' and Juniors' Jumper Blouse. Designed for 8 to 17 years. No. 7244—Girls' and Juniors' Skirt. Designed for 6 to 14 years. The jumper and skirt in size 10 require 2 yards 54-inch serge—6¾ yards braid to trim. No. 9629—Girls' and Juniors' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch dimity. The collar and cuffs are embroidered in white cotton floss in design 11330.

9011—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch serge—1 yard 36-inch lining for collar and sash—7 yards braid.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

9450—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch linen—1⅜ yard braid to trim.

9668—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch homespun—2 yards 36-inch foulard for lining.

9022—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch plush—¾ yard 36-inch fur cloth for collar —2 yards 36-inch satin for lining.

9253—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch crossbar madras linen—¾ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and cuffs.

9541—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch chambray—⅝ yard 36-inch white linen for collar. The front panel is trimmed with appliqué in design 12630 cut from chambray in contrasting colors.

9688—Girls' and Juniors' Jumper Dress. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch tricotine. No. 8929—Girls' and Juniors' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch English sateen—⅛ yard 54-inch tricotine for cuffs. The front of the jumper dress and the pockets are embroidered in silk floss in contrasting shades in design 12509.

9662—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch plain gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch check gingham for collar, cuffs, and bands on pockets. The front of the dress is embroidered in contrasting embroidery floss in design 12623.

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YOU use salt every day; lots of it. Why not have the kind that tastes best and is the most convenient to use?

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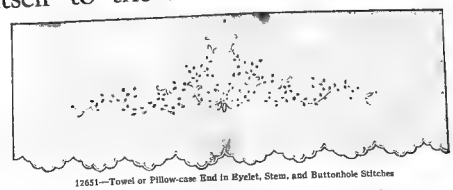
Get Morton's and keep sweet tempered

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Decorative Embroidery Adapts Itself to the Housewife's Needs



12652—A Simple Initial could be added to this Towel or Pillow-case End embroidering it in the center, with the sprays of eyelets forming a frame



12651—Towel or Pillow-case End in Eyelet, Stem, and Buttonhole Stitches



12650—Plate Doily 10 inches in diameter matching Centerpiece 12649 below and Tumbler Doily

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12652, blue, 25 cents (1/3), supplies one pair of towel or pillow-case ends with scalloped edging for both ends. Worked in eyelet and raised satin stitches, outlining the stems in French stemming and the scallops in buttonhole stitch

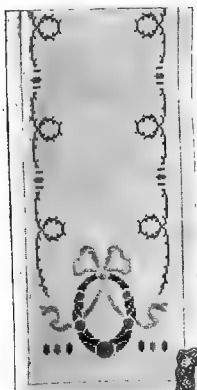


12649—Cut-work Centerpiece 27 inches in diameter forming a Luncheon Set with Doilies 12650

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12651, blue, 25 cents (1/3), supplies one pair of pillow-case or towel end designs 22 inches wide, with scalloped edge for both ends. Eyelet, raised satin, outline, and buttonhole stitches should be used in strand cotton.



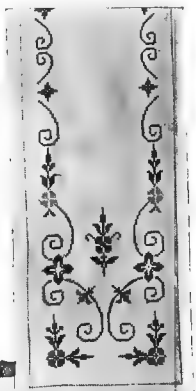
12650—Tumbler Doily 5 inches in diameter matching Centerpiece 12649 and Plate Doily



11920—Buffet Scarf in Cross-stitch

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12650, blue, 35 cents (1/6), supplies twelve 5-inch and six 10-inch doilies which, with centerpiece 12649, form a good-looking luncheon set.

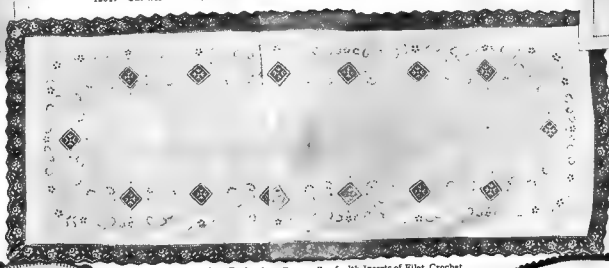
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 11920, blue, 20 cents (1/-). The design measuring 10 by 45 inches, and color chart for working are provided. White round thread linen was used and strand cotton. The edges are all hemstitched in white or color.



11921—Scarf 18 by 54 inches

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12649, blue, 35 cents (1/6), supplies enough for one centerpiece 27 inches in diameter. The embroidery is in cut-work, eyelet, and stem stitches on white linen. The edge is of filet crochet 2 inches deep. Doilies No. 12650 were designed to match this centerpiece.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 11921, blue, 20 cents (1/-), supplies design 9½ by 48 inches, also a chart for the arrangement of colors. Worked in cross-stitch.



12653—Dainty Design for a Dresser Scarf with Inserts of Filet Crochet

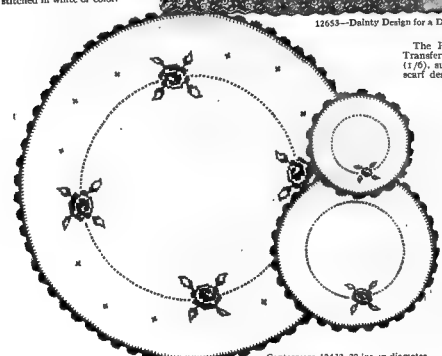
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12653, blue, 35 cents (1/6), supplies one dresser or buffet scarf design 14 by 60 inches, worked in eyelet and raised satin stitches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12432, blue, 20 cents (1/-), supplies one centerpiece.

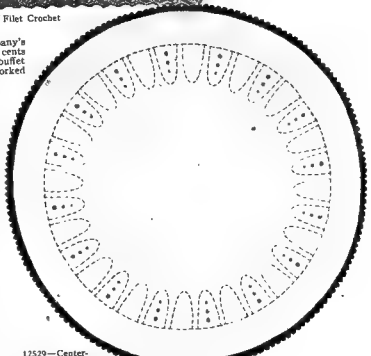
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12433, blue, 20 cents (1/-), supplies six 10-inch plate doilies.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12434, blue, 15 cents (9d), supplies six 6-inch doilies.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12529, blue, 20 cents (1/-), supplies one centerpiece 24¾ inches in diameter, which includes scalloped edge.



Centerpiece 12432, 22 ins. in diameter
Plate Doily 12433, 10 ins. in diameter
Tumbler Doily 12434, 6 ins. in diameter



12529—Centerpiece 24¾ ins. in diameter

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The plain truth about Teeth

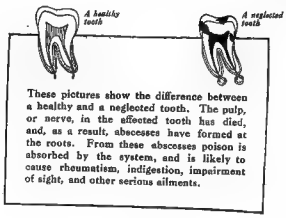
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is not advertised as a cure-all to do what can be done only by a dentist.

It is recommended simply as a ***safe,*** common sense dentifrice, which cleans the teeth by direct application. It contains no acids that are supposed to dissolve hard, clinging deposits.

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These pictures show the difference between a healthy and a neglected tooth. The pulp, or nerve, in the effected tooth has died, and, as a result, abscesses have formed at the roots. From these abscesses poison is absorbed by the system, and is likely to cause rheumatism, indigestion, impairment of sight, and other serious ailments.

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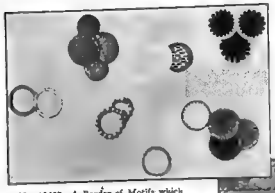
"Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture"

More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice.

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These Varied Motifs and Borders Allow Distinction of Choice

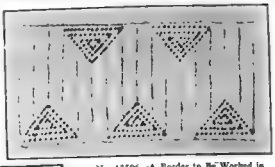
Beading or Braiding, or Embroidery in Silk, Cotton, or Wool May Be Selected



No. 12627—A Border of Motifs which May Be Used Separately

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12627, blue or yellow, 40 cents, (2/-), supplies 3¼ yards of border 7⅛ inches deep. Worked in French knots, appliqué, satin stitch, blanket, couching or darning stitch.

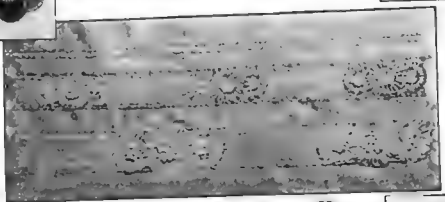
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12567, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3). The borders are in 2- and 3-inch sizes and outline, French knots, and simple running or darning stitch may be used.



No. 12506—A Border to Be Worked in French Knots or Beads

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12506, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3). Simple border for beading or French knots, or even to be carried out in flat soutache braid.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12626, blue or yellow, 40 cents, (2/-), supplies 3 yards of border 11⅛ inches deep. French knots, outline, chain, couching, darning or beading may be used. If a large eyelet is desired, these may be cut out and buttonholed. Each circle measures 1¾ inch across.





No. 12570—Varied Motifs for Beading or Embroidery

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12570, blue or yellow, 30 cents, (1/6). In this pattern two duplicates each of the 3 larger motifs and 18 of the smaller embroidery and beading motifs are supplied. Suitable for trimming frocks, blouses, vests, yokes, and collars. Outline, darning, French knots, chain, and flat satin stitches can be used.



No. 12561—Supplies a Figured Border in Two Sizes and a Plain Border

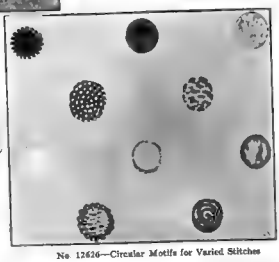
An effective motif in Design 12575 is worked out in silk and wool on dress 9677. These embroidered appliqués trim the sides of the frock.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12598, blue or yellow, 75 cents, (3/6), is worked out in chenille on dress 9637.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12574, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), makes an effective border, worked out in silk, on dress 9640.



Dress 9637
Embroidery 12598



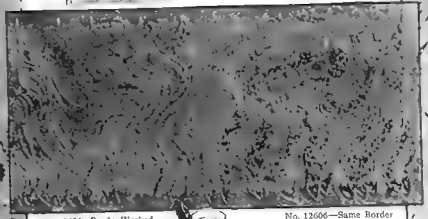
No. 12626—Circular Motifs for Varied Stitches

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12623, blue or yellow, 75 cents, (3/6), supplies 1¾ yard of 30-inch border for trimming the new coats and frocks of various materials in embroidery braid, wools, rope silk, or cotton, in outline or chain stitches. Because of its depth it is possible to use this over a whole skirt.



No. 12469—Some Dainty Motifs or Border Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12469, blue or yellow, 30 cents, (1/6). All the motifs may be worked in outline embroidery cotton, wool, silk, or mercerized. Suggestions for different means with which and those for which each motif



No. 12606—Border Worked in Outline Stitch

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12504, blue or yellow, 50 cents, (2/6). It may be worked in silk, beads, French knots, or the plain running stitch, and the plain measures in the by 1¾ inch wide.

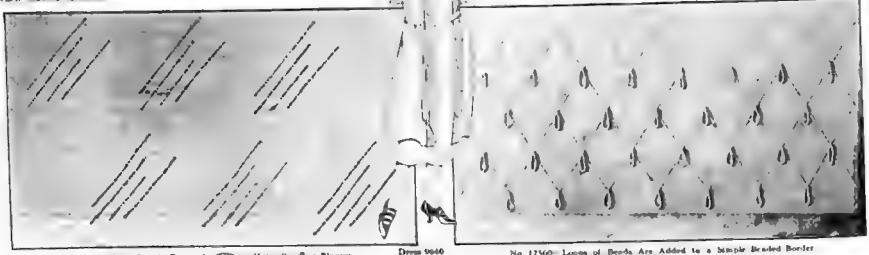


No. 12606—Same Border in Darning Stitch

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12606, blue or yellow, 50 cents, (2/6). inch border. Outline, chain, long-and-short, darning, or satin stitch



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12560, blue or yellow, 30 cents, (1/6). Three yardsful of each border supplied, beading



No. 12506—A Simple Design for Use on Hats, Bags or Blouses

Dress 9646
Embroidery 12572

No. 12560—Loops of Beads Are Added to a Simple Beaded Border

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A PLEA FOR ORGANIZED PLAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

How do We The People spend our scant leisure? What wholesome recreation have we to keep us young and to restore mental balance and tide us safely past the rocks of Bolshevism?

Let us come to the point. If all the schools in America decide to put play into the curriculum, what will it mean? In the first place it will mean that we have recognized the simple truth that the child's spiritual growth is linked inseparably with his physical growth—that the soul grows best in a clean, sound body. Therefore we shall have to insist that the school's first business is to turn out healthy and happy children.

Apparently the public school has not been turning out that kind of citizens. The draft revealed some ugly truths which we are in danger of forgetting, but any one who has ever observed a crowd of school children and noted the prevalence of sallow complexions, hollow chests, dull eyes, stooped shoulders, thin arms and legs, and worse—needs no Government statistics to confirm the truth of what he sees. It appears that our practise of hustling several million children outdoors twice daily with the stern injunction to "stay out till the bell rings," has not provided adequate physical training for American youth. It appears also that the public school has been of little assistance in fighting the social evil—since most of its victims are recruited from children in their early teens.

It is true that the world knows more about sanitation and hygiene than ever before, thanks, in part, to the public school. And it is true that school physicians and school nurses and parent-teacher associations are doing a wondrous amount of good. This is not a calamity howl. But does it not seem a sad waste of human souls that so many of us are only fifty per cent. efficient and never know the ecstasy of perfect health? I dislike that word *efficient*. Rather, it is the loss of *spiritual energy* that I am deploring—the cramped life whose peerless individuality never finds expression—the senses that never really wake up—the heart that beats from stern necessity.

Ah, well, Carlyle said it years ago. "All work and no play," etc. We always have to fall back on platitudes in the last analysis. However, it is not overwork that menaces the American child in school. It is rather too much loafing—both physical and mental. Too many hours are taken up in something that is neither work nor play, and the resulting state of mental and physical lassitude offers ideal breeding conditions for crime germs.

THE plain truth is that the public school has too long ignored the fact that the child has a body—a beautiful, intricate tool which if well cared for will give good service for many years. Or if we have not wholly ignored it, we have at least dealt with the question very superficially. We have inserted in an already overcrowded program a few formal exercises, at the same time warning the teacher not to omit any of the "regular" classes. We have taught hygiene—from a book, in which there were pictures showing one how to stand and sit, and chapters urging one to take plenty of exercise. (Of some have even thought that sex-hygiene could be so taught.) A few schools have gone so far as to provide indoor gymnium work twice or three times a week. A respectable middle-aged college town in Kansas has just boastfully announced that arrangements have been completed whereby a physical education supervisor will visit every school in the city, *spending fifteen minutes with each class every other week!*

Having decided that it is the responsibility of the school to see to it that the child's body is clean and sound, we shall have to further insist that it be done in a businesslike way. Not by sending a tired teacher out on the playground to start a stupid game of Drop the Handkerchief. That has been tried. Not by trying to utilize the noon-hour for this purpose (in which case the children either refrain from playing or bolt their lunches and run all the way back to school). That, too, has been tried. The noon-hour is for lunch and rest. A great many rural teachers have tried to use it for teaching manual training and domestic science and agriculture, in a gallant attempt to follow the Course of Study; and I have seen some prize-winning exhibits prepared in this way. I must myself plead guilty to bolting my lunch in order to save time for a good ball-game with the children. But we shall not be able to crowd physical education into the noon-hour.

Neither shall we accomplish it by adopting another text-book. In the name of reason let us have no *buying books* for a while. One hesitates to suggest any changes in our school system nowadays lest an already tired and harried school-teacher be presented with another text-book and requested to cut a twenty-minute recitation in two to make room for an additional class. If we do provide physical education in our schools let us remember that we can not simply insert it in the Course of Study and leave the rest to the teacher. There is more in the Course of Study now than she has time to read, to say nothing of teaching it. Therefore we shall find it necessary to abridge the Course of Study and hire a specially trained teacher for physical education, just as the best schools now hire them for domestic science and music and penmanship and art, and just as we shall some day hire them for grammar and arithmetic and geography and history and civics and physiology and English literature, and all subjects taught in the grades above the primary. Not supervisors, by the way, but *teachers*. For when we have specialists in every room in every building, we shall not require supervisors of them all. Two teachers of physical education for each building will be sufficient in most cases.

Curtailing the Course of Study will not be difficult. We shall merely have to omit a few *facts*, putting them aside for the child to become acquainted with later on in life in order that he may now acquire those bodily accomplishments which he can not easily acquire later on in life. "The time to acquire bodily accomplishments," says Henderson, "is in youth. The place for a swimming-pool, for instance, is in the elementary grades."

If organized play is put into the public schools it will mean that all our children will receive its benefits. Few of us attend high school; fewer still, the universities. Then surely if we are sincerely desirous of rearing healthy citizens we shall begin in the elementary schools, for there we can reach everybody. Since the grade schools and not the high schools and colleges train the great majority of our citizens, it seems only right to demand for them the best of teachers and the best of equipment—even tho we have to spend the price of a war to pay the bill.

We shall suppose that your child is attending a school where physical education is given a place in the daily program. No revolutionary changes will be necessary. His work at school will go on about as usual; the only difference will be that he will spend a part of each day in supervised play of various kinds. He will do this in company with a group of suitable age and under competent direction. There will, of course, be daily setting-up exercises and formal drill of some sort; but there will also be a swimming-pool for the hot days and an outdoor ice-skating rink which can be flooded in the Winter-time; and the other sports and games will come naturally in their proper seasons. But whether the order of the day be swimming or skating or walking or horseback-riding or jumping or climbing or wrestling or dancing or organized games, it is the business of the playground director to see to it that every child has his full share of vigorous play; that no child overexerts heart or lungs; that no child becomes a chronic spectator through timidity or indifference; and above all, the playground director must remember that they are playing primarily for the *fun* of it. The classes must never be so large as to prevent this.

Exercise is not a curative, but a tonic for proper food, for instance, will cure cases of malnutrition. If the parent can not supply it the State must, for the simple reason that these children will be parents themselves in the next generation. It will, of course, be necessary to observe each child closely and examine him regularly, so that individual weaknesses and defects may receive individual attention and harmful habits may be nipped in the bud. By the way, it is essential that half of these playground directors be men; partly for the right kind.

Notice that this plan provides that *every* child shall enjoy these sports and games *daily*. In this differs from this school and college athletics, which are manifestly absurd. Under their present system, a few students, already physically fit or nearly so, are selected to represent the school. While their fellow students cheer from the bleachers they train and drill athletes exert themselves to the limit of endurance, and twenty years later die, many of them, from heart or lung trouble. Any system which does not give *every* child a chance for health and happiness is a failure

IF GOOD health and physical efficiency and fun were the only products of organized play, it would merit our support for being; but there are by-products which are worth considering. Energetic play is said to lead to energetic adult life. Hearty participation in games teaches democracy, friendliness, sociability, loyalty, team-work, and sportsmanship. It forms habits of obedience to law, and of fair play and justice. It encourages the shy child to assert himself and teaches the forward child to wait his turn. It induces quick decisions and invigorates sluggish minds. It trains the judgment. It fills the adolescent youth over the critical period, and by occupying his time and energy in wholesome ways it crowds out harmful thoughts and prevents dissipation.

Undoubtedly there is such a thing as "Education through Play," and some day we shall see it, we Americans. And when we do comprehend, however dimly, the tremendous possibilities for good and evil in this universal instinct, we shall make sweeping reforms—and huge mistakes; for that is the way America does things.

And we grown-ups? Shall we be wistful onlookers only? Or desiring that we too may live as completely and joyously as possible, shall we not insist that the playground be adequately equipped to serve as a recreation center for the entire community after four o'clock and on Saturdays and Sundays? We must pay for it. Why not use it?

Let us all threaten our toil and lighten our burdens by a judicious amount of *Play*.



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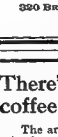
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The aromatic oils in the coffee bean evaporate very quickly when the bean is broken. These oils are essential for good coffee. They give it that freshness and good flavor.

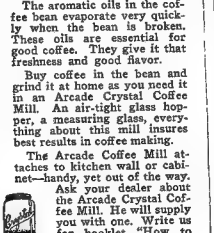
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WANTED—100,000 GIRLS FOR SUB-NURSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

threatens. If the present prohibitive cost of sickness for the middle-class man continues, he will be driven to pauperize himself, and nothing is so disintegrating to human integrity as pauperization. It lessens self-respect and tears down the tissues of self-reliance and self-determination. Can you think of a more disheartening predicament for a hard-working, right-living man, when there is sickness in his family, than to have to declare himself a pauper in order to be admitted to the free ward of a hospital? And yet this is often necessary where the pay wards ask a larger fee than he can afford. It is a peculiar ailment, too, putting, as it does, a bonus upon indigence—for the idle and useless, making no contribution toward the general good, get the best of care for nothing, while the industrious, who contribute toward the better standing of their community, and who could pay a reasonable fee, must go without or be classed as paupers.

"It is for this reason that I do not believe in free care for the sick. As economic conditions are at present common humaneness makes it necessary. Most men can pay something. If it is only a dollar they at least are given the chance to retain their self-respect through the knowledge that they are doing the best they can. And when they are cured and on their feet they can make efforts to pay more. There will always be the destitute, and they, of course, are public charges and their care should fall upon the public."

"Which brings me to another measure for the alleviation of the nursing shortage—public endowment of hospitals as departments of public welfare. The quality and quantity of service is concerned here—a higher definition of service in the heart of the individual. No one will deny that hospitals fill a great public need, one no less than good roads. Communities pay for their roads by taxation. A community too poor to pay adequately is aided by State and Federal funds. The same system should apply to hospitals; and it is not humiliating for the hospitals to ask this. All of the great universities have had to campaign for large endowments in order to carry on their work. Have not the hospitals even a greater cause at stake—the cause of the nation's health? I think they have, and it is a lesson that should be brought to immediate fruitage by the co-operation of every right-thinking citizen.

"FOR the sake of better analysis and emphasis I must revert to the sub-nurse. This is a title that does not sound good to my ears, for I think it superfluous and unnecessary. The term nurse should be inclusive. The proper adjustment lies not in nurses and sub-nurses, but in a modified, uniform law setting the standard for training and requiring at least high-school education and two years' general hospital work. Then for the ambitious there could be special graduate courses in higher nursing, such as X-ray and radium work, anesthesia, public health work, et cetera. But since there is some question of States' rights, we will have to call the two-year girl the sub-nurse. I am sure that the country districts and smaller towns could easily muster 100,000 such high-minded girls, who would gladly make their vocation the answer to this great national need.

"And here I take up again the virtue of service. Good nurses are born. They are not made, any more than good stenographers or good writers or good lawyers are made. Education helps, but if a girl has all the education in the world and the best of secretarial training, and yet lacks manual dexterity and sound business sense, she will not make a good stenographer. All the training in the world will not make a good nurse of a girl who is always thinking about herself and whose heart does not go out toward suffering humanity in a desire to ease that pain by self-sacrificing service."

HAVING disposed of nurses and sub-nurses, Dr. Mayo took up another subject in his formula for bettering the nursing situation. He is an ardent advocate of efficient home care for the sick. He believes that classes in home care, first aid, and hygiene should be a part of every common school curriculum, and that every high-school girl should be taught something of the care of the child, prenatal and postnatal. As supplementary to these, he suggests classes and lectures in hospitals and in health centers, such as the Red Cross has inaugurated in many cities throughout the country. "You would be surprised how the people take to this," he said. "At present we are conducting here in this city two-hour classes three times a week. The course covers six weeks, and at the end we give certificates stating that the holder has attended the lectures and urging further study. We are going to institute a system whereby ultimately the holders of these certificates may enter the hospitals and learn how to make beds, to handle patients, to take temperature, and to perform the many small duties of the sick-room which do not require any greater gift than an average intelligence. There are many women in these classes who come from miles around to attend them, so eager are they for the opportunity afforded. As I do not believe in indiscriminate charity, we charge a small fee, and I believe this impels rather than impedes a large attendance. Each one of these women will be in reality a nurse's aid—for they will be able to help in their own homes and in those of their neighbors.

"They understand preventive measures and how to keep small ailments from growing into greater ones, and they know enough to be of help to the family doctor, so that a trained nurse will not be necessary in the majority of cases. Such instruction also helps to arouse interest in nursing in the minds of young girls and to inculcate in their hearts a deeper understanding of individual service and its necessity, if the world is to be kept on its feet."

Public Health Nursing came in for a degree of praise from Dr. Mayo. He sees in it a broader interpretation of the nurse's ideals—a transmutation from individual to general welfare. "The school nurse, the industrial nurse, the city and county and the neighborhood nurse," said he, "are going to help a great deal in the present congestion."

Marking off on his fingers the points he had advanced, he concluded: "And now I think I've given you a pretty exhaustive, counteractive remedy: Sub-nurses, classes in home-care of the sick and hygiene, health centers, public health service, community or Federal aid for hospitals, and intensive cultivation of the things of the spirit in the hearts of the rising generation. Put these theories into practise and they will open the door closed by the revolt of the young women of to-day."

I had occasion while in Rochester to discover that the Mayo brothers have already put their theories into active and fruitful practise. Accommodating the patients of the Mayo Clinic there are six hospitals aggregating a total capacity of 1,234 beds. These hospitals are in no way run by the Mayos, but they are conducted according to Mayo principles. The student nurses receive twenty dollars a month, their uniforms, and washing. They have an eight and one-half hour day; their living quarters are commodious and comfortable. They are allowed to receive visitors in the evening and may go out if they return by ten o'clock. One night a week they may have leave until midnight. The graduate nurses receive from thirty dollars a week up, according to their responsibilities. They, too, have comfortable quarters and a modicum of liberty. Their hours are easy, except in emergency cases, when they are expected to do as the doctors do: work unsparingly until their patients have been retrieved from the gray menace of the shadows. Between 600 and 700 women are employed in the Mayo Clinic. Not so long ago trained nurses only were admitted to the Clinic proper and the laboratories. To-day there are but thirty-seven trained nurses in the institution. High-school graduates perform the laboratory work, except where special technical knowledge is required. Nurses' aids do the greater part of the clinical work. All of these employees receive salaries large enough to meet comfortable living demands with a surplus for savings.

AS I sat in the Clinic waiting for this interview, I saw men and women and children from all classes and conditions waiting their turn. There were Sunday, sad-eyed women, holding maimed and deformed little ones in their arms, or rolling paralytic sons or daughters or husbands in wheeled chairs. There were young couples, with all the evidences of poverty and suffering drawn in the lines of their faces and their habiliments. There were men whose knotted hands and dungarees stamped them as day-laborers. There were rich men and women, too; and they received no kindlier welcome than the poorest and the shabbiest. The poor are given treated by the same skilful treatment and the same efficient care as the rich. The only difference is in the fee, which is graduated, not by the purse, but by every man pays according to his capacity. It is common report on the streets of Rochester that no patient has ever been turned away because he could not pay.

Among the Mayo gifts to—posterity is an endowment of $2,000,000 to the University of Minnesota for postgraduate work.

I tell these things because they are truths which verify Dr. Mayo's authority when he pleads for greater humanitarian service in the nursing profession.

THE END OF THE DREAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

For a time we sat in silence hand in hand.

"And do you still go back there?"

"Every night."

"And you meet him?"

"Yes and no. I am sometimes aware of his presence, but I never see him clearly as I did that once. I think at that moment I was able to see him because I was so near death that I was very close to those on the other side of death. My spirit had almost freed itself from the body, so I became visible to him and he to me. I have studied the pictures of Charles the First's time, and his dress was exactly of that date, almost the same as that well-known picture—I think it is Charles the First—of a man with his hand on his hip, standing beside a white horse. Do you think it is wrong of me to have a ghostly lover, who must have lived nearly three hundred years ago?"

"NOT wrong, but strange. It is a little like 'The Portrait of a Boy' and Peter Ibbetson.' I suppose we have all been on this earth before, but the cup of Lethe is well mixed for most of us, and we have no memory of previous lives. But you have not drunk the cup to the dregs, and somehow you have made a hole in the curtain of oblivion in your memory. Through one of those holes you saw one of your many childhoods, probably in Greece, a couple of thousand years ago. Through the other hole you saw, in comparatively modern times, your early womanhood. Perhaps you married your beautiful cavalier with the curls."

"No," said Essie with decision, "I have never been married to him or lived in his house. It is my home, but I have never lived there. I know nothing about him except that we love each other, and that some day we shall really meet, not in a dream."

"In the Elysian Fields?"

"Yes, in the Elysian Fields."

At this moment the front door slammed, and Ted banged up the stairs and rushed in. If I had not known him I should have said he was drunk.

He was wildly excited; he was crimson. He careened round the room, waving his arms, and then plumped onto the sofa, and stretched out his short legs in front of him.

"I've bought it. I've got it," he shouted. "Do you hear? I've bought it dirt-cheap. The young ass is in such a hurry, and he's apparently so wealthy he doesn't care. Four hundred acres of timber with it. Such timber! Such walnut and chestnut and oak! The timber alone is worth the money. I've got it. It's mine."

"The house in Essex?"

"Kenstone Manor in Essex. It's a nailer. It's a—a—an old-world residence. It has no central heating, no bathrooms, no electric light, obsolete drainage, and the floors are giving way. I shall have to put in everything, but I shall do it without spending a penny. I shall do it by the timber, and it's nine miles from a station; that's partly why no one wanted it. But the railroad is coming. No one knows that yet except a few of us, but it will be there in five years, with a station on the property. Then I shall sell all the land within easy reach of the station in small building-lots for villas. I shall make a pile."

Ted's round eyes became solemn. He was gazing into the future, leaning forward, a stout hand on each stout knee.

"Teddy shall go to Eton," he said, "and I shall put him in the Guards."

A week later Ted took us down by motor to see Kenstone. It was too far for us to return the same day, so he engaged rooms for us in the village inn. His "buyer" was to meet him, and advise him as to what part of the timber he thought he should offer to take over by private treaty before the sale.

On a gleaming day in late September we sped along the lovely Essex lanes, between the pale, harvested fields

"There's the forest," shouted Ted, leaning back from his seat in front, and pointing to a long ridge of trees which seemed to stretch to the low horizon beyond the open fields.

"When we're over the bridge we're on the—the property," yelled Ted.

WE LURCHED over the bridge, and presently the forest came along the water's edge to the left of us, and we turned sharply through an open gateway into a private road.

Such trees I had never seen. They stood in stately groups of birch and oak and pine with broad glades of grass and yellowing bracken between them.

"Ancient deer-park once," shouted Ted. "Shall be again."

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THE END OF THE DREAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

Essie paid little attention to him. We had made a very early start, and she was tired. She leaned back in the car with half-closed eyes.

The trees retreated on each side of the road, and the wonderful old house came suddenly into sight, standing above its long terrace with its stone balustrade.

Ted gave a sort of yelp.

"Oh, Essie!" I cried. "Look—look! It's perfect."

She gazed languidly for a moment, and then she sat up suddenly, and her face changed. She stared wildly at the house, and put out her hands as if to ward it off.

THE car sped up to the arched doorway, with its coat of arms cut in graystone, and Ted leaped out and rushed up the low steps to the bell.

"Not here! Not here!" gasped Essie, clinging to the car. "I can't live here." She was trembling violently.

"Dear Essie," I said, amazed, "we can't remain in the car. Pull yourself together, and even if you don't like the place don't hurt Ted's feelings by showing it."

She looked at me like one dazed and, inured to obedience, got out, and we followed Ted into the house. We found ourselves in a large, square hall. She groaned and leaned against the wall.

"I can't bear it," she whispered to me. "It's no use. I can't bear it."

"A glass of water, quick," I said to Ted, who turned beaming to us, expecting a chorus of admiration. "Essie is over-tired."

"What is the matter?" I said to her as he hurried away. "What's wrong with this exquisite place?"

"It's the house I came to at night," she said brokenly. "The dream-house. I knew it directly I saw it. Look! There's the minstrel's gallery."

I could only stare at her amazed.

Kind Ted hurried back, splashing an overfull tumbler of water as he came on the polished oak floor.

She sipped a little, but her hands shook so much that I had to hold the glass for her.

"Cheero, old girl," said Ted, patting her cheek, but Essie did not notice.

"The lady ought to lie down," said the old woman who had opened the door to us.

"There's a sofa in the morning-room."

I supported Essie into an octagonal room leading out of the great hall, and laid her on a spacious divan of dim-red damask.

"Leave her alone with me for a bit," I said to Ted. "She is overwrought. We made a very early start."

"I seem to have gone blind," she whispered when Ted had departed. "Everything is black."

"You turned faint. You will be all right in a few minutes."

"Shall I? Would you mind telling me, Beatrice, is there—is there a picture over the fireplace?"

"Yes."

"What kind of picture?"

"It's a life-size portrait of a young cavalier with curls, in blue satin, holding his hat in his hand."

"I knew it," she groaned.

THERE was a long silence.

"I can't bear it," she said. "You may say that is silly, Beatrice, but, all the same, I can't. My life will break in two. If Ted lives here—I shall have nowhere to go."

"I don't think it silly, dear, but I don't understand. This is your old home where you lived nearly three hundred years ago, and to which you have so often come back in your dreams. Now you are coming back to it in your waking hours once more. It seems to me a beautiful and romantic thing to have happened, and after the first surprise surely it must seem the same to you. You have always been so happy here."

"I can see a little now," she said. "Where is the glass of water?"

She sat up and drank a little, and then dabbed some of the water on her forehead.

"I'm all right now," she said, pushing back her wet hair.

"Don't move. Rest a little; you have had a shock."

She did not seem to hear me. She rose slowly to her feet and stood in front of the picture.

"Yes," she said to the cavalier. "It's you, only not quite you either. You are not really as handsome as that; you know, and you have a firmer mouth and darker brows."

The cavalier smiled at her from the wall, a somewhat insipid, supercilious face, I thought, but a wonderful portrait.

The old caretaker came back.

The gentleman said you'd be the better for something to eat," she said, "and that you would like it in the hall."

Through the open door I saw the chauffeur unstrapping the baskets from Fortnum & Mason.

"Whose portrait is that?" said Essie.

"Henry Vavasour Kenstone," said the old woman in a parrot voice. "Forgery to our martyred King, by Van Dyck. You will observe the jeweled sword and the gloves covered with pearls. The sword and the gloves are preserved in the banqueting-hall in a glass case."

Essie turned away from the picture and sat down feebly by the window.

The clinking of plates and Ted's cheerful voice reached us, and the drawing of a cork.

"Our Mr. Rupert, the present owner, favore the picture," said the woman proudly in her natural voice, "and when he come of age three years ago last Christmas there was a grand fancy ball and 'e was dressed exackerly to match the picture, with a curled wig and all. And 'e wore the actual sword, and the very gloves; at least 'e 'eld 'em in 'is hand. They was too stiff to put on. 'E did look a picture. And 'is mother, being Spanish, 'ad a lace shawl on 'er 'ead; a duchess she was in 'er own right, and she might 'a been a queen to look at 'er. I watched the dancing from the gallery, me having been nurse in the family, and a beautiful sight it was."

Essie's dark eyes were fixed intently on the garrulous old servant.

"Three years ago last Christmas," she said sharply. "Are you sure of that?"

"And wouldn't I be sure that took 'im from the month, Ma'am, but 'e don't look so like the picture when 'e ain't dressed to match, and without the yaller wig," and she wandered out of the room, evidently more interested in the luncheon preparations than in us.

Ted hurried in. When was he not in a hurry?

"Luncheon, luncheon," he said. "Don't wait for me, Essie. Rather too long a drive for my little woman. Give her a glass of port, Beatrice. I have to see Rodwell about the roof. Shn't be half a mo. He's got to catch his train. Mr. Kenstone, the Duke, I mean, will be here in ten minutes. If he turns up before I'm back, give him a snack. They've sent enough for ten."

We did not go in to luncheon.

Essie sat down on the divan. I sat down by her, and put my arms round her. She leaned her head against my shoulder.

"You heard what that woman said," she whispered. "You see he did not live hundreds of years ago as I thought. The dress decided me. He's alive now. He's twenty-four."

My heart ached for her, but I could find no word to comfort her in her mysterious trouble.

As we looked out together through the narrow, latticed windows the lines came into my mind,

. . . casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery-lands forlorn.

IT SEEMED to me that poor Essie was indeed a captive in some "faery-land forlorn," and that those perilous seas were foaming round her casement windows.

She gave a slight shudder and started up.

A man was walking slowly up and down the bowling-green.

"It is he," she said. "I've seen him walk there a hundred times."

She watched the tall, dignified figure pace up and down, and then turned her eyes from him to me. They were wide and the pupils dilated.

"Beatrice," she said solemnly, "I must not meet that man. He must not be me for his sake and for mine. All his life long he must go on thinking as he does now that I am—a dream."

"The old woman says he starts for Spain to-day."

Ted's roundabout figure was suddenly seen trundling out across the grass toward the distant pacing figure.

"Who is that?" said Essie, frowning.

"Who is that? Why, it's Ted, of course."

"And who is Ted?"

"Who is Ted?" I echoed, staring at her. "What on earth do you mean?"

She seemed to make a great mental effort.

"Yes," she said. "Yes. It is Ted. *My husband.* I forgot. You see I've never seen him *here* before."

"You will soon grow accustomed to seeing him here," I said cheerfully.

She shook her head.

The two men met, and moved together toward the house.

Essie looked round her in sudden panic.

"I can't stay here," she said. "It's a trap. Where can I go?"

Her eyes searched the room. There was no other door in it. She looked at the narrow, latticed windows. Her eyes came back to me with shame. They were keen, such as I have seen in a snared wild animal.

"You *must* stay here," I said, "if you don't want to hurt him. They will reach the open door into the garden long before you could cross the hall. Stay quietly where you are, and I will tell Ted you are ill, and are resting."

The two men were already in the hall. I went out to them, closing the door resolutely behind me.

Rupert Maria Wenceslas di Soto, Duke of Urrutia, was a tall, grave man of few words, with close-cropped dark hair and a lean, clean-shaven face.

Ted introduced him to me, and then pressed him to have some luncheon. The long table down the banqueting-hall showed an array of which Fortnum & Mason might justly have been proud.

The Duke was all courtesy and thanks, but had already lunched. His car would be here in ten minutes to take him to London. If agreeable to Mr. Hopkins he would say one word on business. He had called to modify his agent's letter about the mantelpieces. He was willing to sell them all as agreed at a valuation, except one.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

The Proper Care of Children's Hair

How to Keep It Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant



THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.



While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soap soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

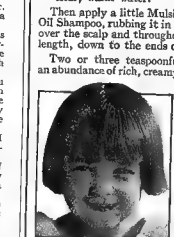
If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water.

Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This



should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified Shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

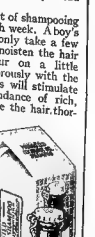
You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.



You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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Keep your beauty and enhance its charm through the daily use of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream. Neither the passing of Time nor weather's caprice can rob your skin of the fairness, softness and clearness which mean so much to your complexion loveliness—beauty's chief charm.

American beauties of three generations have favored this ideal toilet requisite. Stars of stage and film use it to protect and enhance their beauty. You, too, through the constant use of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream, may always look your best; have and hold complexion loveliness. In tubes, 12c, 30c, 60c. In jars, 40c, 60c, $1.00, $1.65.

TRY IT FREE—Write for free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and beautifier. Address: Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1721, D. & R. Bldg., New York.



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Boys' suits are the choice of Mothers the country over.

The exclusive *"All-Weather"* feature makes every fibre of this corduroy resistant to water. A light shower will not penetrate it. Even a severe drenching merely forces the water into the meshes of the cloth, from which it is easily shaken, and the fabric dries quickly without shrinking, stiffening, or losing shape or color.

At good Clothing Stores everywhere

Ask for our FREE BOOKLET, "The Economy of Corduroy." If your dealer hasn't it, write us and we will be glad to mail it to you.

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43 East 31st Street, New York City



The Famous *"All-Weather"* Test
Water poured on a CROMPTON *"All Weather"* CORDUROY from a height of a foot or more rolls off instantly. A shake of the cloth, and there is not a drop in the picture. Ask the Clothing Salesman to show you this TEST.

THIS LABEL is sewed on the inner pocket of Boys' Suits made of CROMPTON *"All-Weather"* CORDUROY
LOOK FOR IT!

THE END OF THE DREAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

"Which one?" asked Ted, instantly changing from the exuberant host into the cautious business man.

"The one in the south parlor," said the Duke, waving his hand toward the door of the room in which was Essie. "I desire to make it clear, as my agent has not done so, that everything in that room I intend to take with me, so that in my future home in the Pyrenees there may be one chamber exactly the same as my late mother's room in my old home here."

The explanation quite bowled over Ted. The business man gave way to the man of sentiment.

"Most creditable, I'm sure. Filial piety; most creditable. I don't recall the mantelpiece in question, but of course as your Grace wishes to keep it, I agree at once. Between gentlemen, no difficulties; everything open to arrangement, amicable settlement."

The old woman, dissolved in tears, interrupted Ted's discourse to tell "Mr. Rupert" that his car was at the door.

THE Duke led her gently out of the hall, his hand on her shoulder, and then came back.

"I will detain you no longer from your luncheon," he said. "With your permission I will spend a few moments in my mother's chamber. It has many beautiful associations for me. I should like to see it once more before I leave for Spain."

Ted hastened toward the door, but I barred the way.

"Dear Ted," I said, "Essie is very ill. No one must go in."

"No one go in!" said Ted, flushing darkly. "I am astonished at you, Beatrice. The Duke wishes to see his mother's room once more, on bidding farewell to his ancestral home, and you take upon yourself to forbid it."

"My sister-in-law is ill," I said, addressing the Duke; "it would distress her if a stranger were to go in suddenly."

"I understand you, Madam," he said coldly, and made as if to take his leave.

"Stop," said Ted, purple in the face. "My wife is ill. She is nervous, but she is the kindest, most tender-hearted woman in the world. It would cut her to the heart if she found out afterward she had prevented your Grace seeing this room for the last time. Wait one moment, while I go in and explain it to her, and help her to walk a few steps to the settle here."

And Ted, with a furious glance at me, pushed past me and went into the room.

"It would be a great kindness to my sister-in-law, who is very nervous," I said to the Duke, "if you would wait a moment in the garden."

He instantly went toward the open door into the garden. Then I darted after Ted. Between us we would hurry Essie into one of the many other rooms that opened into the hall.

She was standing by the window frantically endeavoring to break the lattice of the central casement, which was a little larger than the others.

There was blood on her hand.

Ted was speaking, but she cut him short.

"Not in here," she said, passionately. "I won't have it. He mustn't come in here."

"He must come in if I say so," said Ted. The color had left his face. I had seen him angry before now, but never so angry as this.

"No," said Essie; "he must not."

She came and stood before her husband.

"Haven't I been a good wife to you these five years past?" she said. "Haven't I done my best to make you happy? Haven't I obeyed you in everything, everything, everything—till now?"

He stared at her open-mouthed. She had never opposed him before.

She fell on her knees before him, and clasped his feet with her trembling hands.

"If you love me," she said, "send him away. I refuse to see him."

"You are hysterical," said Ted, "or else you're stark, staring mad. I've spoiled you and given way to you till you think you can make any kind of fool of me. Get up at once and cease this play-acting, and come into the hall."

"It's in the garden," I broke in. "You can pass through the hall, Essie."

She rose to her feet and her vehemence dropped from her. Her eyes were riveted on Ted. She paid no heed to what I said. She had no attention to give to anything but her husband.

"I will not come out," she said, and she sat down again on the divan.

"Then he shall come in," said Ted, and before I could stop him he strode to the door, calling loudly to the Duke to enter.

There was a moment's pause, in which we heard a step cross the hall. Then the Duke came in, and Ted introduced him to Essie. She bowed slightly, but he did not. He stared at her, transfixed, overwhelmed.

At that moment the discreet voice of Mr. Rodwell was heard in the doorway.

"Can I have one last word, Mr. Hopkins? A matter of some importance."

"Yes, yes," said Ted, darting to the door. Thankful to escape. As he left the room he said to me, "Take Essie at once into the hall. At once, do you hear?"

He might as well have said, "Take her to the moon."

The Duke and Essie gazed at each other with awed intentness. There was sheer amazement on his face, blank despair on hers. They were entirely absorbed in each other. As I stood in the background I felt as if I were a ghost, that no word of mine could reach their world.

At last he spoke, stammering a little.

"Madame, on the night of my coming of age I left the dancers and came in here, and behold! you were sitting on that divan, all in white."

"Yes," said Essie.

"We saw each other for the first time," he said, trembling exceedingly.

"Yes."

"And I knelt at your feet."

"Yes."

A suffocating compassion overcame me. It was unendurable to pry upon them, oblivious as they were of my presence. I left the room.

"He will go out of her life in five minutes," I said to myself, "never to return. Poor souls. Poor souls. Let them have their say."

I had never seen romance before, much less such a fantastic romance as this, in a "fairy-land as forlorn" as this. My heart ached for them.

Presently I heard Ted's voice in the distance shouting a last message to the departing Rodwell, and I went back to the octagonal room.

He was kneeling at her feet, her pale hands held in his, and his face bowed down upon them.

"You must go," she said faintly.

He shuddered.

"You must go," she repeated. "To me you can only be a picture. To you I am only a dream."

"Yes, it is time to go," I said suddenly in a hoarse voice. I obliged them to look at me, to listen to me.

Slowly he released her hands and got upon his feet. He was like a man in a trance.

"Go! Go!" I said sharply. Something urgent in my voice seemed to reach him.

He looked in bewildered despair at Essie.

"Go," she repeated with agonized entreaty.

Still like a man in a trance, he walked slowly from the room, passing Ted in the doorway without seeing him. In the silence that followed we heard his motor start and whirl away.

"He's gone," said Essie, and she fainted.

We had considerable difficulty in bringing her round, and, angry as I was with Ted, I could not help being sorry for him when for some long moments it seemed as if Essie had closed her eyes on this world for good.

But Ted, who always knew what to do in an emergency, tore her back by sheer force from the refuge to which she had fled, and presently her mournful eyes opened and recognized us once more. We took her back in the motor to the village inn, and I put her to bed.

Rest, warmth, silence, nourishment, these were all I could give her. Instinctively I felt that the presence of the remorseful, distressed Ted was unendurable to her, and I would not allow him to come into her room, or to sit up with her as he was anxious to do.

I took his place in an armchair at her bedside, having administered to her a sedative which fortunately had with me, and was profoundly thankful when her even breathing showed me that she was asleep.

I have known—who has not?—interminable nights, but I think the worst of them was easier to bear than the night I kept watch beside Essie.

She was stricken. I could see no happiness for her in her future life, and I loved her. And I loved poor, blundering Ted also. I grieved for them both. And I was sorry for the Duke too.

WHEN the dawn was creeping ghostlike into the room and the night-light was tottering in its saucer Essie stirred and woke. She lay a long time looking at me, an unfathomable trouble in her eyes.

"Beatrice," she said at last, "I could not find the way back."

"Where, dearest?"

"To the house. I tried and tried, but it was no use. It is lost, lost, lost."

I did not answer. I tried to put my trust in Time, and in the thought that she would presently see her children in its rooms and playing in its gardens, and would realise that Kenstone was in a new sense her home, tho not in the old one.

I brought her breakfast to her in her room, and then, in spite of my entreaties, she got up and dressed and came downstairs. But when a chastened and humble Ted timidly approached her to ask whether she would like to see the house once more before returning to London in a few hours' time, she shook her head and averted her eyes. It was evident to me that she was determined never to set foot in it again.

He did not insist, and she was obviously relieved when he left the room. He signed to me to follow him and then told me that he had just received a letter from the Duke asking him to accept the Van Dyck in the octagonal room as a present, as on second thoughts he felt it belonged to the house and ought to remain there. The Duke had not started after all as his ship had been delayed one day. He wrote from the house close at hand where he had been staying till his departure.

"It's worth thousands," said Ted. "Thou-

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THE END OF THE DREAM

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sands. These bigwigs are queer customers. What an awful fool he is to part with it just out of sentiment! But of course I shall never sell it. It shall be an heirloom. I've told him so," and Ted thrust the letter into his pocket and hurried away.

Our rooms were airless, and Essie allowed me to establish her in a wicker armchair under a chestnut-tree in the old-fashioned inn garden still brave with Michaelmas daisies and purple asters. The gleaming Autumn morning had a touch of frost in it. I wrapped her fur motor-cloak round her, and put her little hat on her head. She remained passive in my hands in a kind of stupor. Perhaps that might be the effect of the sedative, I told myself.

Essie was drinking her cup of anguish to the dregs. She did not rebel against it. She accepted her fate with dumb docility. She was not bearing it. She was not capable of an effort of any kind.

I told her to try to sleep again, and she smiled vaguely at me and obediently closed her eyes. As I went into the house to snatch an hour's rest and pack I turned and looked back at her motionless figure sunk down in her chair, her little gray face, pinched and thin like a squirrel's, against the garish hotel cushion, her nerveless hands lying half open, palms upward, on her knee.

A faint breeze stirred, and from the yellow tree a few large-fronded leaves of amber and crimson eddied slowly down, and settled in the grass at her feet. She saw them not. Her two worlds had clashed together, and the impact had broken both. They lay in ruins round her.

And so I looked for the last time on Essie.

READER, I thought I could write this story to the end, but the pen shakes in my hand. The horror of it rushes back upon me. Ted's surprize at hearing that the Duke had gone to Essie in the garden, and that he had persuaded her to drive with him to London. Then his growing anxiety and continually reiterated conviction that we should find her in London, his uncomprehending fury when we reached London and—she was not there. And then at last his tardy realization and desolation.

I did what little I could to blunt the edge of his suffering after his first fever.

"Dear Ted, she did not like the house. She told me she could not live in it."

"But she would have liked it when I had gutted it. I should have transformed it entirely. Electric light, bathrooms, central heating, radiators, dinner-lift, luggage-lift." Ted's voice broke down, and struggled on in a strangled whisper. "She would not have known it again."

He hid his face in his hands.

I almost wished the paroxysms of anger back again.

"Oh! Beatrice, to leave me for another man when we were so happy together, because of a house; and a stranger! She must have been mad."

"You have hit on the truth," I said. "She was mad, quite mad. And mad people always turn against those whom they—love best."

IT IS all a long time ago. I married a year later, and a year later still Ted married again, a sensible, good-humored woman, and was just as happy as he had been with Essie, happier even. In time he forgot her; but I did not. She had sailed away across "perilous seas." She had passed beyond my ken. I could only hold her memory dear.

And at last she became to me what for so many years she had been to her lover—a dream.

MOMMY

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believed that in spite of forty years' experience he had put his X in the wrong place. He lay long after Mommy was asleep, staring into the darkness, from which a succession of furious, mocking faces threatened him. If he had not been mad when he committed this unforgivable crime, he believed he would soon become mad.

After his vigil he slept late. Mommy called him, but he grunted and turned over, and she did not dare to repeat the reminder. When at last he opened his eyes, he was for the moment terrified, then relieved. Election day was past and there was no necessity for unusual haste. But the probability of defeat and the recollection of his wretched blunder settled upon him like a cloud, and his depression regarded his motions.

HE WAS afraid to go to the court-house, but the ordeal could not be avoided. He was alarmed as he drew near to see a crowd waiting to be let in. There were the election officials and the opposing candidates, and all seemed to be angry. There had been a dispute, and the counting of the votes was to be repeated. He had a moment of terror as he feared the recognition of his ballot. But that was impossible.

The morning papers brought news of disaster. The Presidential candidate was defeated, the State ticket was lost. The complexion of the State Legislature was as yet unknown; not only in Fiddlersburg was there counting and recounting. At noon the question was still undecided; at supper-time Martin went home, walking blindly as one to whom the future was a blank.

He entered silently, washed his hands silently, ate silently.

"I guess the rain is over," said Mommy.

Martin said nothing.

"I hear a noise!" declared Mommy.

Still Martin said nothing.

"I do!" insisted Mommy.

Martin's silence implied that Mommy was an unreliable witness.

"I hear a band!" announced Mommy, excitedly.

Martin said nothing.

"I do hear a band," said Mommy, realizing that she had been contradicted.

Now Martin heard a band also. He groaned inwardly—of course it was a Republican band. Had they discovered his support of their cause, and were they coming to serenade him? He wished that he might die.

"I hear Al Binder's big horn," said Mommy.

Martin lifted his head. Al Binder's big horn would celebrate no Republican victory. He walked to the front door and saw a wild rout coming down the street. The band played, but it played no tune. The Democrats had no good tune as the Republicans had, but this cacophony was more triumphant than any tune ever played. Martin's heart leaped from the depths to a zero somewhere near to normal position. He stood in the doorway, filling it, as far as the vision of any one behind him was concerned, almost as solidly as the door itself.

"What's the matter?" he asked feebly. No one answered.

"We want Mrs. Allen! We want Mrs. Allen!" the crowd shouted. The call was concerted, the desire unanimous.

Martin stepped out, trembling and yet expanding his chest. He did not understand them; he believed that the party was victorious and they had come to tell him, as was proper. Some one laughed.

"We want Mrs. Allen! We want Mrs. Allen!"

"Mrs. Allen!" repeated Martin, dazed.

Al Binder seized him by the arm.

"She saved Fiddlersburg in the nick of time, Mart!" he cried joyfully. "Majority of one for the Prothonotary, one for the Registrar. And she saved the State. Our man's in by one vote and he saved the majority in the Legislature." Al Binder was beside himself. He turned and howled at the crowd, "Who done it?" and the crowd yelled back, "Mrs. Allen!"

"Three cheers for Mrs. Allen!" some one shouted.

The cheers were given and the crowd moved. They were on moving round and round the town. Elsewhere in the State the party was stationary.

In his stupefaction Martin had not thought of summoning Mommy. He turned now and closed the door and saw that she was standing by the parlor window. That was the reason that the crowd did not look at him, but a little to one side! The lamp was lighted and she could be plainly seen, first by the crowd and now by Martin.

He walked into the parlor, his knees still shaking, and looked at her, his hands in his pockets, at her slender figure and her neat little coiffure and her little round face. She had been an early riser during his courtship, but not since that time. But here she was; she had dashed in and saved the party and she had sufficient intelligence to understand what she had done and sufficient courage to appear at the window and accept the thanks she deserved. Moreover, she had made up for his defection. It was true that if the vote of any other Democrat had been lacking the cause would have been lost, or at least there would have been a bitter contest, but this was not the time nor was Martin in a mood meanly to consider fine points.

HE BEAMED upon Mommy. Then he gave her the greatest surprize of her life. His proposal of marriage had been tremulously expected by her, but this benison was not anticipated. It lifted her to heaven. He wanted to exhibit Mommy, to be seen in her company, to show the world that this prodigy was his.

"You get your things on," he commanded. "Put on your best things. We're going to the movies."

But this was not Mommy's chief reward. Martin came close to her; he put both hands on her shoulders. He was profoundly moved.

"I tell you, Mommy," he said with shaking voice, "it isn't everybody that's smart like you. You've really got a mind."



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THE EYES OF LOVE

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She held up one hand, spread the fingers of it, and began to check off on those fingers the things he would not eat. There were not enough fingers on it, so she changed hands and began with those of the left hand. She mentioned everything, including vegetables rare and common. He disliked all vegetables except lettuce. But she could not make a rabbit of her husband feeding him with lettuce when every one else was taking real food.

This whimsical and delightful idea of dining a lot of Dickens's dearer characters was taking a queer turn. He suddenly became aware of something accusative in the situation. He felt like a man in the objective case. Betty sat now like a grim little transitive verb, looking the other way.

"Betty, dear," he exclaimed, leaning forward and drawing her to him, "*what* is the matter?"

She permitted herself to be drawn, but limply and sadly at if she had suffered a grievous defeat in love.

"It is just this, Windy. You do not eat! I can not find anything that appeals to your appetite, except pie and coffee, a little cheese, and lettuce," she said.

He was astonished. He said that one of the things he admired about her housekeeping was the dainty and delicious meals she served.

"Yes, but you don't eat them. Marie and I had to consume unaided the last lamb roast we had. You did not touch it."

She hoped he understood that she was not complaining, she said, her eyes filled with tears, but would he mind telling her *what* he liked in the way of foods.

HE WAS distressed; he was in the position of an innocent man who had been proved guilty. He searched himself, trying to remember what he did like.

"You will eat bread. You are Scriptural in that particular at least," she said, breaking in on this silence, "but it is written in the same place that a man can not live by bread alone."

"You are either ill, Windy, or I am a poor manager," she went on. "And if you are ill, it is dreadful; and if I am a bad provider, it is even more dreadful."

He begged her to be consoled. He had never thought much on the subject of foods, but he would give his attention to this matter. He would eat what she placed before him in the future. He would make a point of doing so!

Betty, you observe, was up against the first and one of the most difficult problems for woman in the married life, the feeding of her man.

This subject has not received the attention it deserves. Some one should write a text-book for wives on how to train husbands at the table. Because the male is animal, whether human or of any other species, is either gluttonous or pernickety about food. Ask any stock-raiser and he will tell you it is much simpler to provide suitable nourishment for female stock than for males.

The best way to cure a man of being finicky about food is to starve him, put as little on the table as possible. But he is sure to resent that, because men without exception they have the plentiful eye and resent penury in dishes even when they refuse to take what is set before them. Likewise the rations of the gluttonous husband should be ruthlessly cut, because the more you give him the more he wants. But he becomes savage when he is not gratified, or he flings himself out of the house to a restaurant where gorging is encouraged for strictly business reasons.

There is another side to this. Many a woman has ruined digestion eating the things she despised because they were the foods her husband preferred, and served exclusively for that reason.

In short you may marry a man who is of a different religious creed, or with no creed at all, and still be reasonably happy with him, because such differences are usually confined to the seventh day of the week, but if his taste in food is radically different from your taste, it is a three-times-a-day-every-day difference, and much more serious. Therefore when you contemplate marrying a man because you love him, and because he has every virtue, ask him what he does *not* eat! Nine times out of ten you will see him covered with the confusion of strong guilt. You will discover that he is a pie fiend, or that he has an abnormal antipathy to certain staple foods. In this case, if you value your peace and happiness as the mistress of his house, defer the wedding; do not marry him until he can certify and prove a regulated appetite for sensible dishes.

In this first heart-to-heart talk with Windy about his indifference to nourishment, Betty said she thought it was because he smoked so much. He agreed that this probably had something to do with it.

"Well, then, Windy, why smoke at all?" she asked.

It was a reasonable question, but he regarded her with a sort of helpless horror as if she had suggested that he stop breathing.

"Smoking is bad for you," he said.

It was, but how was a man who smoked to do without smoking? It was a habit, he explained to her.

That made no difference. Habits had been broken and could be broken. Therefore he must not smoke. It made her very unhappy. Couldn't he give it up for her sake?

This was inevitable. It is one of the sterner evidences of passionate devotion for her husband that makes the young wife undertake to break him from the obnoxious, poisonous, and debilitating weed known as tobacco.

Cutmore agreed to quit smoking, for her sake, he told her, not that he thought he could do it, but he thought it would be the quickest way to convince her that he could not.

She was very happy. She was so until noon of the next day when Cutmore came home to lunch, a changed man. He was like one who holds himself together by a desperate effort of the will, but who is now capable of the most ferocious deeds. He could not speak to his dear Betty without snapping.

She embraced him tenderly and wanted to know what on earth was the matter.

He told her roughly that *nothing*, NOTHING, was the matter. He almost shouted this in his nervous anguish.

They had no conversation that evening. Cutmore sat in a brooding gloom. *No*, he did not want to read!

She was gratified, however, to see that he had partaken heartily, not to say voraciously, of the roast and everything else at dinner. He seemed to be eating in an effort to find something that would satisfy a peculiar, gnawing hunger.

She called his attention to this splendid appetite and said it proved conclusively her contention that he only needed to *stop* smoking.

He wolfed up and snarled a wordless reply.

That night Betty lay awake, the prey to strange alarms. Windy was jumping and jerking in his sleep like—oh, God!—like an epileptic!

She made a resolution. If Windy lived through the night and was sane the next morning he should have his cigar. Yes, she would not endanger his life even if he starved to death from smoking.

She arose early, while it was yet dark, like the woman in the Scriptures whose husband praised her within the gates. She crept, a ghostly little white figure, into the parlor where she had concealed Windy's last box of cigarets. She found them, came back, turned on the light, took one look at her husband's drawn and stricken face, which was covered with the dew that follows the sudden sacrifice of tobacco.

"Windy!" she murmured, laying her hand upon his shoulder and shaking him gently.

He made a hideous, guttural sound, such as a man sometimes growls in a bad dream. He sat up, eyes blazing, hair erect, the very incarnation of ferocity, ready to defend himself. And he saw Betty standing at arm's length from the bed as if she dared not approach nearer. With a shaking hand she was offering him matches and cigarets.

"Here, Windy, please smoke one for my sake," she quavered.

Few women would have had the sense to make such a quick surrender. But it is far better if your husband has a reasonable, respectable son to it than to lead exercise it in peace even if it kills him, because he must have at least one. No man composed entirely of virtues is endurable.

YOU may make due allowance for Providence in your affairs, even for the devil. You may count with reasonable certainty upon what your friends will do, and you can keep tab on your enemies, but you never can tell what your relatives will do. When you least expect it they step in and take a hand. They will neglect their own business, deny themselves the usual comforts, and take a journey in order to review you and give you advice, especially if you are a young and untried relative.

Betty had counted happily upon this first month of her married life as being sacred to her and Windy in their home, since her friends were still out of town and would be until late in September. But she reckoned without her aunt Theodosia.

One day when Cutmore came home for lunch he found Betty in reduced circumstances, spiritually speaking. She was grave with the air of one who bears an unwelcome responsibility.

"What is it?" he demanded at once.

"Aunt Theodosia arrives on the four o'clock express!" she announced with her head turned the other way.

"Good Lord, Betty, what are we to do!" he exclaimed, horrified.

"Do?" she returned, facing about. "We must make her welcome, of course."

"How long will she remain with us?" he asked.

"She doesn't say; that depends upon circumstances, I suppose," she said, intimating that the word circumstance in this connection depended upon her aunt Theodosia's state of mind.

He made a mental note of that. He decided that if he had anything to do with her state of mind she would make a very brief visit.

Betty said she would meet her; she would spare him as long as she could. Then she went up to him, laid her hand upon his breast, which was a pretty beseeching habit she had, and looked up at him like a blue-eyed prayer.

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THE EYES OF LOVE

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"Windy, *could* you bring yourself to address her as Aunt Theodosia?" she entreated.

He would not! She was not his aunt; she was only Betty's aunt because Betty could not help herself.

"But I'll compromise by not calling her anything. That is the best possible Anglo-Saxon manner in social intercourse," he told her.

When he returned in the late afternoon Mrs. Carvel had arrived. She was enthroned in the parlor, skirts spread, fan waving.

Cutmore executed his most formal bow as he advanced to meet her. His teeth chattered in the effort to say he was glad to see her, but he said it because Betty's eye was on him.

"How do you do, Windham?" she said, deliberately pulling him down by the hand she held and pecking him on the cheek.

He told her he was very well.

"You look well, much better than I ever saw you, but my niece does not look well," she added, implying that somebody was to blame for this.

Betty hastened to say that she had never felt better. She supposed the intense heat made one a little pale.

THEY went in to dinner. It was a dreary affair. Betty talked feverishly. Mrs. Carvel was hearty enough, but monosyllabic. Cutmore was hysterically speechless, and became more so after the old lady intercepted a glance he tried to slip Betty. It seemed that she resented this glance as if it were a secret communication not complimentary to her, when it was really an imploring look for forgiveness. Afterward when Betty reproached him for not making an effort to be agreeable he told her that he had never made a more strenuous effort in his life, but that nothing came of it.

Immediately after dinner he excused himself. He had an engagement, he said, and took his leave.

Mrs. Carvel fanned herself in silence for a minute. The atmosphere of this house was too tense to have been created by happiness, she thought. It was as she had predicted, Betty's marriage was a mistake, and Betty was a miserable woman.

"Does your husband stay out at night?" she asked suddenly.

"Oh, no!" Betty answered, startled.

"But he is out."

"You see, Mr. Puckle is away," Betty answered, anxious to defend her husband, "and Windy has a great deal to do. So sometimes he goes back to the office in the evenings."

"Leaving you here alone." Her tone was accusative.

"No, I go with him. He likes to have me."

"What do you do up there?" suspecting her of clerical drudgery.

Betty began to laugh.

"The funniest thing. You'd never guess!" she said.

Mrs. Carvel refused to speculate.

"I read tauts," Betty explained.

"Tauts! What are tauts?" she exclaimed.

"They—why, I suppose you would call them the parables of the law," Betty answered.

It sounded blasphemous.

"I like those of Chief Justice Marshall best. Windy says I would make a good lawyer. He says I have the legal mind," Betty went on.

The following day she had another struggle with Cutmore on the duties of hospitality.

"We ought to show Aunt Theodosia some attention," she said.

"You are devoting yourself to her," he replied.

"But you are not, Windy," reproachfully, "and I do so want you to be your dear self to her. She likes attention."

"What would you suggest?" he asked coolly. "There are the races at the Fair ground this week."

"Oh, never anything like that!" she warned him. "I was thinking you might take her for a drive," she offered timidly.

"In the roadster!" he exclaimed.

This was a very smart, swift, little car, built for two, who were supposed to be of medium size.

"Why not? Aunt Theodosia is quite large, but you are not. I am sure she would enjoy it. You are such a splendid driver, dear."

"Very well," he agreed grimly, implying that let it be upon her own head.

So it was arranged. Betty having told her that Windy was "dying" to show her the wonderful scenery around Millidge. She doubted this ardor. She considered that young man a very cool proposition. But she wanted to "talk to him," and this would afford an excellent opportunity.

Betty had a very mischievous when at five o'clock, with Aunt Theodosia wedged into the car, Windy let go his cut-out and whirled at a terrific speed from the curb. He was a smooth and noiseless driver, but he handled the car as if it had been a truck with deafening roars and snortings. She saw the old lady's elbows spread at the first jolt, saw her rear back and brace her feet, saw Windy's face grimly set above the wheel.

An hour later Mrs. Carvel staggered through the door of the Cutmore residence into her niece's arms. She permitted herself to be guided to the sofa in the parlor. She was determined to faint and could not make it.

"That man! Betty, you have married a madman!" she gasped as Betty flew back and forth and hovered over her with the smelling-salts.

"I should have warned you that Windy is a very swift driver," she said.

"He is worse than swift, he is reckless! Time and again we took curves in the road on two wheels!"

Next time Betty said she would warn Windy to drive at a more moderate rate of speed.

"There will be no next time!" Mrs. Carvel groaned

She only hoped she would recover sufficiently from this shock to be able to return to Cufloden to-morrow. To this end she went to bed at once and did not rise for breakfast the next morning.

She told Mrs. Marshall all about it and everything else when she arrived in Cufloden the next day, "more dead than alive," as she expressed it. She had felt from the moment she entered Betty's door that there was a bomb in the house. She had felt that an explosion was imminent any moment. No doubt her presence there suppressed for the time that man's tendency to explode.

"That" was a title which she conferred upon Cutmore. She always preceded his name with this whacking term. She was sure Betty was more than unhappy; she was frightened, and well she might be!

"That" man was a madman, and Betty probably knew it by this time. She gave a thrilling account of her Paul Revere ride with Cutmore. She said if he did anything worse he would kill Betty in that car. The only reason why she was not tossed out of it like a feather was because she was not a feather, thank goodness! and by her sheer weight alone had kept the car from turning over, and so on and so forth.

An elderly relative, gender usually feminine, with the upsetting eye and the dismal mind, can cause nearer spilling of the matrimonial beans for a young couple than a self-seeking corespondent of either gender. Love must have become steady upon its wedlock foundations before it is safe to risk one in the house. They are sure to detect the inequalities in this marriage. And nothing will convince them that love is not and never will be based upon mere justice, but upon love alone, which has a thousand secret means of compensation for these apparent inequalities.

"PUCKLE'S back." Cutmore announced one evening next to the very end of August.

"I know you are glad," Betty said.

He admitted being reasonably glad. Puckle had been away two months, altho the understanding when he left was that he would return in a month.

"That shows how much confidence he has in you, Windy."

She was never tired of taking this view, which praised her husband. She went on talking about it now. She knew, and of course Mr. Puckle knew, how competent Windy was, but the way he trusted him with so much important business everybody must see and understand, which was very good for Windy's reputation.

Cutmore was not listening. He was thinking of something else. Presently he interrupted her to say:

"Puckle is a much older man than I thought. He must be past fifty."

"You don't think he is falling, do you?" she asked, anxiously, because she did not want Mr. Puckle to fail until Windy was well established.

"Well, not that exactly. But he isn't keen like a younger man would be. This morning when we were going over new cases that have developed during his absence, I thought he showed considerable indifference. He said I was to handle them entirely. And he offered a new division of fees that was very liberal. It means a decided increase in our income!"

"We must have him out to dinner at once!" Betty exclaimed.

Cutmore agreed that this was the thing to do.

"And it might touch him up to come out here. He looks like a man that needed a reaction; old, as if the dust was settling on him. Too much golf, probably."

"What does he like to eat?" Betty asked, ready to begin in the right way because every woman knows you "touch up" a man from within, and that the table is the place to do it.

"The only time I ever dined with him he ordered spinach, Ham burger steak, and ice-cream," he answered ruefully.

"Well, we will have that—and lettuce," she added maliciously.

The following evening Puckle came to dine with the Cutmores. He came like a man who dreads to take the dearest pleasure that could be offered because this pleasure would cost him a bitter struggle.

Betty received him cordially, with the high, sweet patronage of a young mistress and hostess in her own home.

She was so glad to see him. Yes, and he was looking splendidly. His vacation must have done him a lot of good.

With this little lie she brushed the "dust" off, to which Windy had referred,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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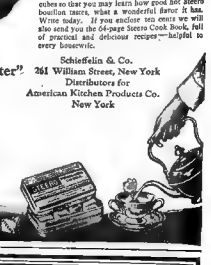
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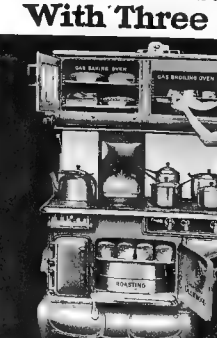
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Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamelled door.

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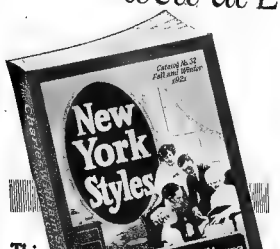
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THE EYES OF LOVE

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because one glance at him confirmed Windy's report that he was looking old and tired.

Puckle received these attentions lumpishly. As usual his clothes seemed to be climbing upon him; his coat could have fitted, but refused to fit. His trousers had well-defined knees in them. He had yielded the struggle as a woman does when she gives up cultivating her waistline at forty. Henceforth he would play the part Providence assigned to him, which in this house seemed to be that of honorary father to Betty, and purveyor of praises for Betty's husband.

HE HELD her hand a trifle longer than was necessary, then dropped it because he saw that Betty did not care how long he held it. He looked down into her eyes just once, then dropped his because there was nothing about him to read there, and he knew it. Still that hurt. He permitted her to choose the largest best chair in the parlor for him. He told her how glad he was to get back and find her and Windy married and settled and ready to be happy ever afterward. Then he became silent, because it was an effort to say anything at all. He watched Betty whisk in and out of the room.

He must be thirsty, it was so warm! She brought him a glass of water with her own hands. He accepted it like a man to drink it and watched her tuck back the fairy lock of hair while she waited for the glass. Then she came back and turned the shade on a light so that it would not shine in his eyes, as if his eyes must be weak at his time of life. She talked incessantly. She asked him a dozen enchanting questions about himself. She was so gay as if she begged a smile of him, and she got it. Whereupon she thought of something. She seized a pillow from the sofa and approached him.—Oh, God, she approached with a pillow!—She wanted him to sample it behind his back. That chair never fitted any normal person. She believed it was designed for one with curvature of the spine.

He surrendered. He collapsed, a mussed-up old man in his years. He was miserable under these attentions, knowing what they meant, which was so different from the way he had felt toward Betty and must feel no more. He said that to himself many times daily.

Cutmore came down-stairs at last and they went in to dinner.

It was a very gay dinner. Betty furnished the gaiety. Cutmore may be said to have "rooted" for his wife. He applauded her with shining eyes of appreciation. He sometimes referred to Betty's "subliminal uprush" when she was in one of these moods of frantic happiness. Puckle was a third party. He was conscious that they labored with him, but he hung fire. He was, however, making a very hearty meal. The steak was especially to his liking. Once when Puckle lowered his head with concentrated attention to the food on his plate, Betty telegraphed her triumph to Windy by a greedy gesture with her fork. She had been wise to have had Hamburger, altho an onion was regarded as an unholy thing in that house because of its pungent plebeian odor.

They went back in the parlor for coffee. Then Cutmore strolled out on the veranda for a breath of air, his nose of the onion scent. He asked Puckle to join him for a smoke, but Puckle preferred to remain inside the cool, fragrant room with Betty. He was beginning to respond to his food like the gracious, contented animal a man is when his dinner agrees with him. He told Betty a few well-chosen things about her husband. He expressed his confidence and high regard for that young man. Betty purred with satisfaction. She said, of course, Mr. Puckle must know by this time what a dear Windy was. He nodded gravely, altho "dear" was not the adjective he would have chosen as a decoration for Cutmore. Then he allowed her to fill his cup with coffee—not that he wanted it, but she insisted and he could refuse her nothing. He watched Betty perched delicately upon the edge of her chair holding the fragile cup and saucer, sipping her coffee.

He thought it was very pretty, the whole thing, this room with its tall lofty ceiling, half lighted yet glistening with a thousand angles of reflected light from the polished surfaces of everything. The cool, blue-satin curtains that were drawn back from the windows. The vase of opulent red roses that swet tened it with a fine perfume, and this girl, seated so daintily in one of the tall-backed spindle-legged chairs holding that golden-rimmed coffee-cup like a flower in her hand. She was sparing her eyes only because Cutmore was not there. He began to make a holy brief in his mind about these eyes. He was not listening to what she was saying about Windy. They were of that immortal shade of blue, seen only in the eyes of women men could not have it, because it was a gift which belonged to women alone, and never fades. A tender, beseeching blue like the color of prayers before secret altars. One must remember eyes like that forever, he thought, and sighed heavily.

This was the first Betty knew of his discomfort. She regarded him with startled attention, as if he were a dear sick old man who had moaned in his sleep and must be turned over at once. She came hastily to her feet and conducted him forth to the veranda.

"This room is stifling," she said as they went out, "and you must have your smoke."

She confided to him before they reached Cutmore at the far end that Windy could not possibly do without his smoke. She said in a whisper that not to smoke made him jump and grind his teeth. At which astonishing bit of information Puckle made a singularly musing sound through his nose, non-committal but confidential.

After this time Puckle came every Wednesday evening to dine with the Cutmores. He could not deny himself this pleasure. And in any case Betty would not have permitted him to do so. She thought a little home like would be good for Mr. Puckle.

One evening early in October when he came as usual he discovered almost at once that a slight frost had fallen in this house. Betty was amiable but not gay. And she was amiable with a note of sadness in her dear blue eyes as if it were her duty to be amiable.

The dinner went off as usual. They discussed their friends, the multiharbor unions, the President, the Peace Treaty, then they went back to their friends. Everybody had returned to town. And all these everybodies had called on Betty. She was in the midst of a round of entertainments which were being given in her honor. Cutmore said she was even more popular as a bride than she had been as a belle. She said it was all very pleasant and she had enjoyed it, with an air of reserve, as if she were no longer in full possession of her faculties for enjoying things. Then she changed the subject and remarked upon how well Sarah Crombie was looking. This reminded Cutmore that he had seen Sarah playing golf with Gussie Towne, whereupon Puckle said "Humph!" in a contemptuous tone of the nose, adding that he supposed this was the reason why Towne played so much golf with him that afternoon. Rumed a man's game to play golf with a woman.

"Yes, but it sometimes settles him," Cutmore put in.

"How?" Puckle wanted to know.

"Matrimonially. Betty has always said Sarah would end by marrying Towne," Cutmore explained, and looked to her for confirmation of this prophecy.

She did not catch this look; she allowed it simply to fall on her. And she was not disposed to impute matrimony to any one. Her interest in this subject was very low, it seemed.

Puckle, taking his food with heavy, rhythmic strokes of the fork, kept his thoughts on Betty and talked to conceal his concentration. She said "yes," or "no," gently, when she was required to say anything. If this was a family quarrel Betty was conducting it privately and alone, he decided. Cutmore was the transgressor, but he was not in his wife's confidence. Puckle doubted if he even suspected her. Husbands are like that. They are so sure of their wives sometimes that they are blind to the change of weather in love. Puckle wondered if Betty had somehow discovered one or the other of her husband's dangerous qualities. He thought she had and was probably now in the sad process of digesting it.

All this time he was telling Cutmore about Howard Crombie's new car. He had seen it. The thing was a beauty. He had about decided to get a car himself. Followed the usual animadversions on the different automobiles a man could chest himself into buying.

THEY came out from dinner. Cutmore excused himself. He must adjust a wire on his car. The ignition was bad.

There was enough chill in the air to warrant a fire if you really loved a fire, and Betty did. Puckle sat down in the arm-chair before the blazing hearth in the parlor.

"This is fine," he said cheerfully.

She said yes, it was. A fire was so companionable. Then she descended into silence, not willingly, but as if she did not have the heart to keep out and up where words are plentiful and waiting to be spoken. She seemed to withdraw into the depths of her chair. She stared at the fire. He could not tell if it was the light that made them glisten as if there were tears in her eyes.

Well, if there were tears in Betty's eyes, something must be done about it! He fumbled this matter. Never having been a student of the feminine he was short on methods and medicines. After several attempts to engage her in conversation he led skilfully up to the subject of happiness, which ought to be a fruitful one. But it was not. It seemed that she did not care for happiness this evening. Instead she asked him if he thought it was cold enough for frost that night.

He said he never could keep up with the weather. Then he went back awkwardly and obviously to this business of happiness. He made a little two-minute talk on this theme, wrapping it around Betty with cunning care.

Betty turned her head presently, and lifted her eyes. Puckle instantly averted his. It was a way he had of disappearing in case he had missed his cue. But when she said nothing for so long a time, he was obliged to stick his head up, so to speak, in

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THE EYES OF LOVE

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order to find out what was going on. She was regarding him with a grave little smile much too old and sadly sweet.

"You do not know much about happiness, do you, Mr. Puckle?" she asked.

"No, not very much," he answered thoughtfully.

"I do," she said, speaking with absurd authority.

"Of course you do," he returned cheerfully.

"So I have discovered something about it," she went on.

"About happiness?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes. It can not possibly last. It is a thing you must use up at once or it spoils. Because when you try to keep it, it ceases to be the surprize that is the very nature of happiness."

She was sitting like a little portrait in her tall-backed chair, her eyes once more fixed upon the fire.

"So," she went on, glancing at him with a sort of cunning wisdom, "that is why the fathers wrote it in so clearly in the Constitution of this country, every man entitled to life, liberty, and the *pursuit* of happiness! They knew! You never get it, you pursue it."

"Bless my soul, Betty," he exclaimed, having by this time come to call her by that nearer name, "how can you possibly know such old stuff?"

SHE moved, sat stiffly erect, folded her hands, parted her lips in a sigh that could not be heard, but he saw it. She reminded him of the first vision he had of her, that night at the ball. The little, wistful hands, the long gaze straight ahead.

"Some knowledge we seek in vain all our lives," she began, speaking very softly, "but this that belongs to living, it comes to us. We get it when we should—should do much better without it."

Before he could think of what to say in rebuttal, feeling that he must deny this truth which she had discovered too soon, she changed, she smiled and glistened. She lifted her hands and made sure her fairy locks was not moving, looking up at him prettily as she did this.

"But of course you know that I am perfectly happy," she said in shameless contradiction.

"Yes, Betty, no one would doubt that," he returned, quickly helping her with this deceit.

It was pathetic now to watch the art with which she counterfeited gaiety. She was determined to convince Mr. Puckle how happy she was. She was ready to gossip, anything to change the subject. What kind of husband did he think Sarah Crombie would make of Mr. Towne? Oh, yes, in reply to something he said, women always made their husbands. The law only bequeathed a man to them, and then they produced a husband from this raw material according to their skill in that business! She did not doubt that Sarah would be very skilful. She wondered, however, if Sarah could ever make anything but a husband of Mr. Towne. He was not very energetic, was he? Puckle admitted that he was not. He said Gussie belonged to the superfluous class.

"And a mere husband is a poor thing," Betty added soberly.

Puckle laughed at this shrewd definition of a parasite man.

They had wandered far afield from this local bye-affair when Cutmore came in half an hour later.

Puckle was standing with his back to the fire, grinning.

"Betty has just said a smart thing," he said, addressing Cutmore.

"She is forward about that," Cutmore answered with a certain severity. "She frequently says the things that I could easily have said myself if I could only think fast enough to do it."

"She thinks the Bolshevik! and red radicals generally are the arch-profiteers. She calls them the Cahuga financiers and says they want all the profits and business to go on by natural processes, not by labor."

Cutmore chose a cigaret and lighted it.

"And she thinks everybody is a profiteer, a sort of subconscious Bolshevik, who does not save and pay his debts——"

"Oh, I didn't say that," she interrupted quickly.

"Not exactly that," Puckle admitted.

"Betty is becoming a household propagandist. She talks in circles around and about thrift and economy," Cutmore said, faintly displeased.

"Lightning her little capitalistic fist," Puckle put in, decidedly pleased.

"It is just that I believe in squaring accounts. Not using nor keeping what does not really belong to us," she answered defensively.

Cutmore glanced inquisitively at his wife, who continued to stare into the fire.

No woman can look so innocent as one who has just been guilty of a blow beneath the belt.

The grin faded from Puckle's rubicund countenance. He felt the chill of steel, saw the flash of Betty's keen blade. He understood now what was the matter. But he was sure Cutmore did not know. When a man has lived with his dearest fault a long time with no one to inspect it or call it by the right name, he ceases to be conscious of it altho it may have become the very nose of his character, as prominent a part of him as that.

Puckle was certain that Betty had been delicately tweaking this nose, and that presently Cutmore would feel the twinge. He decided it was time to go home. He was very much relieved about Betty. Cutmore accompanied him to the door.

When he returned to the parlor Betty was crossing the floor to meet him. Her eyes were fixed upon his face as if this man was no longer entirely familiar to her. Women sometimes look at their husbands with this "I-never-knew-you" expression even after they have been married to them for twenty years. It is the worst kind of accusation.

Cutmore halted and stiffened with instinctive masculine resentment and stared coldly at Betty, meaning that he had always expected her to pull off some such hysterical stunt. Whereupon she made a rush and flung herself upon his breast.

Cutmore was astonished. You must live with a woman a long time, say a hundred years, before you are prepared for the quick changes in her weather.

He was the more disturbed because she was sobbing violently and because he could not pluck her off, nor turn her face up for inspection, because she pressed it convulsively against his shoulder.

"What on earth is the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing!" she sobbed.

"But there must be!" he insisted.

"Windy, I want to go home to mother," she moaned.

This was serious. His wife wished to leave him! He dropped the arm that clasped her. He became the stiff, cold statue of outraged honor, affection, and dignity. She remained firmly attached. Her sobs increased in volume. He made a determined effort to reach the chair which Puckle had left beside the fire. She clung to him as a drowning man clings to a spar. She arrived with him and descended with him into this large chair. And she continued to weep.

He was horrified. The thing had happened that always happened between two married people. Something had come between him and Betty. They could never be the same to each other after this.

This was the truth. They never are after that first pallor falls upon the face of their mutual love. After that come the long, patient life together and all the kind fruits of patience, but no more perfect happiness. Never again that first, perfect confidence they had, not in each other, but in Almighty Love to protect this happiness. Love, you understand, can endure all things, but there are some things it can not do.

"Windy, I want to see my mother," Betty repeated in a wail.

"Are you ill?"

"Oh, no!" she answered dolefully.

"Have I—have I——?"

He was about to ask if he had offended her, but the very idea was so preposterous that he stumbled for the right words.

"You have *not*," Betty answered quickly.

Then she sat up, her eyes like violets heavy with dew, her face tragically pink like a rose in a high wind, and her lips trembled with tenderness.

One such glance she gave him and again flung herself upon his breast.

"You are my own, my very own Windy, for better or for worse!" she said as if she repeated a and vow.

"Yes, but what is the worse? What is all this about?" he demanded indignantly.

"I want to be with mother," she repeated.

"But why?"

"I can't explain. It is a feeling, and very strong," she answered.

Well, of course if she was unhappy and wanted her own people she should go!

She was not unhappy, and she did not want her own people. She was her people, but she had to be with her mother if only for a few hours.

There was "something back of all this," tho she denied it to the last, even after it was agreed that she run down to Culloden the next day. She was very capricious, almost as if he were a cripple or a sick person. She should be away for only one day and night. He could not possibly miss her very much in so short a time.

YOU never can tell what kind of Providence a Providence is until later. What appears to be an incident or an accident apparently of no particular significance may change the whole course of a man's life. He had not planned it, no one has planned it, but the thing happens, and there he is involved in a sequence of events from which neither God nor man can rescue him.

Cutmore went to the station early Thursday morning and saw Betty off on the train for Culloden. As he passed back through the station to his car in the street on the other side he saw a soldier hunched up on one of the benches there, a boy capable of a man in khaki, apparently asleep. He noticed him only because there were now very few soldiers returning to Milldge, most of them having been discharged.

He drove to his office and began the usual routine of business. Late in the morning Puckle came in and they went out to lunch at the club. When Puckle heard of Betty's visit to Culloden he marvelled a little to himself, since nothing had been said of this

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THE EYES OF LOVE

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visit the night before. He thought Cutmore looked a trifle dreary and he proposed that they go out for a game of golf instead of returning to the office. They could do nothing further in the case in hand until certain important papers came in from another city. These could hardly reach them before the late afternoon mail.

At five o'clock they returned from the links to Milldige. Cutmore dropped Puckle at the club and went on to the office to look over the mail.

He saw a pile of letters on Smalley's desk as he entered, then he saw Smalley standing before the door of his own office; probably he had just been there for something. He did not really notice Smalley at all. He was shuffling the letters, found the one he expected, thrust it into his pocket, and started back toward the stairs.

"JUST leave them on my desk before you go out, Smalley," he said. Then he halted and started at the little spider-legged clerk in astonishment as he careened across the floor with his head lifted, arms spread, balancing himself on his toes.

"Wait, sir," he mumbled, making a beckoning gesture.

"I've had the jumps for ten minutes," he whispered, letting himself down beside Cutmore.

"What's the matter?"

"There's a man in your office waiting to see you," he explained.

"Who is he?"

"Wouldn't give his name; said you would know him. But he's not right," Smalley answered.

"You say he knows me?"

"*He* said he knew you."

Cutmore started for the door of his office. Smalley laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Don't go in there alone, sir," he warned. "He's a soldier, and crazy. I tell you. Something's happened to him. I was about to call an officer when you came in."

The thought of Hayden flashed through Cutmore's mind. He seized the knob, thrust open the door, and entered.

The shades of an early October evening had darkened this room. But in the dim light from the window he made out a huge and amorphous shape hunched up in one of the chairs.

This was not Hayden, he decided, fumbling for the switch. He found it and turned on the light.

The thing in the chair was not a man. It was what had been a man. The back was hideously bowed, the chest sunken, the neck warped in the effort to hold an awful head erect. The face was a monstrous mask, seamed with scars. One side of it twitched, a grimacing mouth. The pupils of the dark eyes were dilated, feverishly bright—and fixed in a sort of anguished recognition upon Cutmore.

Cutmore, still standing just inside the door, felt the sweat pop out upon his face. It was not the sight that horrified him so much as it was a sense of familiarity, as if in some former existence he had been intimate with this horror. Then he realized that the man was addressing him, that this hoarse, metallic sound was the gasping whisper of what had been a human voice. He was saying something indistinct about a shell-hole in Flanders.

"My God! Not Harpeth!" Cutmore exclaimed.

The man wagged his horrible head.

Cutmore came slowly toward him, bent forward, staring with unbelieving astonishment.

Then he suddenly seized him by both hands, his eyes wide and filled with tears. He drew a chair forward and flung himself into it and sat regarding this wreck.

"I thought we all died that night," Harpeth wheezed.

"After three days they found me in that shell-hole," Cutmore said.

"That was the last I remember, dragging you into it after they got you," Harpeth said.

"The next thing I knew I was in a German hospital. Three months there. Gassed, shrapnel shell through my back. Then in a German prison till the armistice freed us.

"Reported dead, couldn't prove I wasn't. Took a long time," he finished this and reated, still with his feverish eyes fixed in a question on Cutmore's face.

Cutmore bowed his head. He could not beat this wild interrogative stare which bore no relation to what the man was saying. He began to tell what had happened to him, and realized that the other was not listening.

"Where is Hayden?" Harpeth interrupted. "I know about that court-martial."

Then Cutmore understood the mad demand in the wild eyes.

"I do not know," he answered.

"He could be here. I know that."

"He has gone," Cutmore returned.

Then he got up, went to the door, opened it, and looked into the outer office. Smalley was gone. He came back to Harpeth.

"Come on," he said.

They went out and down the steps together.

"Looks like a wound-stripe," she said.

He stared at it, and made no comment. Then he put it in his pocket and said it must have come off his uniform. She said no; she had gone up as soon as she found it to see if his stripe was there on the sleeve, and it was. She was obliged to drop the mystery of this bit of braid because he would not discuss it further.

But she remembered it. When women go away from home and return they always look for "evidence." And they frequently find it. Maybe a pro-ane, antiprohibition bottle, maybe nothing more than the print of a muddy heel on the parlor sofa. But you can not keep them from suspecting things, even if they find no evidence at all, because it is rooted and grounded in every wife's mind that her husband will surely go astray if she is not ever present like a subprovidence to guide his naturally erring footsteps.

Meanwhile Betty was making an involuntary collection of evidence pertaining to her husband's character and previous condition. She had been doing that since the first day of October, when eighteen bills came with the morning's mail. There were ten more in the afternoon mail.

She was anxious until she read them. Then she was horrified. Some of them were of comparatively recent date; others, you may say, were old enough to walk. And the total sum for which the whole collection called amounted to more than two thousand dollars.

Creditors are remarkably intelligent beings. They must be, because so many debtors are singularly unintelligent. Pressure must be brought to bear on them in every possible way before harsher measures are taken.

AFTER his marriage Cutmore's creditors shrewdly guessed that bills sent to his residence would receive a new and possibly a more profitable attention than they had when sent to his office.

Betty suffered vicariously, and in a way not designed by Cutmore's creditors. For it was not that she cowed so much money that distressed her most, even tho she was appalled by that, but it was the discovery of a trait in Windy which she was far from suspecting. He was no longer a whole and perfect man. He owed of his substance and his honor to these tradespeople. The very clothes on his back had not been paid for, neither those on his last year's back. She could not believe that Windy intended to pay these accounts this month, because evidently he was not in the habit of paying them. His habit consisted in running them.

She wept in secret and kept her own counsel. She probed her innocent husband on his ideas of economy and financial honor. She discovered that he had no ideas, but the highest ideals along this line. He was a cheerful romanticist when it came to buying what he wanted. She was no indifferent that he had not even noticed that these bills had been deflected into another channel of communication, and were no longer coming to his office. She knew that because the motto of these ravenous creditors seemed to be, "Dun and repeat." Every day the door-bell rang, and she was called down to discipline some young and insistent collector. She never so little about the arguments usually employed in this business that she was remarkably effective. She invariably dismissed the collector without arguing the account at all. She treated them as if they were book-agents, if you know what I mean. But after each encounter she flew up-stairs, flung herself across the bed, and wept.

Oh, her father in Heaven, what should she do about this dreadful thing that was darkening her happiness and changing her love to pain, and which in the end would ruin Windy if she could not save him!

Now when you really pray that earnestly to your Heavenly Father you are usually led to do something practical, even if Providence does not set a pillar of fire and cloud before you to guide you.

During the second week in October she made a number of trips down into the very dingy heart of Milldige. Also, strange, dingy men penetrated at the Cutmore residence. They were forthwith conducted up and up and out of sight of Marie, who stood in the hall below wondering what could be going on.

It seemed that Betty had gone to Culloden; and on these visits she scenes of one's youth before taking a plunge into the terrible and unknown. For there is no doubt that she returned from this brief visit during which, of all accounts, she had wearied her family by a recital of Windy's virtues only, a sterner and braver woman.

She had come back to the office as usual. Still he looked at her after this kiss, because somehow he had the feeling that it was a new person who came to him, such as you give a younger person when you have weightier matters in mind.

At nine o'clock Betty sent Marie to the market to buy the usual Sunday dinner. Also she was given errands that would undoubtedly detain her until noon.

Promptly at a quarter past nine a huge van drew up at the back door of the Cutmore residence. For the next two hours

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THE EYES OF LOVE

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the thunder of events in that house attracted the attention of persons passing in the street below. One man halted, stared, listened, and considered whether he should go in and see what was the trouble. It sounded violent, loud voices of men mingled with terrific thumps. Then he reconsidered. He had heard that a bride lived there now. Brides were frequently awesome persons. Let her take what was coming to her.

When Marie returned at half past eleven o'clock there was no sign of this strange activity, except the trucks of heavy wheels in the back yard, such as the ice-truck always left there. Mrs. Cutmore was seated at her desk prayerfully going over bills and accounts.

There is usually a lull after some one new you has done his best or his worst, especially if it is not you but your wife who has performed the deed. She reacts before your very eyes, and frequently you are unable to account for the mildness of her symptoms because you are not nearly so much in her confidence as you think you are. You are simply the idol of her heart, which is a different proposition altogether.

DURING the whole of the next three days Cutmore had a vague feeling of unnatural calm in the presence of his Betty. She was gentle, considerate, but not so impulsive. He did his best and could not surprise her in any sort of gay appreciation of something wise or brilliant he said, which before this time had been exceedingly easy to do. She had been the most sympathetic audience to him for nearly three months. He could not tell whether he was diminished or if Betty had quietly risen above par in her own estimation. He experienced the queer sensation of having been scolded privately by his wife and found in arrears somewhere. But as he was a man with a profound sense of his own virtues he could not imagine where she had made the mistake in her calculations. It occurred to the subtraction, of course, but what had she subtracted? All this was not clearly defined in his mind.

You may say that he was merely in a state of premonition toward Betty, while her own attitude toward him was one of cool, calm certainty. He missed the tender margins which her quick imagination had afforded him. He was far from suspecting that she was girding herself up for a scene and a battle with him, and that she was pale with anguished courage.

He had arranged to go duck-shooting with Puckle on Wednesday afternoon. They would return in time for late dinner. Meanwhile he must clean his gun. Did Betty know what she had done with it when she overhauled the house in August?

"It is in the attic; I know exactly where it is," she said, starting for the stairs.

He caught her by the arm as she passed him, swung her around.

"You are pale at the very idea of carrying even a dead gun, Betty!" he laughed. "I'll go for it myself."

She watched him ascend the stairs; she heard him cross the landing above and start up the attic staircase. She stood with bowed head, one hand on either side of her face. Then she fell on her knees before the parlor fire. She had time for a brief prayer-before it happened. "Oh, her Heavenly Father, guide and protect her from Winday's wrath." It was an open-eyed prayer, because she must keep her gaze fixed on the door through which a terrible husband might come at any moment.

She remained thus upon her knees, listening, rigid; minutes passed like hours in this agonized. Not a sound came from above. Then she heard his heels striking on the attic floor, his feet racing down the stairs. She stood up, as one must to receive his sentence, however terrible.

The next moment he shot into the room.

"Betty, we have been robbed!" he exclaimed.

She regarded him in silence.

"The attic is practically empty!" he cried.

She laid one hand on her breast in reply.

"My great-grandmother's furniture, all of it!—that tester-bed!—is gone!"

She pressed the other hand to her breast.

"The old secretary with the mullioned glass doors!"

Her lips parted. The pupils of her eyes dilated.

"The Chippendale table and my great-grandmother's melodeon. They were priceless!"

She closed her eyes and swayed gently backward.

"Betty!" he cried, springing to her side and clasping her in his arms.

He bore her to the sofa, rushed into the hall, and yelled for Marie. Her mistress had fainted. Bring something quick!

Marie screeched as she ran for the camphor, ice-water, and a towel.

Cutmore applied these restoratives. He had forgotten the loss of the attic heirlooms when Betty's eyelids quivered and two tears marked them like pearls in the pale firelight. He kissed these tears; the lids lifted, and for one brief moment he saw the blue anguish of her gaze. Then she closed them again.

"Windy," she said faintly. "You did not mention the silver candelabra. They are gone too!"

"Betty, darling, forget it. I was a brute to startle you so. What are a few sticks of old furniture? Junk!"

"—And they brought only fifty dollars," she whispered.

"Never mind that old thing," he entreated, not really understanding what she said.

"I didn't notice whether it was up there or not," he went on soothingly. "But you would never have used it anyway."

"That was what I thought when I sold it—and the other things," she answered, speaking distinctly now, with her eyes fixed upon his.

"I had no idea they were—priceless," she quavered.

He thought for a moment she must be delirious. Then he perceived that she was perfectly sensible.

"You—sold them!" he gasped.

"Yes," she murmured with trembling lips.

"What for?"

"To pay your debts," she answered.

"My debts!" he exclaimed, as if who dared to meddle with his dear debts.

"Yes," she said, completely restored.

"There were twenty-eight bills sent here the first of this month, and during the next two weeks twenty-six collectors called here for money due them," she went on, sitting up and tucking back her forelock, but without looking at her husband.

"What on earth possessed you, Betty? Why—didn't you turn them down flat—things over to me?" he exclaimed indignantly.

"Some of them were three years old. The collectors said they had been sent to you regularly."

"Well, what if they had?" he wanted to know.

"They should have been paid. So I have paid them," she announced.

"How?" he demanded. He was very angry, but she was still very weak, tho she looked stern and strong enough now, sitting primly remote from him on the sofa.

"With the furniture—the melodeon, the tester-bed, the secretary—and many other things that I found up there!" she answered.

After this nothing could for a time that seemed like eternity to these two fallen creatures. Then Betty began again, speaking calmly as one does when all is lost save honor.

She said the things were already on their way to the Eastern markets. The understanding was that they were not to be sold in Milldige. She did not know even if the sales she had made were legal, but one thing she did know, she was in legal wife, and in the marriage ceremony he had distinctly endowed her with all his worldly goods. So she had disposed of enough of these goods to pay his debts. She thought she was well within her rights. If there were any more debts, there were other things they would spare—a lot of old silver, never used.

Having said all this, she turned her head and looked at Windy. He was staring moodily at his own feet, as low as that. This air of dejection moved her to contrition.

She slid along the sofa until she touched him. She laid her hand upon his arm.

"Windy, dear," sending her voice with all the tones of tenderness, "you are the very soul of honor. You have the instinct of every virtue. You are gifted with keenness. You are so dear to love that my heart could not have spared you. But a man may be a gifted artist and never learn how to paint a picture. He may be a great musician and never learn to play. You have to practise it, I think, honor, as well as any other gift."

"But Betty, this is awful," he groaned. "I can not bear it, what you mean by what you have done."

"It means that I believe in you, dear," she said.

"Exactly the opposite!" he answered bitterly.

THEY discussed this point. Betty made some headway by making much love to him.

"You see, Windy," she said, beginning to laugh, "at home we have always practised economy. We must have been doing that a thousand years! And you, your people, they practised grandeurs, didn't they? Well, it is very expensive. You have told me how magnificently your father paid his friends' debts when he failed, after he had indorsed their notes. That was very fine, but it left his own son a poor man, and not properly trained to the virtues of poverty.

"I was thinking it might be a good thing if you would appoint me your receiver for a year, Windy," she suggested.

"My receiver? What do you mean?" he wanted to know.

"A receiver is one who takes charge of a business, isn't he?—stock, funds, everything—and administers it according to law and common sense! Well, you are my business, dear, the only occupation I shall have so long as we both do live. Just suppose then that you turn over your funds to me, except your daily incidental expenses, and I should administer it and save the rest."

Well, he did not know about that. Did she comprehend that he handled large sums of money constantly, that he settled and administered estates? That he already had considerable reputation in closing up bankrupt businesses?

She was aware of all that. But this was different, and it was all the more reason

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Posed by Irene Castle — Photos by Ira L. Hill

Secure in the beauty of the silken fabric—

Irene Castle chooses a frock of extreme simplicity

TO wear at semi-formal afternoon functions Irene Castle selected a frock designed by Lucile (Lady Duff Gordon) and distinguished by the beauty of the silk and the simplicity of treatment.

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Posed by Irene Castle

Tempted by its beauty, Irene Castle chose for the lining of her evening wrap (shown above), the new Haledon printed Corticelli Thistleblossom Taffeta. This Taffeta comes with backgrounds of clear blue, deep purple, dusky brown, and many other rich colors. Your department store can show it to you in all weights.

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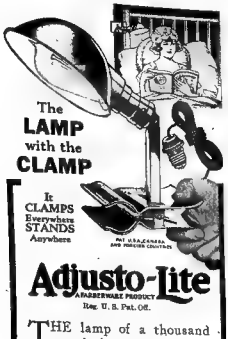
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why he should have some one who could give her whole time to his work, which would naturally be neglected under these circumstances.

Marie came to announce dinner at this moment, and it was a very gay dinner. Cutmore realized that he did feel a sense of relief from those darned bills. He supposed that subconsciously they had long been a burden to him. After all, Betty was a game little sport. Let her manage the family finances for a while. He was sure she would soon weary of the job. He cared nothing for money; if she did, let her have it.

He went duck-shooting with Puckle the next afternoon. When they returned for dinner with a string of ducks, Betty had prepared to celebrate something. The table was laid with grandeur. The oldest, thinnest silver glistened there. The finest china, and in the center of the table an old decanter with a thrifty measure of wine in it. Cutmore whooped and called Puckle to witness this prospect of conviviality. For the mildest intoxicants were now above price in Millidge and even more temptingly without the sanction of the law.

When Betty whisked in from the kitchen to see what was going on she found Windy holding this decanter between him and the light, and both men were speculating as to the number of glasses which might be filled and refilled from it.

She shooed them out, spreading her skirts gally and driving them through the door. They must go up-stairs and at least brush up and polish the Spanish needles from their clothes. The ducks were still to be roasted, and by the cook-book that required forty-five minutes. Therefore it would be forty-five minutes before they could taste that wine.

They were standing before the fire in the parlor this much later like two long-legged birds, still in their hunting-clothes, because Puckle could not change. Cutmore was distinctly up in his mind. He was giving his ideas on personal integrity, of all subjects. They were nothing else than Puckle had good reason to suppose they were.

Marie sailed into the dining-room with a smoking tureen of soup. Betty flew out and up the hall to announce dinner.

Just before she reached the parlor door she halted, and listened.

Every wife has the right to eavesdrop her husband. It is one of her unwritten laws that she can and will do that.

"He may not be aware of it," Windy was saying, "but debts cower a man. Thank Heavens, I don't owe a dollar in the world!" her husband added in the proud tones of one who always had paid his debts.

Your husband will do that every time, appropriate the virtues and vaunt them as your own. He really believes that they are his, when they are only his by marriage. This was what the generous and probably insufferable husband in the last chapter of Proverbs was doing when he praised his wife's virtues "within the gates." He was taking credit there before his cronies for having made her such an industrious and frugal woman. And no one has ever yet heard of a good wife who escaped this natural thievishness common to husbands.

Betty was happy to hear these noble sentiments on her Windy. It showed that the yeast of honor was working in him.

She did not notice the look of speechless amazement on which Puckle was regarding him when she appeared in the doorway to announce dinner.

What he thought was that if Cutmore had ever voluntarily paid his bills there was moral magic behind the performance. And Betty was gifted with every kind of the best brands of magic!

SIX months had passed since Cutmore had become a partner in the law firm of Puckle & Cutmore. And nothing violent had happened, since his marriage.

Puckle began to congratulate himself on a comfortable assurance in this young man's future. He was doing exceedingly well at the law. He had settled down. Puckle gave Betty all the credit for this development of steadiness in her husband. She had encompassed him about with her radiant faith and saved him.

He wished some woman like Betty could also have saved him with the salvation of her love. He put it that way, altho he knew there was only one woman like Betty in the world. And he felt the need of being saved, as every man does who is not married and finds himself drifting down the years to his bachelor dust. Still, he was no longer positively unhappy. He saw Betty frequently, under the happiest conditions.

During this month of October a spot of the American Legion was organized in Millidge. He was gratified to learn that Cutmore had joined this organization. He conferred that Betty's enhanceverted Cutmore into taking this step, because he had told Puckle that he was done with anything remotely connected with military life.

This was exactly what had happened. There was to be a mass-meeting in Millidge one night, called for the purpose of forming this Legion.

When Cutmore came home that afternoon he found his army uniform pressed and laid out in his dressing-room.

"What does this mean, Betty?" he called.

"The veterans are expected to wear their uniforms to-night!" she said, coming to the door of her room.

"But I am not going to that meeting, and I certainly shall not join the Legion!" he told her, not pleased to have this issue sprung on him. Of course he must be in the Legion, she said.

Betty knew of his record as a soldier. She was proud of the wound-stripes on the sleeve of his blouse. But she did not know the tragedy of his experience. She had never heard of Hayden. Well, this was why he wished to avoid membership in this Legion. He who saw Hayden was the kind of man who would infest such an organization. He had already seen an account of Hayden's activities along this line in another part of the State. Soon or late they should be bound to meet if he went into the thing. And he could not trust himself that far. He had Betty to consider now. His thoughts went back to Harpeth. He wondered what had become of his wretched victim of Hayden's cowardice. He had heard nothing from him since they were together when Betty was in Culloden.

SHE was standing now with her hands behind her and her back to the wall just inside the dressing-room door. She broke off in the midst of what she was saying to say something else.

"Windy!" she exclaimed. "You are not listening! You must join the Legion," she went on; "think of your children, dear, what it would mean to them if you do not. They will want to know the reason why—as I do now."

Children! He had never thought definitely on this subject.

He regarded Betty as if she had been a phenomenon.

"Well, we will have children, some time, won't we?" she retorted.

"Betty!" he exclaimed.

She came to him and laid her head on his breast. He enfolded her in his arms. It was not a moment to be interpreted. But the collective way she spoke of their family was very wonderful, he thought.

She was that kind of wife, unscrupulous in taking any mortgage she could get on his love and obedience. Moet women are. It is one of the ways they have of controlling the situation.

After more talk, he put on the uniform. He was still in his bridegroom state when making concessions to a young and devoted wife is comparatively easy.

He admitted to himself that "children" made a difference. If a man should become the father of inquisitors he must look to his record. Therefore he would join the Legion, and Hayden be damned!

He informed Puckle the next morning of what he had done. Puckle was gratified. He said that in the course of a very few years any veteran of the Great War who did not belong to some post in this Legion would find himself in an embarrassing situation. It would automatically convey a reflection on his war record. The American Legion in five years would control the political destinies of this country. It would be a tremendous leaven, he thought, against the radical class, and so on. Nothing about children, however, and the views they might take of delinquent parents. But he did notice that Cutmore seemed strangely augmented. He supposed this was due to a revival of the swollen military sense peculiar to all soldiers who had paraded, or were about to, before a civilian population. Poor man! He knew nothing of the multiple effect the idea of children may produce on a young and potential father.

Toward the end of November Cutmore was out of the office for ten days. He had an attack of what was called "influenza" in 1918, and what had now been demoted to the former term of plain, old-fashioned gripe. He came back to it too soon. Puckle told him so, having noticed that Cutmore showed a disposition to flare up on the slightest provocation. He was anxious, doubly so, in view of Cutmore's past performances. This might be the after-effects of his illness. But it might be a revival of the natural Satan in Cutmore. Some men can keep to the order of things just so long, then something, anything, happens and they fly the track. He hoped for Betty's sake Cutmore would not blow up. He was always hoping something for Betty's sake.

There is no logic in life, not while you are living it. The thing only appears to be logical in your biography, if you are of sufficient importance to earn a biography, because the writer of it omits those trivial incidents which changed your course a hundred times and caused you to meet issues and accomplish deeds that you had no idea of meeting or accomplishing when you started. He leaves this little handle of destiny out that cranked you up and merely tells the tale.

If Cutmore had not joined the American Legion, if he had had grippe in January of 1920, say, instead of in November of 1919, if William Crombie's new limousine had not been stolen in December following of this same year, this story would have had a different ending.

The concluding instalment of "The Eyes of Love" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published October 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.



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HAS SCANDINAVIA SOLVED THE MARRIAGE PROBLEM?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

affair is considered settled, and so far as the State is concerned the case is closed.

In Scandinavia under this new law the whole psychology is entirely opposite from ours. The law has a great deal to say about the betrothal—the preliminaries to the wedding—and the State takes the greatest care that the parties are fit to marry, morally, mentally, and physically. Every possible chance is given for them to change their minds; and to their relatives and acquaintances, their friends and their enemies, to show cause why they should not marry. "Watch your step" is the warning that confronts the lovers at every point during their courtship days.

And under no circumstances is a couple considered by law to marry. The modern conception of marriage as an ethical relation has been accepted. "A person's responsibility toward another may be as great as you please," says a recent interpretation of the law, "but the judicial proceedings against him by society shall not consist of compulsory marriage."

As for the physical requirements for marriage, they have been given most serious consideration. Those prohibited from marrying include the mentally defective and those afflicted with communicable diseases. The woman must be at least eighteen and the man twenty years of age (the dispensations are obtainable).

Marriage between relatives in direct lineage is forbidden as in certain laws. Under the old law special dispensation was required for marriage between aunt and nephew, but no such dispensation was required for marriage between uncle and niece. The new law equalizes the matter and requires special dispensation in both cases.

Under the old law there was an official period of mourning during which the bereaved one was not allowed to marry. The new law abolishes this as "outside the field of legislation," but in its place a "bidding time" is introduced of not more than ten months, for all women previously married, whether widows or not.

The new law has much to say regarding the publicity of the pending marriage pact. The custom of publishing the bans in church is abolished and the all-too-easy method of getting exemption by "royal dispensation" from publishing marriage intentions is greatly restricted. Choice is allowed between church and civil ceremony.

THE entire spirit of the new law is for equality of both parties in a marriage. The husband's guardianship is abolished, and he has no longer any preferential rights in the management of family affairs. He can no longer determine the choice of locality of home or dwelling-place. In no way can the wife be considered subservient to the husband. Man and wife are made equal also with respect to their support of each other and of the family, by making each one contribute to the support according to his or her respective ability. Each one's contribution depends on ability, that is, upon earnings, but it is expressly stated that *the personal work in the home, which is generally performed by the wife, shall be a contribution to the common support just as much as money.*

The party who has no money earnings, generally the wife, has a legal right to receive for his or her own disposal whatever funds may be necessary for general household expenses "personal allowance according to current custom." This is in lieu of the much-talked-of salary or wage for the wife.

In the new law both parties are equal in control over their children. It has been said that the most important feature of the new plan is the mother's part to decide the fate of her children. If in a particular case the parties can not agree, the way is opened for an appeal before an impartial, disinterested authority.

Regarding ownership of property, each party has complete individual ownership over what he or she has contributed to the home at the time of the marriage or acquired during the term of the marriage. The plan introduces a new property system. Each party is owner of his or her property contributed at marriage, but with the peculiar restriction that the party shall share his reserve with the other party, so that a restriction is placed on the owner's free disposal of the property. This is called the "marriage right" in the property of the other party. The law provides, however, an option at the time of marriage as to whether or not certain property may be exempted from the marriage right, and remain the owner's individual unrestricted possession. Real estate may be sold or mortgaged only with the consent of the other party. This applies, of course, to the husband, and he can not pawn, sell, or otherwise dispose of furniture or any property belonging to one or both of the parties without the consent of the other.

It is recommended that the parties share equally their annual savings, as the savings are often due just as much to the thrift and economy of the wife as to the ability of the husband, who might otherwise claim the savings under the marriage right as the one who acquires.

Married persons can always secure a separation when they both want it, and one party may demand separation when the other is guilty of gross neglect of duty, or is addicted to drinking or other vices. Besides that, opportunity is open to such of the married persons to request separation whenever the mutual good relations of the two may be said to be destroyed, "even the other circumstances might reasonably demand that the marriage be prolonged." This feature of the law is said to be wholly unknown in the laws of the world on the subject of divorce. It is based on the fundamental conception that *it is morally indefensible to maintain a marriage relation by legal statute where all real bonds between the two are broken.* This is a measure which undoubtedly means a great step forward in the recognition of marriage as a moral relation.

If separation has once been granted, divorce may follow after a certain lapse of time. The length of this period is one year if both parties desire a divorce, and two years if the initiative is taken by one of the parties.

THE law provides for divorce of—(1) persons who have lived apart for three years because of mutual disagreements; (2) because of disappearance after three years. Divorce is, of course granted for bigamy and unfaithfulness.

While formerly no divorce could be requested by persons both of whom had been unfaithful—this such a relation is even more ruinous—the new law provides for divorce in such cases, and the double unfaithfulness has been taken into the determining the conditions of the divorce.

To maintain one's mate in contagion from specific disease is a ground for divorce, and to attempt the life of one's mate is also a ground for divorce. When one party is sentenced to two years in jail (three years in the penitentiary were formerly required) the innocent party shall have right to divorce. Insanity lasting three years is considered ground for divorce, when the insanity was required under the old decree.

In our country the newspapers daily flaunt in our faces the disgusting details of divorce trials, thus bringing sorrow and humiliation to innocent children and wrecking their future happiness. In Scandinavia under the new law this would be impossible. For the law strongly recommends that marriage affairs, "as a matter of moment scandal and gossip," be treated in court behind closed doors.

Norway was the first of the European sovereignties to give women political equality, and while Scandinavian countries have been in the lead in all improvements in the marriage laws, Norway has been the first of the three northern countries to enact improved laws. Sweden will fall into line, then Denmark. Which of the States of the American Union will be next to fall in line?

Some of the remnants of the old Norwegian laws relating to women I found amusing.

In order to get the full benefit of the law, a widow in Norway must be "homely and sensible." The husband, after his wife's death, can never be compelled to share the estate with the children of his wife and himself as long as he remains unmarried. On the other hand, a wife, if the children are under twenty-five years of age, requires a license from the State authorities to retain the estate undivided, and in order that she may obtain such a license it is required that proof be given that the widow shall be forthcoming to show that she is a homely and sensible woman." After the children become twenty-five years of age she is obliged to have the estate divided unless she obtains the consent of the children to retain the estate undivided.

These provisions which give the wife a different position with regard to property date as far back as 1164, are certainly quaint not in accord with modern spirit and modern conditions. The National Council of Women of Norway has undertaken to rectify this unjust law.

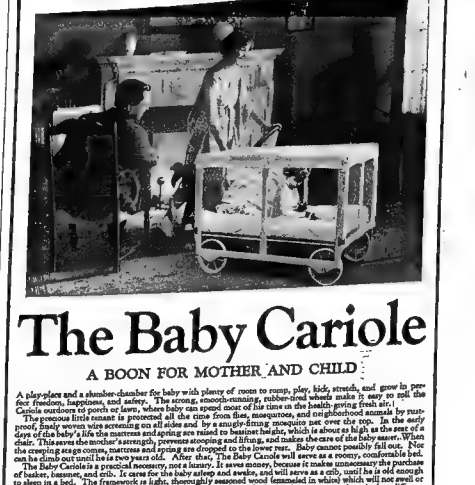
NORWAY has recently enacted, largely through the activities of its women, new laws regarding the legal position of the unmarried mother.

Every unmarried woman who expects to have a child must, not later than three months before the accouchement, personally apply to a medical man or midwife stating when the birth is expected and state who is the father of the child. The doctor or midwife must immediately send word to a maintenance authority at her native place.

Heads of families who have knowledge or definite suspicion that an unmarried woman belonging to their household is with child, are bound to see that she gives notice of her condition to the proper authorities and are liable to fines if they fail to do so.

If the mother has not applied for help beforehand, the doctor or nurse who assists her at the birth of the child shall endeavor to obtain the name of the father of the child and to send the information to the authorities. If neither doctor nor nurse was present the mother is herself required by law within four weeks after the event to report to the authorities. False notification by the mother as to the father of the child is punishable by fine or by a period of imprisonment not exceeding two years.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94



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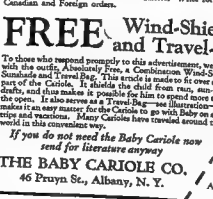
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SOMEBODY'S SWEETIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

escort her home that afternoon; she felt that she had achieved enough. Thomas's purpose was accomplished.

That afternoon, when Jane and Adelaide ran breezily up-stairs, it was to discover Anna Isabella sitting in her elder sister's room, in a rocking-chair beside the window, a two-pound pink box on her lap, pensively munching.

Adelaide stood still. "Who sent me that box of candy?" she demanded. "How did you dare to open my box of candy? I'll tell Mother this very——"

But Bella looked at her with innocent eyes, eyes as round as Jane Prentice's. "This? Why, this isn't your candy, Adelaide! It's—that is, it was—it was sent to—me." She let them take that in, adding just as she saw they were going to express their disbelief, "But you two can have what's left. I've had so *much* candy and things sent me lately—I'm only too glad to share it with you!"

Whereupon she arose, and deposited the box, from which she had previously extracted all but a handful of its contents, on Adelaide's table, and went out, softly closing the door behind her. She knew she could hear what they said from her own room, the door connecting it with Adelaide's having quite a wide crack, even tho Adelaide did insist on its being closed all the time—as if she *wanted* to hear their old secrets!

She knew they were looking at each other. Then she heard Adelaide say, "Goodness! It's from Thaw's, too!"

"Thaw's! And two pounds!" said Jane Prentice. "And that tough baby!"

Bella waited, listening; "that baby," indeed! But they'd see. And evidently they did. Adelaide giggled.

"Oh, look!" she said. "Here's a note or something! She forgot the note——"

A pause; the faint crinkling of paper; then a cry from Jane. Sure of her effect, smiling, feeling that at last, at last, they must now accept her for what she was, no longer a baby, no longer a mere child, Bella slipped quietly down-stairs toward the kitchen.

It had been a wonderful week, oh, just—just wonderful. So full. Only last Friday the world had seemed dead, withered, like an Autumn leaf; and now it was like—like—oh, well, it was *wonderful*. As she sat in her own room that evening—she was supposed to study Monday's lessons on Friday—she couldn't help thinking about Life, and how little some people understand it. She could even look back at her own self of a week ago with pity; for only last week even her own family—whose voices in the living-room below she could hear through her open door—even her own family thought her a mere child, whom no male creature would so much as *look* at. She thought kindly of the girls at school; she even thought kindly of Crossley Nichols, tho somewhat scornfully; and actually, toward Adelaide and that Jane Prentice, she was beginning to feel kindly, too, when ——the door-bell rang.

SHE had a most curious feeling at the very moment it rang, she thought afterward; when she heard her mother's voice speaking cordially to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, her feeling was stranger still.

"And Thomas, too," Mother's cheerful voice reached her. "Why, this is delightful! Come into the living-room, won't you?"

"We will," said Mrs. Anderson, and somewhere inside of her Bella felt just exactly the way you feel when you go down in an elevator, quite a fast one. She came out to the head of the stairs; but Mother had closed the door, and all she could hear was the murmur of voices, and once a loud, lush laugh from Daddy. Then, after what seemed hours, Mother came out and called, "Bella, darling!"

Daddy was standing in front of the fire, looking as if he wanted to laugh and knew he mustn't; Adelaide, in one far corner, was looking perfectly furious, and Thomas Anderson, in another corner, looked awfully red and sort of unhappy. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were sitting down, but Mr. Anderson, a large man, had taken the smallest chair in the room, and Mrs. Anderson had red spots on her cheeks and was not leaning back at all. Only Mother seemed like her usual self. She put her arm about Bella's shoulders.

"Darling," she said, "I think maybe you had better hear what Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are a little troubled about."

Bella looked from Thomas to Adelaide, and then, swiftly, to her father; but on the whole it seemed wiser to say nothing.

"It is not only that we are troubled," said Mrs. Anderson. "We can not understand. We can not understand Thomas has always been a *good* boy! We can not understand."

"Oh, I'm sure he's good now," said Mother.

"He has deceived us," said Thomas's mother. "His father and I have always known where his money went, until now. My niece, dear little Jane, had to admit that there had been both flowers and this—this *candy* in the same week, and he *must* have spent money for them."

"Well, but surely that's an innocent way of spending—" Mother began; but Mrs. Anderson was not to be stopped.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96



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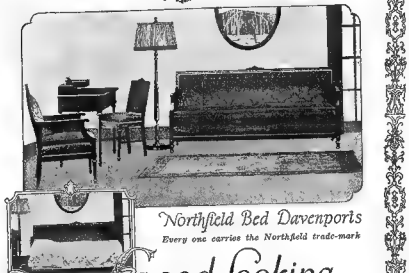
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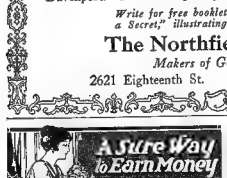
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SOMEBODY'S SWEETIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

"He has accounted for his spending-money as usual," she went on. "Therefore this money must have come from elsewhere. His father never counts the loose change he carries in his pockets. That a son of mine—"

"—did—not!" burst from Thomas, abruptly; but his eyes met Bella's, and he said no more.

"Don't do not wish to trouble you with our burden of shame," said Mrs. Anderson, ignoring her son. "Nor does his father. We merely came to warn you. Your own daughter—the—the note—"

Mr. Anderson solemnly extracted a folded paper from his waistcoat pocket, and passed it to Daddy.

"Read that," he said, in the manner of pronouncing sentence upon a doomed man.

Bella flushed furiously, but no one seemed to observe her; she kept her eyes upon Thomas's bowed head, except when she glanced swiftly at Daddy; and those glances were not so fleeting but that she saw him read, saw his lips twitch, saw him pass his hand across them and look from the Andersons to Mother and back again.

"Why not read it aloud, dear?" suggested Mother. "I am sure it can't be so very—"

Daddy read. He read impressively, with fatal distinctness, so that you even knew how it was spelled:

> Sweets to the sweet. This is but a small token of what I feel for you. When can we meet in secret?
> Yours lovingly,
> Thomas Anderson.

"In secret," echoed Mrs. Anderson.

Read aloud like that, it did not seem to have quite the same effect she knew it would have on Adelaide and Jane Prentice—the hateful thing. Maybe it was wrong in the ending. She had put in "Yours lovingly," at first, and then changed it to "Yours truly" because to be true was even more noble than to be loving.

Suddenly Daddy began to shout with laughter; but nobody else laughed, altho Mother was smiling. Her arm tightened a little about Bella.

The Andersons waited until Daddy had almost stopped laughing. Then Mrs. Anderson said,

"To me this is no laughing matter. But then, I am not the parent of a daughter. Of course, if you think it is right for dear Adelaide to receive such letters, and to—to meet in secret—"

APPARENTLY that was too much for Adelaide; she jumped to her feet, took the middle of the stage, so to speak, and faced them all with flashing eyes.

"If you think that ridiculous note was to me, you're very much mistaken," she cried. "And if you think I'd have anything to do with Thomas Anderson, you're mistaken! He wrote that note to Bella; that's who he wrote it to—and I must say I admire his taste! As if I'd even *look* at him—that—that egg-face!"

Wrenching, Adelaide rushed from the room. Thomas's eyes following her vanishing figure with the look of a dog whose master is stepping on his tail. Mother was biting her lip, but Thomas's mother was aghast. She looked at Thomas almost as if she had never quite seen him before.

"Why—why—what did she call——?" she began; but Daddy spoke with a seldom used firmness which Anna Isabella recognized as final.

"Bella, speak up," he said.

"Oh, well," said Bella, "I can't help it, can I, if a boy cares for me? I can't help it if he sends me things, can I? I wasn't reely going to meet him in secret, anyway!"

For a moment no one said a word. Then, abruptly, Thomas arose. His face was very red, but there was a glitter of determination, of desperation, in his eyes.

"Say, I've had about enough of this," he said. "She paid for the flowers and that candy herself, and she wrote the note and I copied it. I've had about enough of this, that's what."

FOR what seemed an hour there was a dreadful silence; then Bella's world shattered about her, and all was wrath and blackness, with queerish streaks of red going through it. She found herself in front of Thomas, found herself with her hands doubled up in tight, hard fists, and her heart pounding and her cheeks burning, and wrath, wrath, everywhere. She looked at Thomas.

"Oo-oh!" she breathed. "Oh, you—you—you tattle-tale, you! You—" she faltered: what word was strong enough for such iniquity? "Oh, you—you—you s-s-s-s-skunk!" she hissed.

Only dimly she heard Mother's protesting gasp, her shocked words. "Why, Bella! Bella darling!" Only as tho it came from another world she heard Mrs. Anderson's, "Well, really!"

Only as tho it belonged to another life was she aware of the departure of the Andersons; for she was in her Daddy's arms, sobbing her heart out.

Yet after a while she became aware, as ever, of the comfort of that embrace; after a while she heard Mother saying—and somehow her voice did not sound as much outraged as puzzled or—tho that could scarcely be—amused.

"But, Bella darling, tell Mother and Daddy! Why on earth did you do it?"

Her arms clasped her father's neck closer; closer she buried her head.

"I'm not sorry I said it! He—he is!" she sobbed; but her sobs were more comforting, now, than painful.

"But why, Baby, did you *do* it? Wouldn't sister give you any of *her* candy?" her mother kept asking; but Daddy whispered,

"Fess up, old lady! Tell us about it!" And he surreptitiously pinched her, which he never did when she was in disgrace.

"Well," she said, her voice half muffled in his coat, "well, I—I just w-wanted—to be—somebody's sweetie, that's all! I didn't want that old Thomas Anderson to be *reely* in love with me! I w-wouldn't look at him—the old——"

Mother sort of choked; but Daddy said, "But you're that, anyway, Puss! What's the matter with your old Daddy? You're *his* sweetie, aren't you?"

She sniffed, but pleasurably. "Well, I know," said she. "But that—well, different. You're already married."

"There, now, Isabel" said Daddy. "See what you cut me out of by getting me first!"

AND the very next day he brought her, Bella Waring, a bunch of twelve—yes, twelve—pink carnations, and a *three*-pound box of chocolates. So that somehow the world went on. Not that it was the same world that it might have been. She had never had *much* faith in men—that is, in boys, for her father was a man, after all; but now what faith she had had was gone forever. Yet there remained something.

"What, that old Thomas Anderson?" she said to the admiring three at recess next day. "Oh, I couldn't stand any more of *that* child! He's just an old egg-face!"

Which words of scorn, after all, were the most effective she could have used in convincing the others of her superior altitude of experienced age.

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WHAT VOICE NOW BREATHES O'ER EDEN?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

set up bachelor establishments of their own, are living their own lives. Above all, the divorce court schedules are appallingly full.

The conduct of a divorce case in London is always rather shocking. Our divorces in the United States are unfortunately too frequent, but generally the cases are tried and reported with a certain amount of reticence. Seldom does a divorce case of prominence come up in England but it is given glaring publicity. It seems as if all the relations of the defendant and the corespondent have been under scrutiny by maids, landladies, chauffeurs, governesses, and the like, who are fully questioned by the barristers and who give complete answers. Frequently the lawyers and even the court make the evidence the subject of jest. Perhaps such publicity was instituted in the old days to cause couples who were contemplating infidelity or divorce, to reflect over the consequences. But just now that old intention seems to have lost weight. Never were divorce cases so frequent and so flagrant; never were they so nakedly reported. Some of the reports contain material that would almost bar them from the mails in this country. Young girls read that stuff. Who can tell how they may be influenced?

"Our divorce laws are too strict," said an English girl to me, "just as yours are too lenient. There was my aunt: she suffered martyrdom from that creature she was married to. He used to take her jewelry and give it to other women. If there was an heir he failed to administer. I don't know what it is. But he just omitted to beat her or knock her down, and she couldn't get a divorce without the charge of cruelty, too. He wouldn't let her have one because he thought it would affect his career."

The Trials of the Newly Weds

"WITH the memory of her misery in my mind, you can imagine that I was glad when these post-armistice divorces began. As all the world knows, every one was in a high state of tension here during the War. Men and girls who never would have been drawn toward each other were to be thrown together for a few days, obtain a special license, and be married before the men finished their leave. Then he would go back to the front, and she would return to her father's house. In every class women and girls behaved with more freedom than they ever had. You had only to read the advertisements in some of the newspapers to see evidences of it. "Will the lady who wore the green dress in the Crystal Palace last Friday send her address to the gentleman who wore the pink carnation?" "Will the girl with the wistful eyes and the newish wedding-ring receive a call from a young man recently bereaved, who is very lonely?" A lot of these new wives and new husbands became acquainted with people at home and abroad who appealed to them more than their own partners.

"When the peace was signed and the men came home, hundreds and thousands of these marriages proved to be mistakes. Hundreds and thousands of couples, married for fun in the days when the War came, and jogging on comfortably enough, found they couldn't come together again with any sort of happiness. There you are. They'd all tasted freedom; they'd all seen awful things done in war that they hadn't believed humanly possible. They had seen conventions that they hadn't believed possible, and new arrangements? They had found that life is short and quarter. Why should they be more unhappy than they need be? That's why you find this clamor in England to make divorce easier; that's why people stand the publicity who would have dreaded it before the War.

"Englishwomen have shown the world pretty definitely during the last decade or so how far they would go to get the vote. Now they have the vote and they are getting about to get more freedom in sex relations. Men are scarce, of course. And most women want marriage, but we won't stick to an unhappy one; we want friendships with men, if we can't get marriage, but we propose to play the game of either marriage or love in a way that won't hurt ourselves and that will be fairer all round than the old way was."

When I went to France I found the same seething there. More divorces than formerly, and more independence among the women. Here the most vivid remarks I heard came from a young man with one arm gone and a *croix de guerre*.

"Of course our girls are not sheltered as they were," he said; "before the War a nice girl could not go anywhere unchaperoned with a young man, at least not a girl of the upper or middle classes. I remember that shortly before the War my sister was allowed by my mother to go for a walk one afternoon in the Luxembourg Gardens with her fiancé. The whole family connection rose in arms against it. My grandmother, my mother's three sisters, my father's two sisters—the whole of them swooped down on *maman* with protest. Well, my youngest sister to-day not only goes walking in the Luxembourg by day with her fiancé, but she goes to the opera with him by night. She also occasionally walks with other young men.

"The war when the parents made marriages for the young girls. It was so with the eldest sister who went walking in the Luxembourg. I think she had only seen her fiancé twice before they were engaged. I had a cousin whose parents married her to a consumptive young man—and she was glad of the chance for the greater freedom of marriage, tho she did not really even like the man. But my youngest sister made her own choice. The time is gone when a French girl has to be married to be free, or will marry where she is bidden.

"You would think nowadays, when there are so few men, alas! in France, that a girl would be glad to get married, would be willing to take even a cripple or a blind man. But no, they are independent since the War. They have learned to work and they are going to choose their own lives. Some of them even behave like some of the young married women I know—have their temporary affairs. It is a pity, because that affects the solidarity of family life. These girls seem to think that because there are not enough men to go round, and because some of them must earn their own living, they have the right to throw over conventions. Of course, there are others more like the old type. And others, again, who will marry, and then become the best husbands if the marriage does not go happily, not even trying to get a divorce. I suppose it will all be adjusted when the world settles down. But at present the times seem to be out of joint in these matters as in all others."

How far these views I have quoted are shared by the majority of people in England and France, I do not know. But I confess that as I journeyed homeward after my sojourn in twenty countries, I drew idealistic pictures of the conditions I should find. Our girls and women had always had plenty of freedom; they had the vote; they had a chance to work side by side with their men. They, I thought, would not be seething; they would be helping in our problems of readjustment.

When I landed in New York, it seemed to me that the girls and women I saw were more beautiful than those in any other country. I felt that since the War our girls had made an extraordinary advancement in regard to clothes and looks. In the masses, as well as the classes, they dressed more carefully than formerly, studied their appearance more attentively, made more of themselves.

But until I sat listening to Natalie play mockingly "The Voice That Breathes O'er Eden," I had not asked myself what the girls of our own country to-day are really like, what they really want. Did the cynical remarks of Natalie and Amy represent the views of their set and other sets like them, or was it merely individual opinion?

I listened to a good many girls expressing their opinions freely about life and men and divorce and love-making, and seeing, as I did so, that a girl belonging to a "brisk bunch" talked much as the young married women of the "fast set" used to talk before the War. Girls spoke outright views that most of us who have them keep to ourselves. They had a very sophisticated manner. Occasionally I wondered if they were not assuming to know a good deal more of life than they really did. Natalie, certainly, was not the simple little girl she used to be. I wondered what had changed her.

I listened to Natalie's elders had to say about her and her set. I read articles in the magazines criticizing the manners of the youth of to-day, if not their morals; commenting on the scantiness of modern dress, the intimacies of modern dancing, uncharoened parties, and the open talk between the sexes.

Popularity Depends on "Pep"

I READ criticisms of the modern young man who views invitations as his divine right, accepts them or ignores them, as he chooses, but feels no obligation to his hostess; who treats the girl of to-day with commanderie and a want of respect; a blasé, egotistic young man who is going to eat and drink, for to-morrow he dies. I read criticisms about the modern girl which said that she was loud, free, lacked maidenly reserve, knew too much, had no sense of reverence or religion, was athirst for experience, irresponsible, cared only for fun; a jazz-girl, eager for popularity in her brisk bunch.

What proportion of the young of to-day belong to the brisk bunch I have no means of knowing. There are plenty of the old-fashioned sort, young men who don't carry hip-pocket flasks to parties, don't smoke in a girl's face, and are respectful to hostesses; plenty of girls who dress modestly and can sit down without displaying a long vista of hose; girls full of the "pep" which the current generation demands, who sometimes dance all night and play tennis all morning, or other variants that elders may think silly but smile over; girls who won't go for a midnight drive with a man unless another couple along; who draw the line at certain subjects for discussion; who consider the prejudices of their parents. They know the brisk bunch, perhaps mingle with them, but in ideals and conduct are not of them. But are they not harmed by the example of the brisk bunch?

In short, does not the brisk bunch harm others and harm itself? Is it a good thing for girls to sow their wild oats? Will

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98



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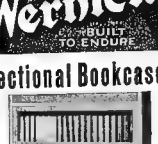
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80 What Next?

WHAT VOICE NOW BREATHES O'ER EDEN?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

experimenting in the casual kisses of Tom, Dick, and Harry make a girl better able to distinguish the real emotion from the spurious?

The prominence of the brisk bunch in social life to-day, which may not be commensurate with their numbers, seems to show that there is a tendency to revert to paganism. During the middle ages there was a strong pressure from the church to make the barbarians decent in sex relations, to teach them self-control and self-reverence. The result was a respect for women that has made of married love the most high and refined feeling that the race knows. At the time of the Renaissance there was a tendency to revert back to paganism. Up sprang individuals saying,

"Hurrah for the ego! What is right? What my reason approves. What does my reason approve? What is natural. I'll follow what is natural, and reach paradise."

Have We Returned to Pagan Days?

JUST now there seems to be a large number of young people trying to reach paradise by being natural—and failing. They are pagans in disregard of the virtue of self-sacrifice, in their all-for-myself doctrine. They are pagans in their way of dressing; nowadays style and limb are considered rather than beauty of feature. So it was in the pagan days when the ancients delighted more in grace of form than they did in loveliness of face. The pagans, too, thought love was an affair of the body and not of the soul. They lowered the ideal of love between the sexes. Like to-day it was a material age.

Not many months ago two of the popular and wealthy boys who minister to the pleasure of the American public changed their legal partners. In one case at least much pain was inflicted. How the courts stood on the question was shown by the fact that the custody of the child was given to the abandoned mother. The newly married couple took their happiness at the expense of another's pain. A few years ago people of fine ethical feelings would have cold-shouldered them socially. But to-day they are not punished socially; they are considered "romantic."

"The times are always changing," Natalie's mother said to me; "every few years, so far back as my own memory goes and from what my grandmother and mother have told me, the elders have risen up and criticized the young of the current generation. In my grandmother's time they were horrified because of the beginning of the round dances, as they were called. My mother tells me that when the fashion of powdering the face came in there were women who held up their hands in protest. When I was a child I can remember the surprize of the conservatives at the women who bicycled, and their horror at women who wore knickers and very short skirts. I had my own spasm of dismay a few years ago when girls began to go to dances without sleeves in their gowns, carrying a little beauty-box which, as they danced, dangled over their partners' shoulders and from which they refurbished their faces as the evening wore on.

"You'll find people saying that the War caused the present unrest. I don't think myself that the young were headed this way before the War. I don't know who is to blame. And is to blame for Natalie's sophistication? What have I done? Well, I have not entertained at our home very much because, due to the War, I was never sure of servants. I have entertained for her at hotels, and I suppose that has meant a certain amount of unfortunate freedom. I have let her go to hotels where other women were doing their entertaining. But have I had any choice? Could I forbid her any of this and that when every one else in her set was doing the same? If I had, what would have been the result? Any mother or father's. We don't want to be hard; to deprive our children of pleasure which all their world considers legitimate —and we don't want to turn them against us.

"I hear a lot of talk as to who is to blame and what is to blame—the War; careless fathers and mothers; a stiff-necked young generation; the kind of clothes they wear. I don't feel qualified to say. I don't even see only results. The girl of to-day is not at all the modest, simple person that she was in my youth. I don't see that she has any better time than we had, tho she may think she does. I notice there aren't any more marriages than there were when in my day. But the modern girl will tell you she's not keen on marrying; just wants a good time. I give it up. The problem is too much my girls can take care of themselves. All I ask now is not to have them grow away from me; not to lose my companions in their confidence. To keep that, I have to be more or less sympathetic with their point of view."

Natalie herself further enlightened me.

"I know we shock everybody not of the present vintage," she said, "but look at our point of view. Nobody ought to criticize us for the way we behave. Look at the rotten kind of world that was handed us! Political upheavals, social upheavals, where envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness stalk about; where ideals have retired to the high mountains and greed and grabbing prevail. There's a nasty spirit of cynicism abroad in the world and we have been caught in the swirl of it. Since the War lots of men think that the world owes them a good time.

"As to us, the girls—we want to be popular; that's what every girl wants. We have to do more or less what the men want and what the other girls will stand for. But for the things that look like evil, you will find more smoke than flame. It's just our conventions, really, and at bottom they aren't essentially different from the conventions of 1900.

"One thing we are determined on and that is to get our own experience. There is no use in the older generation laying down the law. This war has taught us to find out things for ourselves. Also we aren't going about pretending as much as they did in 1900.

"As to marriage—why should Amy stick by Jack if they are not suited, especially when they have no children? And how can a girl tell till she has been married whether her love is going to last? Who promises to love and honor forever these days? We marry; we try to do our parts, but if we find ourselves in misfit we don't intend to suffer in silence as our grandmothers did. We want to yelp about it to the courts and be free. Each generation is ruled by its own ethics, of course. I don't know that the previous generation has done such wonders with its ideals—they produced the most devilish and brutal war of the world.

With these views of Natalie's swirling in my mind, I asked a young man of the brisk bunch what he thought of the present girls and what sort of wife he wanted.

"In the first place," he said, "I don't want a wife at all at present. I can't afford it. Men are marrying less now than ever before. They won't make the sacrifices to marry that men used to, and girls aren't either. A man would have to fall awfully in love with a girl to drop out of a crowd for her—because that is what it would amount to. We play around with no intention of marrying for quite a while. Well, if that's all we're after, any amusing bunch will do. My mother says the girls to-day look like chorus girls. I suppose they do. Lots of them imitate movie stars in their dressing. They're full of life and fun; a man has a good time with them.

"As to the kind of girl I want to marry —well, the can I fall in love with, of course. But I don't mind telling you that if she is of the brisk bunch, she mustn't be one of the extremists; mustn't be the sort that a fellow has to ask another fellow questions about. I'd rather she wasn't too much of a high stepper. My mother scolds an awful lot about the modern girl, and I get impatient with her old-fashioned views, but I'd rather marry a girl that thought a good deal the way mother does. I'd like lots of comrades out of the brisk bunch, for they give a fellow a good time, but if I could choose beforehand where I'd love, it would be a girl from a quiet crowd. The only thing is how am I ever going to meet a girl from a quiet bunch when that isn't the kind I choose for my little playmates? I think the answer is I'm not ready to marry. I guess I'll wait till now far this all-night playing got a fellow that was ready to settle down. I suppose if a girl in the bunch makes me think she will have to prove to me that underneath her brisk exterior she is the good old-fashioned kind."

Why Woman Is the Peace Preserver

NATURE or man, or some force, has decreed that upon a woman, more than upon her husband, rests the responsibility for the failure or the success of marriage. The whole question, to my mind, comes to this: What does a girl want to do with her life? Answer, she wants to be happily married; not all the new resources there are for women outside of the home will ever do away with her instinct to have her own man, her own place, her own center of life. This instinct in her as an individual squares with the instinct and the effort of the race through long centuries to create and to keep from dissolution one institution: that of marriage and the family.

Real happiness is never achieved without a price. The modern girl can not have the happiness in marriage she wants, unless she is willing to pay for it by consideration for her husband, by increasing efforts toward adaptability, by self-sacrifice, by trying constantly to develop her own character in relation to his. In all this she does her duty not only in regard to the sanctity and permanence of her individual home, but she does her racial duty toward insuring the sanctity of the institution of marriage and the family.

If being a member of the brisk bunch makes a girl lose her ideals and set a bad example in her marriage or her engagement, then she is harming her generation and the race. Girls and men have failed in their obligation if their ideals lower the high standard formerly set for relations between the sexes. They have failed if they marry with the feeling, conscious or unconscious, that it is not necessary to work hard to make marriage a success; that there is a broad path of retreat behind them.



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FOUR SIDES OF THE TRIANGLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

the whole story to a man's family. Sometimes they think they can spare the family some worry by glossing over the facts, and hoping it'll come out all right in the end."

Alice was breathing rapidly. "It's inexcusable! They had *no right!* They had *no right* to gloss over anything. Neither had Monte. What do they think I'm made of? I want to know everything. Oh, Ralph, *please* don't make me wait any longer. I can't be left in the dark; I've got to know."

Wetherwilt's mouth twitched. "Quite so. One always worries more about uncertainties. Well, it isn't as bad as it might be. Nobody wanted you to get upset worrying, that's all. But the fact is Monte's had a bit of a shock."

Alice's hands were pressed to her heart. "Shell-shock?" she faltered.

Wetherwilt couldn't look at her. "It's a mild case—very mild indeed. He's perfectly normal, and all that, but—You see, even if you went over to Hoboken you couldn't get on the pier anyway, and I can. I've arranged for a pass. And I'll try to bring him here as soon as I can."

"*Try* to bring him here? What do you mean?" she choked.

Wetherwilt looked down. "The truth of it is Monte's over his wound, but he hasn't quite recovered from his shock. As far as I can gather, he acts quite normally and thinks quite normally; but these concussions do queer things to a man. Sometimes they make a man lose a tiny bit of his memory, and forget a part of his life—forget people—forget even the people who've been closest to him. You've got to be prepared, Alice, and I'd better see Monte first."

There was a quivering silence. The blow had been cruel, perhaps needlessly cruel, but Wetherwilt was conscious that he had done his duty. As he watched Alice, and saw that she was fighting for control of herself, he prized her more than he had fancied he could ever pity her, or than she would deserve. "You're not saying—you're not saying Monte's forgotten me?"

Wetherwilt bit his lip. "We've got to be prepared. I thought it would be a lot easier for you not to meet him in public. I don't even know if he'll remember *me*. I'd rather be there than have you there. And if he *is* —suffering—I'd rather take him to a crack specialist before you see him at all. You see, your own emotion might be the worst thing in the world for him. I can't tell; but I'd rather have a specialist's opinion before I take a chance. And Alice—I may be cruel and relentless and inconsiderate, but I'm thinking of Monte, and nobody else—not even you."

It took another interview to conquer her, but in the end she didn't go to Hoboken; she went to bed with a splitting headache, which was far inferior, in punishing effect, to her agony of remorse. The worst of it was the uncertainty. There was nothing that she could do to change the past or to modify the future. There was nothing but the self-inquisition of the present; and altho she made herself the subject of the inquisition, she saw herself neither as a martyr nor as a heroine. Nor did she depend for any support upon the professional gentleman who had once volunteered to die for her. She was intuitively warned that his understanding of her flourished best in fair weather; and now that Monte was so near at hand, and stricken, she loathed the very thought of speaking his name to her quondam cavalier.

THAT Monte might have been killed in battle was obvious. That he might have been—through Wetherwilt—of her behavior, and lost a fraction of his love in consequence, was a potentiality. She beat upon the pillow, and cried that she might have deserved *these* judgments—but not to be forgotten. No, she hadn't ever deserved that awful penalty, whether by Monte's own intention or by the grisly accident of war. To be forgotten, no matter how the tragedy came about, was worse than to be ignored, worse than to be despised, worse even than to be widowed. And if the horror were untrue, or if it could be removed, in time, what would she do—what would she not do—in token of her love, and of her self-reproach, and of her penance!

Wetherwilt came flying up to see her. "It's better than I hoped, Alice! He's just as cheerful and happy—— Still, I'm positive he ought to see a specialist before he sees you. It's as the one section of his life has sort of faded. He's vague about it—he doesn't seem to remember anything clearly from his appendicitis operation, four years ago, until he got into action. You can see him struggling to remember; he's almost got it, but not quite. It isn't only you; it's all that whole period. I'm different; we've known each other for years, and he didn't even meet you until after his operation. On everything else his mind's as clear as a bell. So if I brought him here directly, one of two things might happen. Either you'd have a terrible time yourself, and that would react on Monte, or it might all come back to him in a flash, and break him down completely. It might be too much for him to stand, all at once. And that would be pretty dangerous for him, while his nerves are so raw and sensitive. Let me look out and then bring him here, if the doctor says so. It's only for a day. He can get away early to-morrow morning, and by night we'll know everything. He's just vague—vague. Perhaps mental suggestion—only it'll have to be applied by an expert. Hypnosis might be the best thing for both of you. There may be a reaction, and then your care would be the one thing in the world he'd want. That would clinch everything."

Out of her exquisite pain she relinquished all personal desires.

"What—what specialist?"

"The best man in New York."

She caught at his sleeve; and his pity almost blinded him, but his friendship for Monte Maclaughlin kept his resolution firm.

"Oh, Ralph, couldn't I *please* go with you?"

"I'm sorry, but it's impossible. Can't you see for yourself? It's Monte's whole future, and your happiness. I'm trying to insure them for you—whether you hate me for it or not."

"I *did* hate you—once," she groaned, "but I don't any more. You— Take him to the doctor, Ralph, only hurry, hurry, *hurry* and bring him home!"

THE distinguished specialist was forty years old, and inclined to be the least bit theatrical. He was one of the best-dressed men in New York, and one of the handsomest, and he knew it, and traded on it, and liked to be appreciated.

"This," said Wetherwilt, who knew him as well as he cared to, "is the friend I telephoned you about—the friend I made the appointment for—Captain Maclaughlin, Doctor Barrow."

And the doctor examined his fingers afterward. "Now if I can have a few minutes' private talk with you first, I think that'll be the best plan."

"Certainly." The doctor turned to Monte. "This can't be the Captain Maclaughlin I've——"

"Sh-h!" Wetherwilt trod on his toes for warning, and the doctor stopped abruptly. "So if you'll make yourself comfortable in the waiting-room, old man, I'll be through in just about five minutes." He closed the door, and came back. "Sorry, Doctor, but it had to be done. Hope I didn't hurt you."

"Well?" The specialist was angry, and not inclined to be placable.

Wetherwilt sat down, and helped himself to a cigaret from the doctor's desk. "It's Monte Maclaughlin, all right enough. Mrs. Maclaughlin's husband."

The doctor glowered. "Well, what's the matter with him?"

Wetherwilt lighted his cigaret. "Tell me one thing, Doctor; doesn't shell-shock sometimes bring on a sort of aphasia?"

"Yes, it does."

Wetherwilt gestured toward the waiting-room. "That's what's the matter with Monte. He's practically forgotten about three years out of his life. I don't mean to say that his mind's a blank about it, but I do mean to say that it isn't clear. The wicked part of it is that it's the last three years."

The doctor sat up straight, with his hands on the arms of his chair. "Do you pretend to know what you're talking about?"

"Rather," said Wetherwilt coldly. "Don't you?"

"But—Mrs. Maclaughlin!"

Wetherwilt made a sober grimace. "It's a complicated situation, Doctor. He doesn't recognize her."

"Doesn't *recognize* her!"

"Doesn't even recognize her existence," said Wetherwilt. "But I'm hopeful that your skill will find a way to stimulate him, and I'm positive that he needs nothing more. I've told Mrs. Maclaughlin that if anybody can cure him, you can. She's depending on you, and so am I. At the same time, owing to the—the peculiarities of the case, we've agreed that it's in my hands, as far as the personal element is concerned. So I wanted to tell you, Doctor, that I have absolute confidence in you."

"Thank you. He—he appears normal otherwise?" The doctor was slightly agitated.

"Quite."

"No eccentricities of any kind?"

"None."

"Nervousness?"

"Only when he's provoked."

The doctor hesitated. "Perhaps I'd better make one examination."

"I should judge so," said Wetherwilt, "and I especially want to be present when you make it."

The doctor glanced keenly at him, and lifted his shoulders half an inch. Monte came in, and sat down facing the light. Wetherwilt noticed into the shadow and kept silent. The voices of the two men at the desk rose and fell alternately,

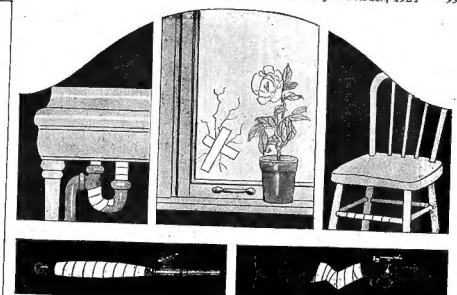
HALF an hour later, when Monte Maclaughlin had been banished again to the waiting-room, Wetherwilt stood by the window for a while, his hands clasped behind him. Suddenly he swung around toward Wetherwilt.

"Who told you that man was shell-shocked?"

Wetherwilt laughed. "Doesn't he admit it himself?"

"He says his discharge-papers are going through to-morrow. Did you ever hear of an officer being discharged from the army

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100



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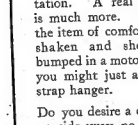
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FOUR SIDES OF THE TRIANGLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

in such condition as you think Captain Maclaughlin is in?"

Wetherwilt spread his hands. "I don't profess to be a military critic, or a medical critic, either."

"But does it stand to reason?"

"Really, Doctor, I came to consult—not to be cross-questioned."

The specialist's face was a study.

"If it weren't for—for certain circumstances, sir, I should tell you here and now that Captain Maclaughlin is shamming."

Wetherwilt expressed his amazement.

"Shamming! Why, Doctor! What possible motive would there be?"

The doctor shook his head impatiently. "I'm a brain-specialist, sir, but I'm not a mind-reader. I've given you my professional opinion. And unless you've got something to add to what you've already said——"

Wetherwilt stood up; and for once in his life he was supremely aggressive. Loyalty had made him so; loyalty to his friend had hardened his voice, and made his jaw a storm-signal. "Yes, I'll add something, Dr. Barrow. I've known Monte Maclaughlin ever since we were in prep school together. We've been chums for a good many years. I was his best man. I think more of him than I do of anybody living. He went overseas to fight, and while he was overseas a false friend invaded his own house. It was a very grave problem to me, Doctor. No, you can't put me out, and I don't believe I'd try it. Monte's once more home, and he seems to have lost a leaf out of his past. He's been shell-shocked. His wife knows it; a number of his friends have been told. I told them myself. And it's the only lie I've told in a long time, and it'll be believed. And it can't be disproved, because he was a bit shell-shocked—thank the Lord—and it's in his record. Whether he's suffering from it now or not—and how he's suffering from it—that's something that concerns just us two. I bring him to you. And I can inform you, if you don't know it already, that you *can* cure him, and you're going to."

THE doctor was growing apoplectic. "I say, there's nothing to cure."

"I have already pointed out to Mrs. Maclaughlin," said Wetherwilt icily, "that you might make exactly that statement. And with all the publicity you've given yourself during the past few months—with all you've said to men no better than yourself —men who've been cads enough to repeat the utterances of their brother cad—with all *that* behind you, it would convey a very curious impression to a large number of people if you fall down on this case. Eminent specialist refuses to aid stricken officer, whose wife— You can see the headlines yourself. And I'll give them to you—I certainly will give them to you, and on the front page, and you'll have no action for libel because I'll prove truth. *Truth*, I said." He laughed contemptuously. "Yes, you'd stand to be the gainer, in one sense, if you rejected the case. If the patient never got his memory back, you'd have a chance to keep on hanging around his wife. That is, you *would* have such a chance, if it weren't for me. But the ethics of the profession—ah, that's different!"

The doctor stiffened. "Your innuendo is very subtle, very subtle."

"Yet you don't repeat your request for me to leave."

The doctor turned aside. "Continue your harangue, if you like. I'm interested to see how far your indelicacy *can* go."

Wetherwilt laughed in his face.

"Monte can be cured, and you can do it. I've studied these shock cases a little bit lately. I find that oftentimes a treatment of mental suggestion, with another slight mental shock as a climax, will bring the patient around. Gradually, to be sure, gradually, but there's no use in the brain-storm cures another. So I suggest that you ask Captain Maclaughlin to come back in here, and then let him down quietly and try to make him recall Alice—I should say, Mrs. Maclaughlin—and that you stir his memory by describing how he went away, and then where you came in, and what you did—how Mrs. Maclaughlin was lonely, and you were happy to snatch every advantage you could get—and what you said in the grill-room of the Eculaplan Club on September tenth, about that past sins, and what you said—why, you fool, don't you know that men gossips are worse than women? Did you think you were talking to so many schimmes? And if you make your treatment of suggestion detailed enough, and picturesque enough, I firmly believe that something will snap in Captain Maclaughlin's brain, and the past will rise before him as clear as a photograph, and——"

The doctor was livid. "Wetherwilt, if I——"

"Look at the clock!" said Wetherwilt, and his emphasis was irresistibly compelling. "It's five minutes of three. I promised to telephone Mrs. Maclaughlin at three o'clock. Afterward I'll telephone my managing editor. Barrow, we've got three stories in type now, and one of 'em's going to be released this afternoon. The first one says that you've cured the captain by a simple treatment in psychiatry. The second one says that you've rejected the case, and tells a lot about you—a lot. It points out why you naturally wouldn't *want* the man to be cured; and it announces Captain Maclaughlin's suit against you for alienation. The papers are ready. The third one covers your theory of shamming, and that's the worst one of all. It puts you in the rottenest possible light. And it's true. I'll produce his record, and Monte'll get cured by somebody else, if necessary. Fake? Most certainly. Blackmail? You bet your life it is. See how far the public will stand for it. See how far your *practice* will stand for it. See how that sort of joke hits harder than a battering-ram. Well, it's three o'clock, Doctor. I'm going to call Mrs. Maclaughlin." He coughed delicately. "Any message? Or am I just simply going to run you out of your profession?"

IT WAS a beautifully staged performance. At six o'clock that evening Monte was sitting in his own living-room, and memory was rushingly alive within him. Wetherwilt, his hand on Dr. Barrow's arm, was explaining to Alice in the hallway.

"You'll want Monte all to yourself, of course, but I can't go without telling you that your friend Dr. Barrow's wonderful—simply wonderful" he said. "It was mental suggestion that did it—just mental suggestion. I never saw anything so remarkable in, my life. Sort of hypnosis; three solid hours, starting so gently, and working up to the climax that simply turned old Monte's brain inside out. For a minute or two he was plumb crazy—wasn't he, Doctor?"

The eminent specialist, who was here by compulsion, nodded sulkily. "He was all of that."

"He thought we were keeping him away from you, Alice. He tore into the doctor, there, like a wildcat—didn't he, Doctor?"

"I'll say he did," said the doctor, shortly. "With only one hand, too. And after we've gone, if you act just as the nothing had happened, and don't speak of this, it'll probably be better for him, and he'll be quite all right. Isn't that it, Doctor?"

"We hope so," said the doctor grudgingly.

Wetherwilt motioned to him. "Tell her about taking care of him, Doctor, and then we'll run along."

The eminent specialist delayed to touch his lower face, where there were several scratches. Technically to be described as contusions. His voice wasn't very masterful. "Why, Mrs. Maclaughlin, your husband may be—for some little time—in a state of great excitation. I should advise you not to do anything to say anything that might tend to disturb him—especially anything that would tend to—to disturb him." He looked at Wetherwilt, and wiped his forehead. "I can't say how long his—his tendency to nervous irritation will last. You must be very, very careful. He mustn't be made angry, or—or jealous, or——"

"Jealous!" Alice laughed, softly. "Monte jealous! I never have a chance to be!" She went to the doctor, her eyes shining, her hands outstretched. "How can I ever thank you?" Her voice was filled with praise, but there wasn't the faintest suggestion of personality in it. The doctor as an individual had passed out of her reckoning forever; she was thanking him purely in his professional capacity.

He hurriedly backed away. "There's no question of that. No, really, there isn't. But you mustn't—that is, you must—in a manner of speaking—look out for me the right nor to the left. Excuse me, while he is so sensitive, if you should irritate or wound his feelings in any way——"

"For how long?" asked Wetherwilt.

"Perhaps a year. Perhaps longer. It depends."

SHE made another effort to thank him, but he recoiled. And when he had recoiled as far as the doctor, she forgot him, and forgot Wetherwilt, too, for Monte had called to her from the living-room.

As she bent over him, breathless, with fierce emotion, terrified, Monte looked up at her with eyes still blurred by the steady strain of the past year, and by the additional and more recent strain of the past few weeks. He looked up into his wife's eyes, and smiled, and put up his hand to touch her cheek.

"Monte, darling! How did you do *that?*"

Monte regarded the bruised and swollen knuckles of his fist. "Why, I did that on the way home. Fellow got in my road and I had to hit him. He was an iceman." Monte sighed in contented exhaustion. "My head's awfully tired, dear. Don't let's talk. I just want you near me. You'll stay near me, won't you?"

"Always," she whispered. "Always."

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THE UNBURNT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

love's bloom all over her little untaught soul!"

Harlow felt less like the counsel in the inheritance tax cases than he did like a frantic father. Father? No, worse! Like a mother. He felt silly. Like a mother. Like a mother who watches the clock the first time her boy is out after midnight. He felt like a hysterical woman—a new sensation to Saunders. Perry acted mysteriously about his evenings. He said nothing. That was suspicious. But he was just the kind of young man who would resent inquiry. So Saunders kept still.

He kept still even after he had seen young Logan with Elsa Rice half-way across the fourth row of a theater. A chill swooped through the veins of the older man. It was just as if he had seen Logan run over and killed. He felt as shaky with emotion as a millionaire would feel if he caught his daughter canoeing in the moonlight with a chauffeur who was decorated in France. The blow had fallen. There they were with their faces reflecting the lights springing up in the boxes as the velvet curtain came down on the play. Saunders's past had come up with him. He felt resentment against all women. He wished he had had nothing to do with them. Else! How damnably pretty she looked! How she seemed trained and pursued over this youth —this rich prize of a youth! And Logan! What effrontery! He had brought her where he knew there would be the hazard that Saunders would see them. And now Perry bowed hurriedly, abashed for a moment, to his father's friend, and then turned back to help Elsa put her wrap around her beautiful ivory shoulders.

"Great Scott!" gasped the austere lawyer.

"Didn't hear you," the president of the North United Trust Company grumbled.

"No consequence," Saunders liked as the curtain rose.

IT WAS of every consequence! It was consequence enough to make Saunders close his jaw in a conscious bulldog set for the best part of twenty-five hours, and keep in that pugnacious and decided and menacing position when he met Perry by appointment at dinner at the club. He picked out a far-deserted corner, where, having waved the waiter off, he could even be oratorical. Restraint had gone. He boiled with dislike, distrust, and hatred for Elsa. He had declared war on her. This would be his secret, but he was now prepared for anything to save the son of his friend.

Young Logan appeared preoccupied.

"You've seen Miss Rice?" Saunders said, badly masking his intensity.

"Yes. Say, isn't she?—I should say I have. I'm so grateful to you that I can't begin to express—"

His eyes shone.

"Crazy! Gone mad!" Saunders told himself. His worst suspicions had been inadequate.

"She is quite charming," the lawyer sneered. "But of course you or I would remember that she has been quite charming and shall I say—yielding?—to a great many admirers."

Logan half rose from his chair; his red-gold hair bristled.

"Oh, she is maidenly enough," Saunders said. "Sit down."

"You are my friend—my father's old friend," the callow Perry cautioned. "You are saying light things about the woman I intend—"

He stopped, astounded perhaps by the look of grief and terror in Saunders's eyes.

"Yes—whom I intend to—to_ marry,_" he finished bravely.

"Good Lord!"

The lawyer drooped suddenly as one who has received a bullet in the heart.

"Well, well, Perry, my master!"

"Let's eat our dinner first," said Harlow, staring at his Lynnhaven. "Then you can come to my apartment, where we can talk quietly. I did not know it had gone that far."

Only when they sat under the wall covered with Saunders's old Sung and Ming scrolled portraits and landscapes, with the lawyer sitting on the edge of the divan between the bookcases, did Perry burst out as if it were a wounded heart which cried in pain.

"You can't speak ill of her!" he exploded, apparently in torment. "She is too wonderful—too kind—too beautiful. No woman can have eyes as clear as hers—like windows of a treasure-house of eternal personality—without my knowing that she is all that is fine."

"Bunkum," said Saunders.

Perry leaped up. He exclaimed, "What do you mean?" You have no right to be mysterious."

"I know nothing serious, Perry, my boy," said Saunders. "Can't you see, however, that such affairs after another disqualifies a woman from love? And she has had them. Can't you see that true love is learned in a school where the more one attends the lower the grade in which one must enroll as a scholar? Why, Perry, I was like that. I could attract and I did. I had one comparatively harmless adventure after another until all I had to give some one woman was gone. That's why I am a bachelor. That is why Elsa Rice should be an old maid. We both scattered something all over the ground."

"Does that make any woman less fine—less true?" Perry asked, trembling with resentment.

"Yes."

"And how?"

Saunders threw up his hands as if to express new dismay at the ignorance of youth. He said, "Can't you see? The desire for admiration! The hungry ego! Vanity! Intoxication! Men and women subtly become like drunkards of liquors from tasting of the thrills of love. Any man who would believe that Elsa Rice could tie down her affections to any one man, would be loony!"

"You mean that for even a moment she would forget—me!"

"If another man skilled in the game could—"

He stopped.

"I deny it!" Logan exclaimed angrily. "Do you know what you are saying?"

Saunders arose. A long mirror between the two windows reflected his figure half illumined by the shaded electric lamps. His face smiled grimly at the grimly smiling reflection. He said. "Some one could do it. Some one skilled in the flattery, some one skilled in the art of love."

He spoke as an old master might speak; he spoke also as a connoisseur.

"Gad!" said Perry, clenching his fists.

SAUNDERS went to the table, picked up a volume of Browning, and turned the pages until he had found the verses entitled "A Light Woman." He read in a low voice:

> And she—she lies in my hand as tame
> As a pet hare basking before a wall;
> Just a touch to try and off it came:
> 'Tis mine—can I let it fall?

Perry, in wrath and resentment, stared at his older friend. He sputtered defiance and irony.

"Could you—old champion—go back to Elsa and exercise your spell again? That's the test. Could you go to her shadow and make her forget obligation, faith, time, the passing of the hours?"

"Could I?" Saunders looked at his young friend in sudden alarm; then there came to him the realization of his obligation to Marquand Logan, his benefactor. It was as if the presence of that old friend, the father of this unsophisticated boy, had come and was standing in the shadows of the half-lighted study; his grave face filled with reproof for allowing the son to become entangled with Elsa Rice and with silent words of pleading upon the ghostly lips. The lawyer drew in his breath, glanced quickly again into the mirror, weighed the subtleties of his own complex mind, felt once more the thrill of nerves and the course of love which once attended his days of conquest of hearts. He was like an old champion called upon to enter the arena for the last time, summoned to a final proof of his skill, daring, and power.

"Could I?" he repeated. He held his chin his hand reflectively. "Yes. With her—yes."

Perry Logan said feebly, "You will try?"

"Provided I am left in her studio from nine until three you will be convinced."

"Not of any wrong!" Logan exclaimed.

"Nonsense!" Harlow Saunders said. "Not of anything except that it will mean that I have—well—made her forget you and your name."

"If you did that I would never try to see her again," Perry said in a funereal tone. "She will be safely evening—morning."

"Thursday night," said Harlow, nodding firmly.

Perry Logan left him sitting before his desk opening one drawer after another and saying, as if he were searching for an old photograph, "Yes, Perry, days she was quite simple—quite simple and pretty." He spoke as one speaks of the dead, and did not frown at that his young friend, trembling with emotion, rushed out without a good night.

THE studio of Elsa Rice was lighted by candles. They threw flickering, interweaving shafts of radiance, and as they danced, so danced strange shadows among the easels with their velvet draperies of dark rich faces and their unfinished portraits and upon the varisized landscapes framed and unframed, and warm with heavy color or sprightly with illumined fields, flowers, and faces of children.

Three flights above the plumber's shop, the large room with its divans, pedestals, and a few pieces of starting white sculpture was filled with the haze of night and candles, and seemingly aloof from the noises of the city. As the door closed Elsa had the sensation of being in an apartment detached from all the world as completely as a cave in a desert.

Elsa, still gracefully slender, had thrown herself upon the divan under the reading-light, and, propped on a pillow, was reading from a book bound in red leather. The bit of scarlet was a pleasant accompaniment for her black-velvet gown, almost but not quite as striking as the ivory whiteness of her arms and neck and the rich, dark masses of her hair. Intuitive personalities would have said at once that she had chosen the book she read because of its cover.

She read little. She watched the clock

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102



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THE UNBURNT

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101



much of the time. Once she answered the telephone fearing that he would not come as he had promised when he had called her on Monday. She was thrilled when she heard his step on the stairs.

He was quite out of breath from the climb.

"So you come panting to me after all these years!" she exclaimed, holding out both her expressive, warm hands. "Shame upon you, Harlow. You are quite out of condition."

"I still play a young man's tennis," he replied indignantly, and then recovering, he gazed at her critically.

"By the great Diogenes!" he said, recalling the old stock sentences. "You are lovely, Elsa—lovely to-night. You always knew how to dress. But you are quite lovely in yourself—still quite lovely."

"Thank you. I find that living a rather lonely old maid's life makes for wrinkles."

He laughed his derisive disbelief.

"How many beaus since me?"

"I was trying to count as you came up the stairs. I think I had reached sixty-seven earnest ones, and I was going on to the mere flirtations when you knocked."

HE LOOKED about as a master of dramatic technique will look about at his stage-setting.

"You were—one of the best I ever had," she said.

Saunders smiled.

"What's that?" He pointed at a coffee-percolator bubbling on a little table above a plate of brioches and pleasant yellow cheese.

"You once drank lots of it—black."

He nodded and said, "I can't stay long."

She was as quick as he. "No," she said. "Because I have a tremendously rich sitting to-morrow at the ungainly hour of eight-thirty. Who ever heard of a millionaire's wife who gets barbarous at eight-thirty! You must go early."

He took the chair on the other side of the percolator, watching her face as it bent over to look at the alcohol flame; he wondered if he merely imagined that the same old spiritualized tenderness shone out through that rather earthly and alluring exterior.

"Tell me about your own conquests," she asked, finding a match for his cigaret. "I have had no real chummy news of you for six years except a word from Perry Logan."

"He is your latest?"

"No, no. He is far too young for me—young and—what shall I say?—untaught."

Saunders was far too shrewd to be caught by that disavowal.

"Tell me—what do you intend to do with your life?" he asked brutally and hoping that he would draw upon her secret springs.

"I intend to run a rest-room for old bachelors."

Saunders looked up quickly.

"I would not have believed that it would be your fate when I first knew you—not that night on the beach when——"

"When you took me quite wildly into your arms and kissed me," she finished. "It made an impression on me—a never-fading impression. Can you believe that I could be so foolish? I am usually so—practical."

He half closed his eyes.

"Must I go so early?" he said, addressing the trembling, smoking surface of his coffee. "After all—there was something—that night."

"As much as you felt in the other cases?"

"More."

She smiled. "Perhaps after all there is no need for you to hurry."

THEY were silent for a long time. Saunders arose, looked furtively at his watch, and strode to the windows with their pongee curtains. The street was quite empty, but there, across the way, were the steps where he had agreed Logan should stand at a little before three, when time came to wave from the lighted studio and then descend—a victor—into the cold.

"It is rather unconventional," he suggested.

"So am I," she replied. "And so you used to be. However, you have nothing to fear. Nor have I. We are both quite free—quite free to watch for the sunrise, if you please to do so."

He thought it sounded a little like an invitation. He sat down, rubbing his knees with satisfaction. After all, the old magnetism was still his!

Her hand, graceful, expressive termination of her white and lovely arm, rested upon the table. He wished he dared put his own upon it caressingly. Somehow that would help; it would help to assure his staying there for his appointed time—that long stretch! He could feel the stimulus of the coffee—a warm nerve-flow—comforting, brightening. He slid back in his chair. She was good to look upon; the prospective hours ahead now seemed no hazard and indeed rather pleasant in prospect. Youth was in him again. A sense of victory. Pride in victory! Pride in power!

He had lost his courage—the old assured, confident courage? No. He did in fact put his hand upon hers.

The result, apparently, astonished him more than it astonished her. She turned her fingers around so that they could take his in a warm, receptive clasp, but the expression on her face did not change. His own, he knew, had reddened with the unaccustomed thrill. He thought to himself, "After all, I'm only forty, and it's been a long time since tenderness has stolen into my veins like some life-giving current of great worth."

"What are you thinking, Elsa?"

"Of that which you said—that the romp in the moonlight meant more to you——"

"It did," he affirmed eagerly. "You are the only woman I've ever loved."

She looked up, amazed, innocent, expectant like a marveling débutante. "I know," she whispered. "You mean really loved."

"But what is that to you?" He moved his chair around and bent over her hands, looking down at her limp, smooth wrists. "Dammit, you have had plenty of others who have even gone so far as to kiss you."

"You aren't jealous?"

"No." He laughed outright, scornfully.

"I hoped you were," in a low tone.

"Well, then, if you must know the truth, I am. Yes, I am. It's absurd. You, who had gone out of my life. Why should I be jealous? But I am. I thought I could fence with you, Elsa. No good. I've lost my skill."

"And yet you seem so much the same."

"Well, that's near the fact. I am much the same. Somehow the old magic——"

"You were a great magician."

"Was I?" He was pleased; then he turned quickly toward her, looking up eagerly into her face. "Well, now it is you. You weave a spell, Elsa. You are quite beautiful—at least to my eyes. But there's something else, too—that something I knew so long ago. But, then, you now are an accomplished charmer of men. If I were alert I would fear you, Elsa."

He arose quickly. He was making a splendid success of his venture. He was winning safety and freedom for his young friend. He was being true to the memory of Marquand Logan. He was making a sacrifice. As he thought of these things suddenly he felt an inexplicable humiliation.

There appeared no glory in his success with her. Poor girl! Poor victim! But she could take care of herself. What business had she to be entrapping young Perry—hardly more than a boy—so callow! —so unsophisticated!—whose wings were so easily singed in her flame?

HE FOUND himself standing before a bronze—a faun's head, with a leering face making mock of his seriousness. As he looked at the face the silence was interrupted by a fire-engine truck rushing by on the street below, shaking the building, rumbling away like the coming and going of a catastrophe.

He turned back to the circle of light from the two candles beside the gleaming coffee-percolator. Elsa Rice twisted her body quickly away. He believed, however, that she had been looking at him; he thought as she turned that he saw the little flash of light upon her cheek which suggested a tear.

"Elsa!" he said.

She looked up.

"Well."

"What did I say?" he asked. "Was that it?"

She nodded. "Oh, it was quite just, Harlow. You have every right to suspect me. The truth was that when we began to-night I had every intention of playing with you. I thought we would both be entertained. Only the years between to-night and that other night so long ago have just disappeared."

"They have—that's true. For me, too."

"You see, Harlow, I may be a very light woman, indeed, but far underneath—'way down deep—there is something else that no other man has ever touched or seen and that has never belonged to any one else."

"To me?" he said savagely. "It was mine?"

She bent her head and covered her eyes with her hands, but if he feared that she might weep he was mistaken. She looked up again with a smile of tenderness. She said, "Tell me how you live, Harlow. I want to know. I hear men like you settle down to comforts—club comforts—and bridge—personal peculiarities. I understand it is heaven."

"That isn't my name for it," he said.

"More like the other place," she added, looking around at the color, the mystery, the yawning shadows of the corners of her studio. "I live that way, too."

"My God!" Saunders exclaimed. "I never realized!"

"Don't let's become sentimental."

"No."

She stood up.

She was quite close to him. Each of them was a little frightened as if they were standing on the two edges of a narrow, engulfing pit.

"I don't care," Saunders said, still looking into her eyes. "This is real."

"Yes, Harlow—real."

He took her savagely into his arms.

"You are still strong," she said.

"Very," he admitted. "It was inspired strength. But somehow it is youth."

"Yes, my boy—the same we had——"

"Long ago."

"Let's talk of that."

"Where?"

"Over here—we can sit together. We can talk. Oh, how we can talk about everything!

"Here's a cigaret, Harlow. Smoke it. Let's take all we can from this moment—all the clean, nice truth which is ours. But smoke for a minute. Please smoke. Please smoke and let me sit up straight and stop being—dizzy."

"Yes, yes—a good thing," he said. "Of course. For a little while, eh?"

When the remaining candles were sputtering in their sockets and two had burned down and wallowed out, Elsa said gently, "You must go, Harlow. We've talked about everything in the world, but not half enough. What time is it?"

"Time. I'd forgotten. Bless my soul, it's three-fifteen! My stars, I'd forgotten."

He sprang up, looked out the window into the street. No Perry Logan stood at the door-step. Perry had gone.

"There's one thing I forgot to mention," he said, coming thoughtfully back. "I might speak of it now—that is, we're engaged?"

"I think it could be arranged," she replied. "Yes, Harlow. I can offer you quite a little encouragement in an enterprise of that nature. You really have quite a way with you—yes, you have."

He glanced into the little Italian mirror which hung between the portraits of two children. He was very pleased. He looked more friendly to himself than he had looked for years. Triumph? Why not? Had he not demonstrated his sagacity, his shrewdness, his power? Had he not saved young Logan? Above all there was Elsa—dear Elsa. He had misunderstood her. Let Perry get her now if he could!

"There is something I want to tell you," he said to her as he took his hat and went to the door. "Something I am ashamed of."

SHE stopped him by a gesture. Suddenly she had become very serious. She took his hand and pressed it close to her cheek.

"Wait, Harlow!" she said. "Don't speak now. I had something to say. It was about Perry Logan, dear. A piece of foolishness."

"Did you ever kiss him?" Saunders demanded fiercely in a flush of jealousy.

"Kiss him? What an idea! I never saw him but twice, and one can not kiss young men in public. A nice boy—an amusing boy."

"He's never been here?" Harlow spoke incredulously, pointing at the floor as if to mark the spot.

"Why, no. He's never been in this studio at all."

Saunders felt his lower jaw fall.

"What were you going to tell me?" he hastened to ask, his voice full of sudden suspicion.

"Why, a silly thing, Harlow. He was so enticing about it, too. He said you had become a crusty old bachelor and no woman could interest you for an hour. And I foolishly said a skilful woman could. And he said he'd get you to come provided I'd take a dare to wheedle you into staying until two-thirty in the morning. And now the way everything has turned out—I'm—I'm so ashamed!"

"Oh, that's all right," Harlow said, waving his hand. "One has to grant Perry certain privileges. He's a nice young man. Does quite a lot of good in the world too. Rather callow and unsophisticated and—what shall I say?—still one of Love's unburnt."

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